★ Oct. 4, 1941.

THE NEW YORKER

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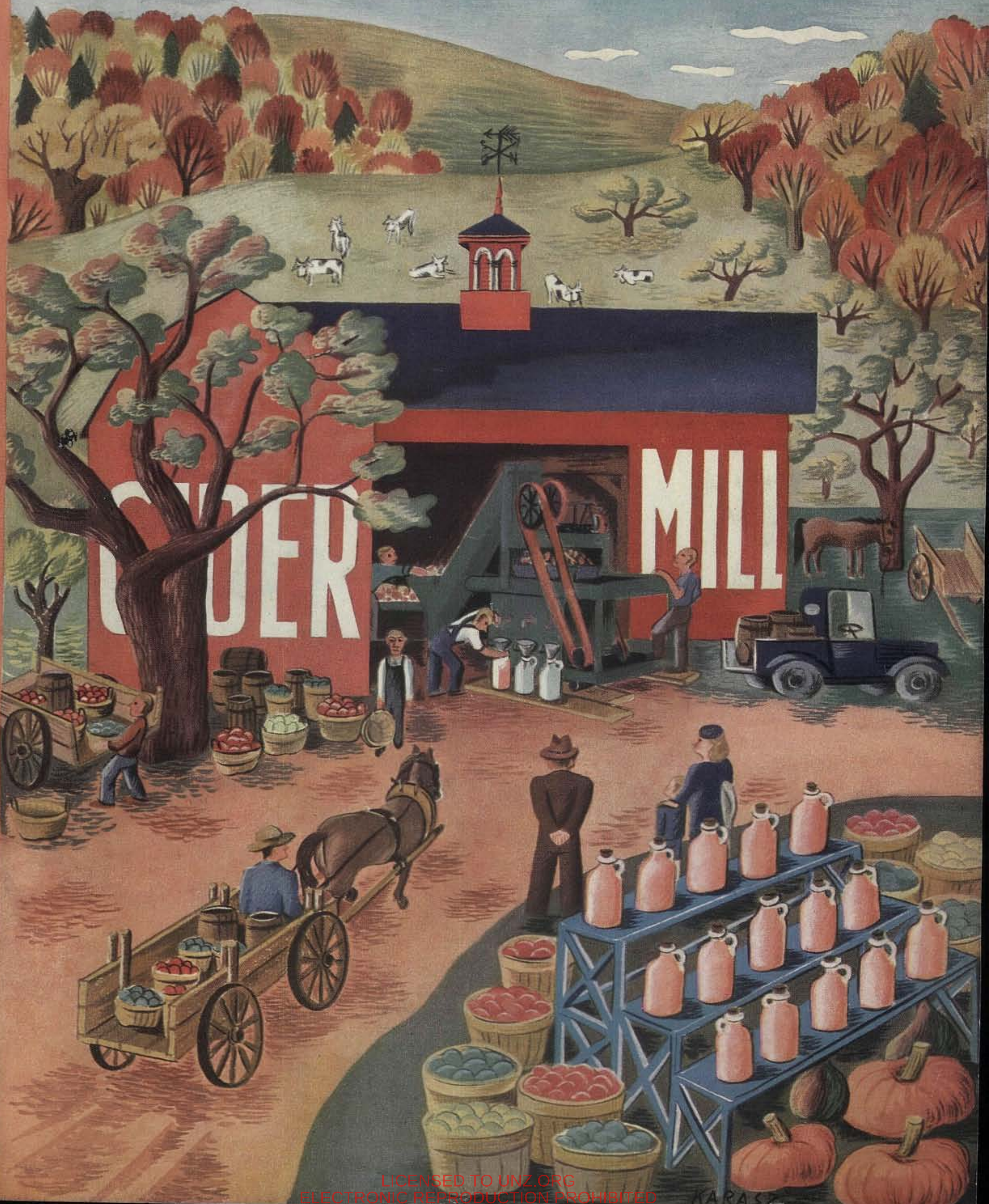
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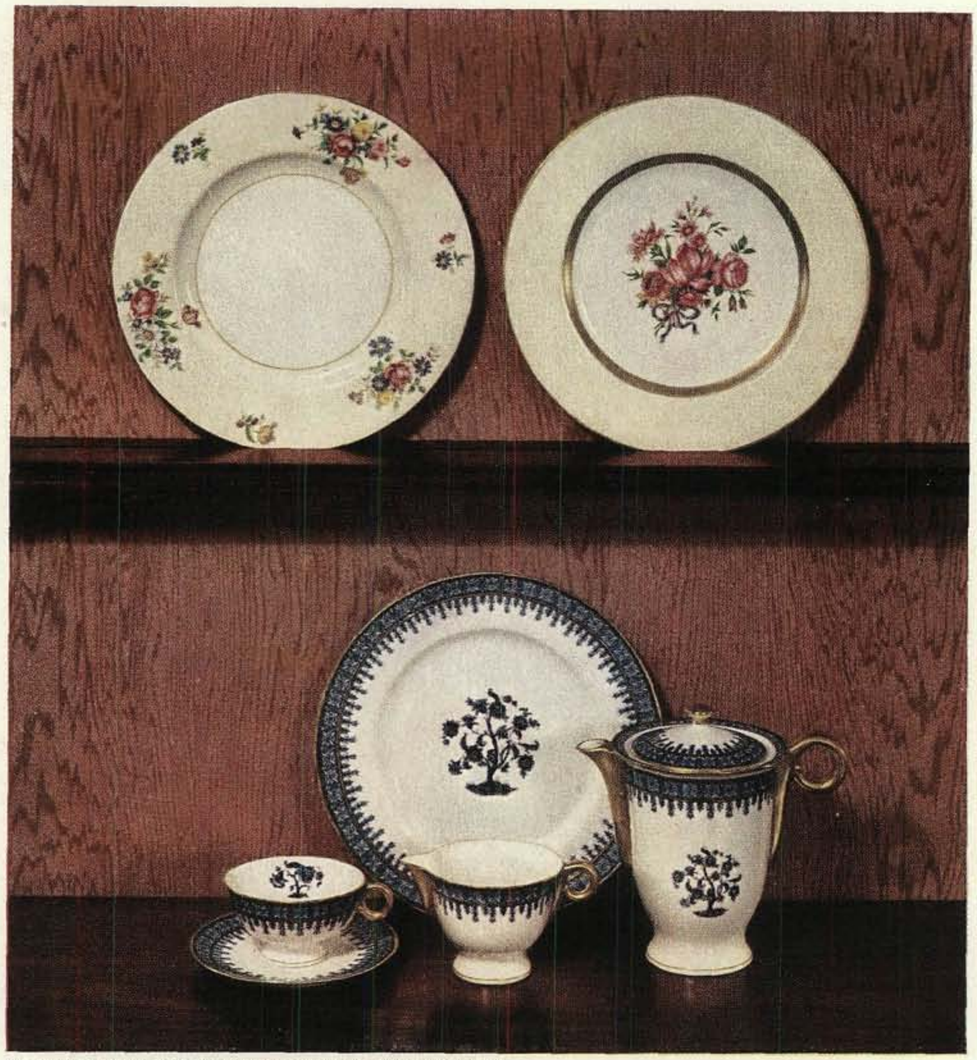

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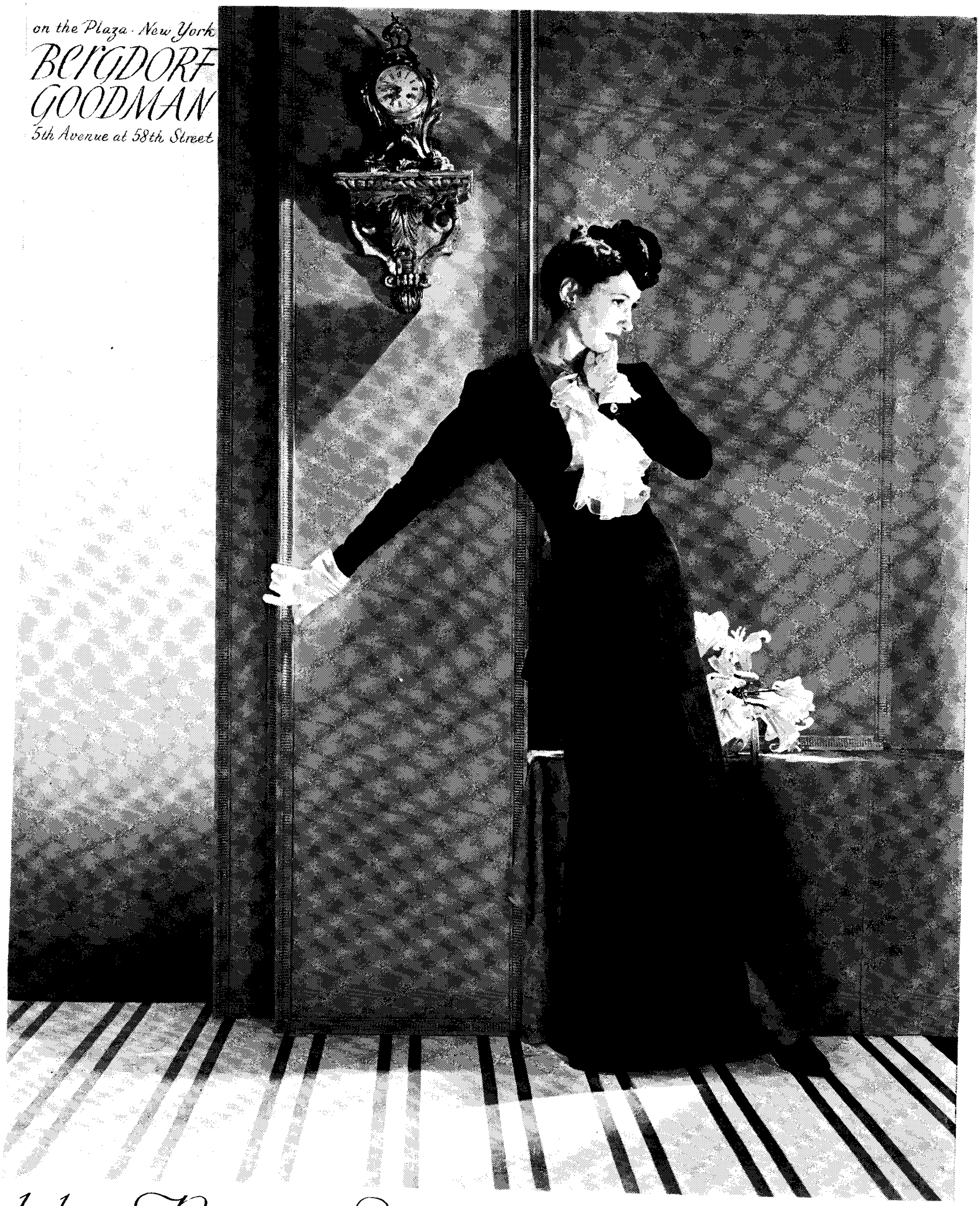
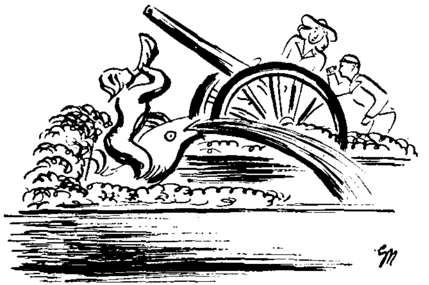


HORST

like a Romney drawing
light, sure, delicate

our dinner suit of black taffeta faille, cut close and narrow to Georgian slimness, with a froth of snuff ruffles at your throat and a flirt of peplum at the back. Ready to wear original.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who find that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an exceptional cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hard-headed cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. You may not believe a word of it, but you will certainly admire the performances given by Edmund Gwenn, Heather Angel, and all the rest. The sound effects, actually recorded in London, are remarkable. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mr. Big—A comedy by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, with Fay Wray, Hume Cronyn, and Betty Furness. Staged and produced by George S. Kaufman. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 2 and 4, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, which has been carrying on for longer than anyone can remember. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The new cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still fairly good fun. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Best Foot Forward—Rosemary Lane in a musical comedy by John Cecil Holm, Hugh Martin, and Ralph Blane. Produced by George Abbott. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Ah, Wilderness!—The O'Neill comedy brought back as the first production in the Theatre Guild's revival series, with Harry Carey heading the cast. Staged by Eva Le Gallienne. Opens Thurs., Oct. 2. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

All Men Are Alike—A farce by Vernon Sylvaine, with Bobby Clark, Cora Witherspoon, and Reginald Denny. Produced by Lee Ephraim. Opens Mon., Oct. 6. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Anne of England—A play by Mary Cass Canfield and Ethel Borden, based on one by Norman Ginsbury, with Flora Robson, Barbara Everest, and Jessica Tandy. Staged and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Tues., Oct. 7. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Viva O'Brien!—A musical comedy by Billy K. and Eleanor Wells, with swimmers and divers and Chester Hale girls. Produced by Mr. Hale, John Hickey, and Clark Robinson. Opens Thurs., Oct. 9. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—This company, under the direction of Leonide Massine, will appear in "Poker Game," "Labyrinth" (a new ballet by Salvador Dali), and "Gaîté Parisienne," Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Oct. 8, 9, and 11; "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Fri. Eve., Oct. 10, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 11. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Jooss Ballet—Making its first appearance here in several years, this group is presenting "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "Ballade," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Thurs., Fri., and Tues. Eves., Oct. 2, 3, and 7; and Sat. and Sun. Afts., Oct. 4-5; "The Big City," "A Spring Tale," and "The Green Table," Sat. Eve., Oct. 4; "The Seven Heroes," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Prodigal Son," Sun. Eve., Oct. 5; "The Seven Heroes," "The Big City," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Wed. Eve., Oct. 8; "The Big City," "Pavane," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Chronica," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 9; "Ballade," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," and "The Prodigal Son," Fri. Eve., Oct. 10; "The Big City," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Chronica," Sat. Aft., Oct. 11; "The Big City," "Pavane," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," and "The Green Table," Sat. Eve., Oct. 11. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Fun to Be Free—A big show by Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, and Kurt Weill, with Ethel Merman, Eddie Cantor, Paul Draper, Larry Adler, and many other entertainers. Billy Rose is in charge and William Knudsen and Wendell Willkie will speak, all under the sponsorship of Fight for Freedom: Sun. Eve., Oct. 5, at 8. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Oct. 2-4, and "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Oct. 9-11, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Sinbad the Sailor": Sat. Aft., Oct. 11, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—This one is scheduled to reopen for its second season on Thurs., Oct. 2, with Charles Baum's orchestra, a samba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—More tropical than ever, with coconuts now, but still no place to get a tan. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you re'ax.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Felix Ferry plans to reopen this big and handsome place on Tues., Oct. 7. Russell Swann will head the show, and Ted Straeter's orchestra will be back again. . . . Next door, at the Monte Carlo Beach, Mr. Ferry is piloting his summer place into its first autumn. John Kirby's orchestra plays.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jean Sablon, Gower and Jeanne, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra are starting the season in the perennial Persian Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This lofty lookout's present show, with José Fernandez, Ozzie Caswell's orchestra, and Clemente's rumba band, will be replaced on Wed., Oct. 8, by a new one, with Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons, Billy de Wolfe, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band will provide the music on the Viennese Roof until it closes on Sat., Oct.

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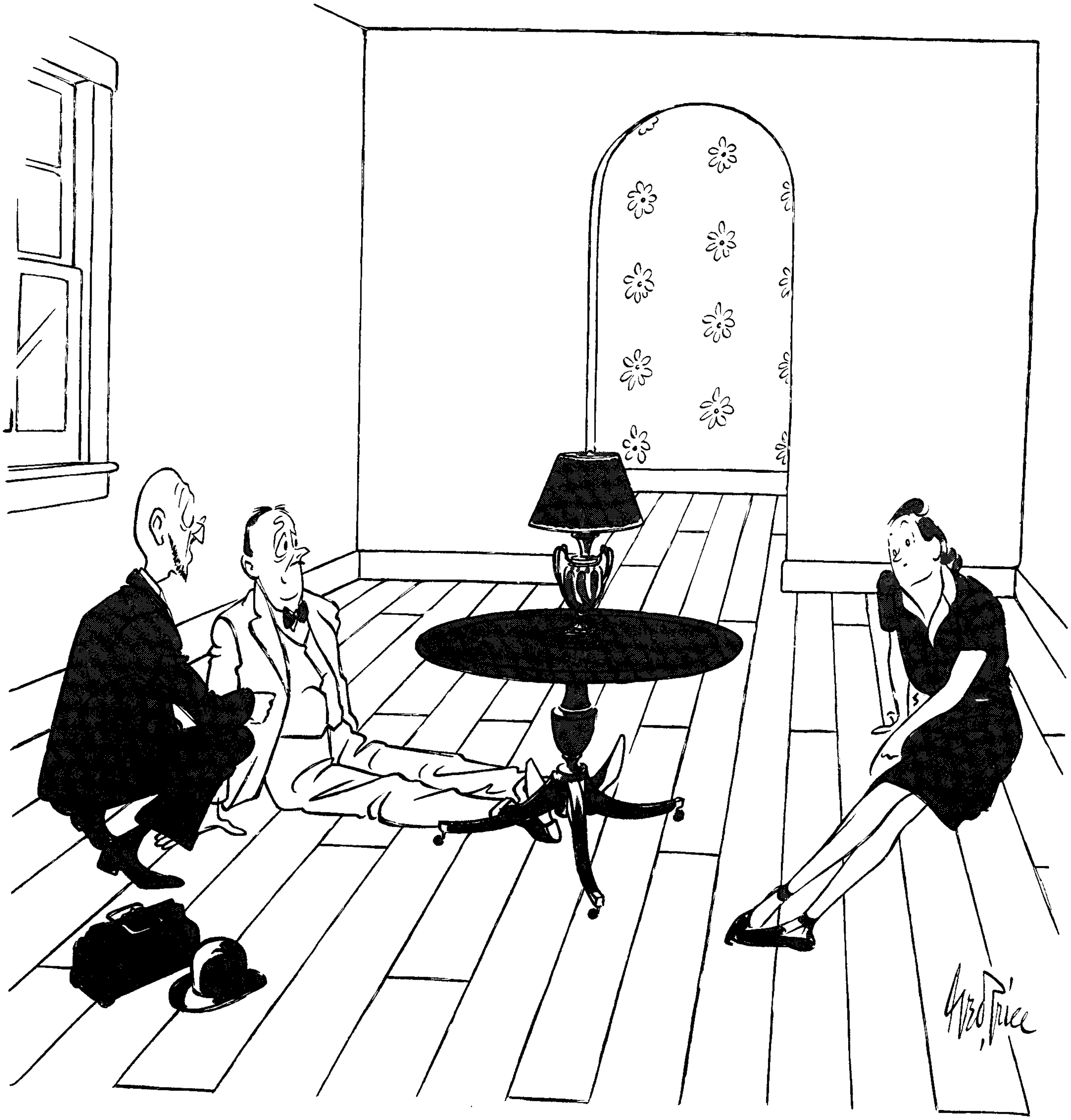

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

4. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The Iridium Room will reopen on Thurs., Oct. 9, with Dorothy Lewis in a new ice show and Saunders' orchestra. Benefit preview Wed., Oct. 8, for the Musicians Emergency Fund.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt, in the Café Lounge, tells you what international figures he is going to impersonate, but you could recognize them anyway. Music by Howard Lally's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Kitty Carlisle will sing there through Wed., Oct. 8. A new show, with Mili Monti and Frances Mercer, will move in the following night. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra will play for dancing on the Starlight Roof until it closes on Thurs., Oct. 2. The Wedgwood Room, formerly the Empire Room, will open the next evening, with Sheila Barrett, Eddy Duchin's orchestra, and, at the supper hour, Paul Draper.

Miscellaneous—At **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): *this has been known as an intimate spot* for several seasons, and at present you may find it all of that and more, what with one Carrie Finnell, a graduate of burlesque, heading the entertainment. No dancing. . . . **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): modernistic and cheerful, with a dance floor that's almost big enough; Adelaide Moffett, Frank Fay, and Eddie Oliver's orchestra are in the show, and there's also a rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those rollicking songs of hers, is the main attraction. . . . **café society uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the all-Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while Count Basie and his band are raising a rumpus. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Gypsy Markoff heads the Russian show, which includes lots of folk songs and such. . . . **biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Art Jarrett's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra will be replaced by Benny Goodman's on Thurs., Oct. 9. The ice show will stay on. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): James Flora's orchestra will leave on Sat., Oct. 4, and will be followed by Glenn Miller's. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **riviera,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): the show includes Harry Richman and, beginning Fri., Oct. 3, Frances Faye; the music is by Pancho's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. . . . **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with some Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At **la conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Georgie Price has turned up in the show here, and Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **havana-madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Joe E. Howard, Nita Naldi, and Gilda Gray.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Helena Horne, Ammons and Johnson, and Teddy Wilson, and where outlanders are also welcome. Closed Mon. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, this one with Marty Marsala's band. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet. . . . **kelly's stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): there's Red Allen's band and Art Tatum is at the keyboard, which is all you need to know.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **polish restaurant,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **kretchma,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **club gaucho,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans—At the **contemporary arts,** 38 W. 57: solid talent, mainly youthful, in a show of paintings and water colors by artists now serving in the Army and Navy. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 2. . . . **artists',** 113 W. 13: an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, mixed in style as well as appeal, mostly by foreign-born Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 6.

Europeans—Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Braque, Lehmbruck, Maillol, and others: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4.

Folk Art—Remarkably spirited eighteenth- and nineteenth-century weather vanes, plus other early Americana: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 11.

French and American—A smooth Kisling and an almost too glossy Derain in a group that includes a number of more or less well-known moderns: Gallery of Modern Art, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Oct. 17.

Groups—At the **a.c.a.,** 26 W. 8: Beatrice Mandelman's clean, well-spaced seascapes stand out in a show of paintings by five women artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: a nice head in oils by Vincent Spagna and another, in plaster, by Minna Harkavy are the highlights in a generally pleasant collection of paintings and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **new school,** 66 W. 12: works by Stuart Davis, Kuniyoshi, De Creeft, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 11. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: better-than-average work in a mixed showing of water colors and drawings by American and British artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 10.

Mexican—Drawings and paintings by Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, and others: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25.

Nevelson—Blocky, crudely modelled, but spirited sculptures: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 11.

Pictures of Children—Paintings and engravings by French and English artists. A curiously dark Degas and two ruddy Renoirs are about the only ones worth while: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 10.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of two hundred contemporary American water colors, selected by the Section of Fine Arts of the Treasury Department, and including a few really excellent pieces. From 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 2

Zadkine—Paintings and sculptures in one of this artist's first full-size American showings: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25.

Here and There—At the **perls,** 32 E. 58: paintings by Frederick Haucke. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **460 park avenue,** at 57: oils and water colors by Charles Culver. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 11. . . . **ferargil,** 63 E. 57: water colors of Maine by Margules. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . **montross,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by A. Mark Datz. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4.

MUSIC

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the centennial season—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 10, at 2:30; and Sat. Eve., Oct. 11, at 8:45. (CI 7-7460.)

Chamber-Music Concert—Emanuel List and Paul Wittgenstein: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 3, at 8:30. (CI 7-7460.)

SPORTS

baseball—World Series games—Yankees vs. Dodgers; Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Aft., Oct. 2, at 1:30, and, if necessary, Mon. and Wed. Afts., Oct. 6 and 8, at 1:30; Ebbets Field, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 3-4, at 1:30, and, if necessary, Sun. Aft., Oct. 5, at 2. (Games will be broadcast by WOR.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Red Cochrane vs. Lew Jenkins, catchweights, 10 rounds, Mon., Oct. 6; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

Dog Show—Devon, Pa., Sat., Oct. 4, at 10 A.M.

Football—On **sat. aft., oct. 4:** Columbia vs. Brown, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. Southern Methodist, Polo Grounds, at 2; Army vs. The Citadel, West Point, at 2; Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, at 2; Navy vs. West Virginia, Annapolis, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Williams, Princeton, at 2:30; Yale vs. Virginia, New Haven, at 2.

sat. aft., oct. 11: N.Y.U. vs. Texas A. and M., Yankee Stadium, at 2; Army vs. Virginia Military Institute, West Point, at 2; Dartmouth vs. Colgate, Hanover, at 2; Harvard vs. Cornell, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. Lafayette, Annapolis, at 2:30; Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton, at 2; Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Invitation Tournament, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4-5, at 10 A.M.

Horse Shows—Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 2 and 4, at 9 A.M., and Fri., Oct. 3, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Rock Spring, West Orange, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4-5, at 9 A.M. . . . Queens County, Flushing, Sat., Oct. 11.

Hunt Races—Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club, Jenkintown, Pa., Sat., Oct. 4, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association, Ligonier, Pa., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 8 and 11, at 2:30 P.M.

Polo—Benefit match for the U.S.O., Blind Brook Turf and Polo Club, Purchase, N.Y., Sun., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Exhibition match, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sun., Oct. 5, at 3 P.M. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

Racing—Daily at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4. (The Grand National, Oct. 3; the Champagne Stakes and the New York Handicap, Oct. 4.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat. . . . Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 6. (Interborough Handicap, Oct. 6; Remsen and Continental Handicaps, Oct. 11.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.

OTHER EVENTS

Rodeo—The annual get-together of cowboys, cowgirls, and cows: Madison Square Garden, Wed., Oct. 8, through Sun., Oct. 26. Performances daily at 8:30 P.M., also Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M.

National Defense Exposition—A show of Army and Navy tanks, dive-bombers, anti-aircraft devices, etc., as well as civilian equipment for resisting air raids and gas attacks; a benefit for the U.S.O. and the Office of Civilian Defense: Grand Central Palace. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; through Oct. 18.

Planetarium—"Mysterious Mars" is the title of the October lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

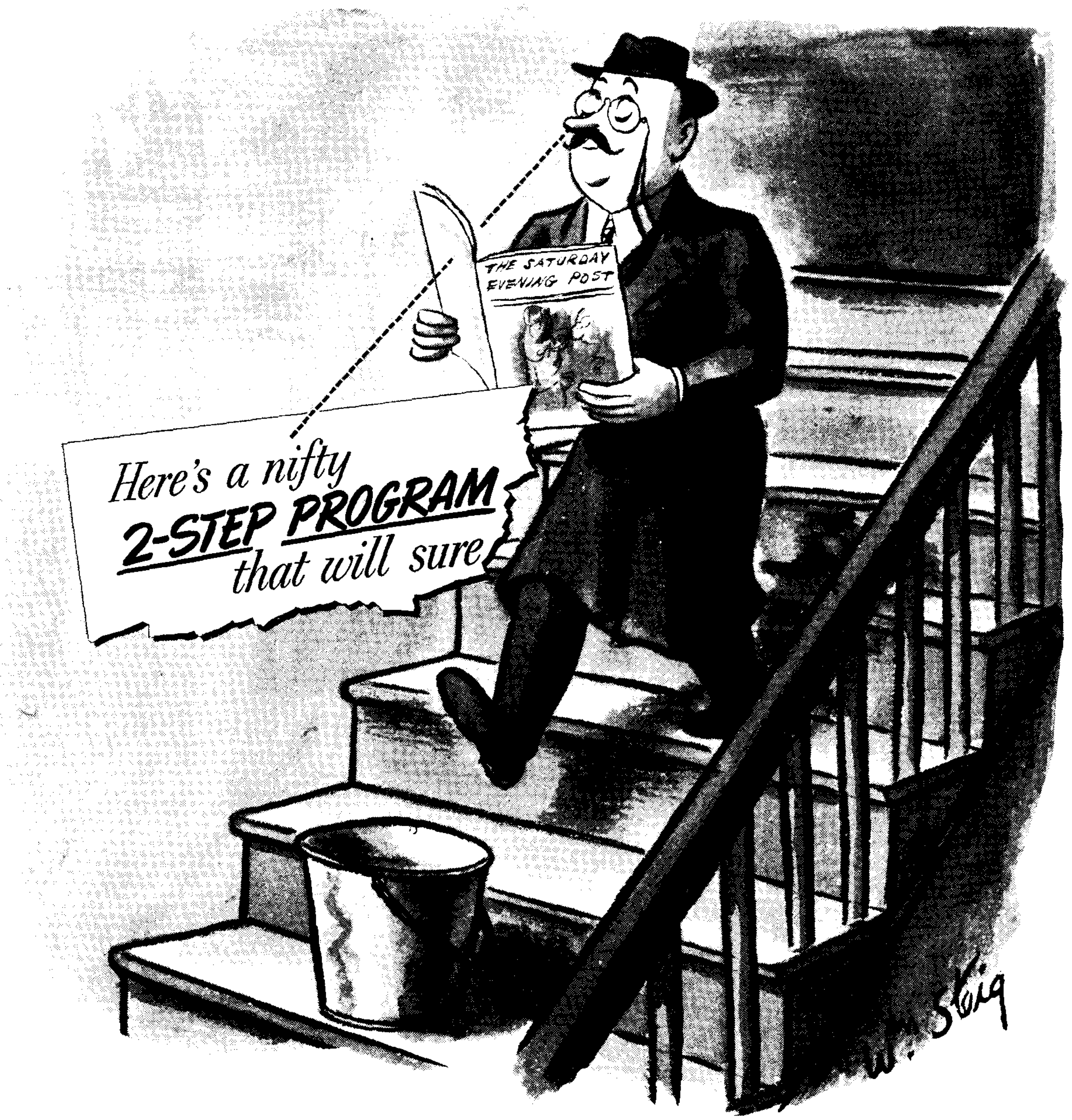
Danbury Fair—Rural Connecticut has been working up to this all summer: Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn., Sun., Oct. 5, through Sun., Oct. 12. Special events: drawing matches for oxen, Tues. through Fri. Morns.; trotting and pacing races, Mon. through Fri. Afts.; dog show, Thurs. Morn. and Aft.; midget auto races, Sun. Aft., Oct. 5, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 11.

Photographic Exhibition—About forty prints by David Octavius Hill, showing some of the earliest work of this nineteenth-century master: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19.

Historical Documents—An exhibition of original correspondence and other papers relating to the development of the American Navy from 1775 to 1900, including the first orders to the United States Fleet: Rosenbach Company, 15 E. 51. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Benefit—A Bundles for Britain program called Dinner for the Americas, which will include entertainment: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 2, at 8.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, and tapestries and decorations, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Here's a nifty
2-STEP PROGRAM
that will sure
W. Steig

Dr. Gumshoe R. Zzypp could *sidestep disaster. But he won't. His attention is riveted on an ad in The Saturday Evening Post. This is one characteristic almost all Post readers have in common—extra-close attention to ads. (Ad-tention?) Perhaps that's one reason why U.S. advertisers in the first 9 months of 1941 invested more than $20,500,000 in the Post—almost $600,000 more than last year, same period.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBEP 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Walter Cross, Mrs. Lawrence Eyre, Mrs. Harold S. Munroe, and others: Fri. Aft., Oct. 3, at 2. . . . Early American furniture and hooked rugs, from the estate of the late Wallace Nutting: Sat. Aft., Oct. 4, at 2. . . . American, English, and French furniture, and china, glass, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. William A. Conner, the estate of the late Jane B. K. Colt, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Oct. 9-11, at 2.

Note—Registration places for voting in the November elections will be open Mon. through Fri., Oct. 6-10, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Oct. 11, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

The Big Store—Not a great business, but with the Marx Brothers still up to their stunts. Very funny in spots. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., Oct. 2. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 8-11.)

Citizen Kane—Orson Welles' remarkable film, and not a disappointing minute in it. A study of a strange character, with his moods and his millions. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Oct. 5. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Tues., Oct. 3-7. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 3-9. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Oct. 11.)

Dive Bomber—Nice flying shots, and some military instruction in the training of our pilots, which is not oppressively scientific. With Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Oct. 7. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Oct. 8.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Spencer Tracy in a lavish, curiously enervated revision of the old story. With Ingrid Bergman. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Fantasia—Disney, along with Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all, still weathering the seasons. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—In which Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains prove to us that being dead needn't prevent a man from taking an active interest in such mundane matters as prizefighting and blondes. A 1, if you like fantasy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Oct. 6. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 7-11.)

Hold Back the Dawn—Drama in a Mexican border town, with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer solving the immigration problem in their personal fashion. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Honky Tonk—Just a big Western, devised for the followers and pursuivants of Mr. Gable and of Miss Lana Turner. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

KuKan—Life along the Burma Road and the bombing of Chungking as Rey Scott perceived them and expertly photographed them. (World, 153 W. 49; through Sun., Oct. 5.)

The Maltese Falcon—Dashiell Hammett's story of private investigators, polite killers (male and female), with never a calm moment. Exciting and strenuous. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., Oct. 3.)

Out of the Fog—From Irwin Shaw's "The Gentle People"—the drama of Sheepshead Bay and racketeers. With Ida Lupino and John Garfield, and expertly transferred to the screen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 3.)

Pépé le Moko—"Algiers" stemmed from this French film, which is perhaps closer to Kasbah life than our Hollywood version. The reels are a little faded and worn around the edges. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 2.)

Sergeant York—The extremely effective sketch of the last war and of the Tennessee mountain community which produced the celebrated noncom. With Gary Cooper. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Sun., Oct. 5.)

The Shepherd of the Hills—A fine cast—Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton—in a highly colored and corny version of the Harold Bell Wright thing. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Oct. 6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 8-11.)

They Met in Bombay—A rather usual jewel-thief piece, with Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. It offers some excitement, however. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 2. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 4-6.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry—A delightful comic item which makes no sense at all, except to display Ginger Rogers in a pretty mood. Escorts: George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Oct. 3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 3-5.)

Unfinished Business—Some cheerful fiddledeedee, involving Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery, which will help you over a dull lapse. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Oct. 3.)

A Woman's Face—Joan Crawford's plunge into tragedy as a scarred and maimed creature. A surprise all around and a thriller too. Gentlemen of the piece: Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 8-9.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4-5.)

Escape (1940)—The Ethel Vance story of flight from the Nazis. Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 3.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 6-7.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Oct. 4.)

Made For Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 8-9.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 3-4.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 8-9.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 8-10.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller, of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 3.)

On Borrowed Time (1939)—From the play about death and its problems. Lionel Barrymore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 5-7.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G. B. S. business. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 8-10.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 3-4.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Oct. 2.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 8-10.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 7-8.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 3.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—This early Hitchcock will be withdrawn from circulation after the current showing. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Fri., Oct. 4-10.)

True Confession (1937)—Farcical murder trial. Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 4-6.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Oct. 2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 2-3:** "Moana" (1926), a Robert Flaherty documentary film. **SAT. AND SUN., OCT. 4-5:** "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks. **MON. AND TUES., OCT. 6-7:** "The Strong Man" (1926), with Harry Langdon and directed by Frank Capra. **WED. AND THURS., OCT. 8-9:** "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith and Marion Nixon; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy. **FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 10-11:** "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman, William Powell, and Ralph Forbes.

COMING EVENTS

(*Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.*)

Art—Museum of the City of New York: paintings by members of London's Fire Brigade, Nov. 11-Dec. 8. . . . Museum of Modern Art: works by Miró and Dali, Nov. 19-Jan. 18. . . . Duveen Gallery: loan exhibition of Renoirs, Nov. 7-29.

Ballet—The Ballet Theatre, sponsored by the New Opera Company: 44th Street Theatre, Nov. 14-25.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Lew Jenkins vs. Sammy Angott, lightweight title, Oct. 31.

Football—On **OCT. 18:** Columbia vs. Georgia, Baker Field; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge; Navy vs. Cornell, Baltimore; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, Princeton; Yale vs. Army, New Haven. . . . **OCT. 25:** Army vs. Columbia, West Point; Harvard vs. Navy, Cambridge; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven. . . . **NOV. 1:** Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium; Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field; Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds; Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 8:** Cornell vs. Yale, Ithaca; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 15:** Columbia vs. Michigan, Baker Field; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia; Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven. . . . **NOV. 22:** Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 29:** Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., Yankee Stadium.

Horse Show—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 5-12.

Hunt Races—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Oct. 15 and 18. . . . Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, Red Bank, Oct. 18. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Oct. 22 and 25. . . . Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa., Nov. 1. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Nov. 4 and 8. . . . Middleburg Hunt Racing Association, Middleburg, Va., Nov. 8.

Music—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, centennial season, Stokowski conducting, through Oct. 19; Barbirolli conducting, Oct. 23-Nov. 2; Walter conducting, Nov. 6-16; Rodzinski conducting, Nov. 19-Dec. 14. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Oct. 14 and Nov. 11; Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Nov. 25. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 20 and 22 (Aft.). Recitals: Rachmaninoff, Nov. 1 (Aft.); Lhevinne, Nov. 15; Spalding, Nov. 17; Rubinstein, Nov. 24; Elman, Nov. 28. . . . **TOWN HALL:** New Friends of Music Series, Sun. Afts., beginning Oct. 26; Thibault, Oct. 27; Tauber, Nov. 5; Piatigorsky, Nov. 26. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** season starts Nov. 24.

Racing—Jamaica, through Oct. 16. . . . Empire City, Oct. 17-Nov. 1. . . . Pimlico, Oct. 30-Nov. 13. . . . Bowie, Nov. 14-29.

Theatre—Some of the productions scheduled to open in the next month or so are: "Candle in the Wind," a play by Maxwell Anderson, with Helen Hayes, staged by Alfred Lunt and produced by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company; "Ring in the New," a play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, with Diana Barrymore, staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon; "Let's Face It!," a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, produced by Vinton Freedley, with songs by Cole Porter and a cast which includes Danny Kaye, Eve Arden, and Mary Jane Walsh; "High Kickers," a musical comedy by Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby, and George Jessel, with Sophie Tucker and Mr. Jessel, produced by Mr. Jessel and Alfred Bloomingdale; "Junior Miss," a dramatization by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov of a series of Sally Benson stories, produced by Max Gordon; "Blithe Spirit," a farce by Noel Coward, with Clifton Webb and Peggy Wood, staged and produced by John C. Wilson; "Clash by Night," a play by Clifford Odets, with Tallulah Bankhead and Joseph Schildkraut, produced by Billy Rose; "Macbeth," with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson, produced by Mr. Evans.

Other Dates—Diamond Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 24. . . . Horse Show supper dance, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 10. . . . Navy Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 26. . . . Horticultural Society Flower Show, Museum of Natural History, Nov. 6-9. . . . Night of Stars benefit show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 26. . . . Election Day this year falls on Tues., Nov. 4. . . . Thanksgiving Day, officially, will be Nov. 20.

Thoughts that Tommy never told the gang

THEY'D HAVE KIDDED YOU if you told them what fine music over the radio did to you. So you kept it secret.

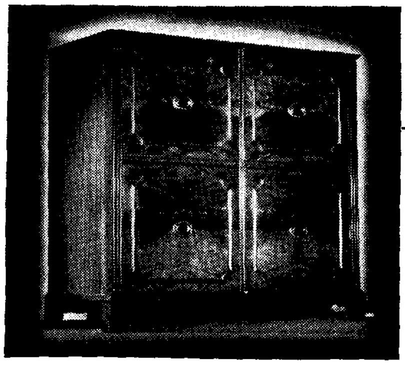
You never let on that music made you laugh and cry.

You never told them that it made you think thoughts so big you could hardly keep them in . . .

TODAY, thoughtful parents realize the importance of giving their children the spiritual richness of great music at its best. That, perhaps, is why mothers and fathers are so keenly interested in the new Stromberg-Carlson.

Here, for the first time, is a radio that really reproduces music as it was written to be heard. Here . . . virtually without static or interference . . . are the high notes, the low notes, and the overtones that radio has never before been able to carry from the concert hall to your home.

If you want your children to grow up with the inspiration of great music . . . reproduced with all the subtleties that give it meaning . . . have them hear it through a Stromberg-Carlson.



The Igor Stravinsky "Autograph Model," $360. A combination FM-AM radio-phonograph. Hepplewhite cabinet. Other models in authentic period designs.*

PROTECT THE FUTURE OF YOUR NEW RADIO WITH FM . . . Naturally you want the finest radio for standard broadcasts, short wave, and records . . . *plus* Frequency Modulation, with its enormous tone range, its virtual freedom from static. A Stromberg-Carlson, under the Armstrong system, brings you FM *at its best.* The exclusive Acoustical Labyrinth and "full-floating," tone-true Speaker capture music lost by ordinary radios. Hear the Igor Stravinsky "Autograph Model"* (left), to know why *"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson!"*

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A FINER RADIO FOR STANDARD PROGRAMS • THE ONLY RADIO FOR FM AT ITS BEST

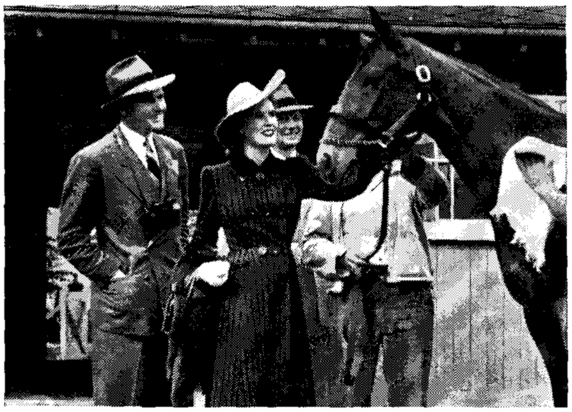
*LIC. UNDER ARMSTRONG FM PATS. PRICE F.O.B. ROCHESTER, N.Y. SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. © 1941, STROMBERG-CARLSON TEL. MFG. CO.

WOMEN WHO WANT "That New York Look"

wear dresses with this label

NEW YORK
Creation
N.Y. DRESS INSTITUTE
Made under standards of
I.L.G.W.U.
© N.Y.D.I.

Long Island life is gay for Mrs. Woodward as she races across the fields of Roslyn. She wears a country ensemble of beige-tone rabbit-hair jersey which also lines her tweed great-coat. "In the country, I dress for it."



At Belmont Park, Mrs. Woodward admires a two-year-old. Her formal coat of striped wool with tailored collar covers a matching dress of lighter weight wool.

Mrs. William G. Woodward, Jr., popular young society beauty, chooses her fall wardrobe of New York Creations

●

FEW YOUNG WOMEN are better known for their ability to choose advance fashions destined to be "right," than lovely Mimi Woodward, whose natural beauty and vivacity constantly delight the smart New York-Long Island set.

"Being ahead of the season is not just a case of lucky choices," explains Mrs. Woodward. "It's a matter of discriminate buying. Every woman owes it to herself to take time to assemble her wardrobe. Nothing gives greater confidence than knowing you're wearing the right dress.

"When I'm in town, in the country, at the races, traveling or at resorts, I want to look the part. That's why I insist on New York Creations. They're always so gorgeously cut and made."

The *latest* Fall dresses from New York —*where the new begins*—all bear the hallmark of the world's fashion capital. NEW YORK DRESS INSTITUTE, 1450 BROADWAY, N. Y.

For afternoon weddings, Mrs. Woodward has chosen this superbly cut, pencil-slim, sheer beige wool dress with antique gold fastening and cleverly cut pockets.

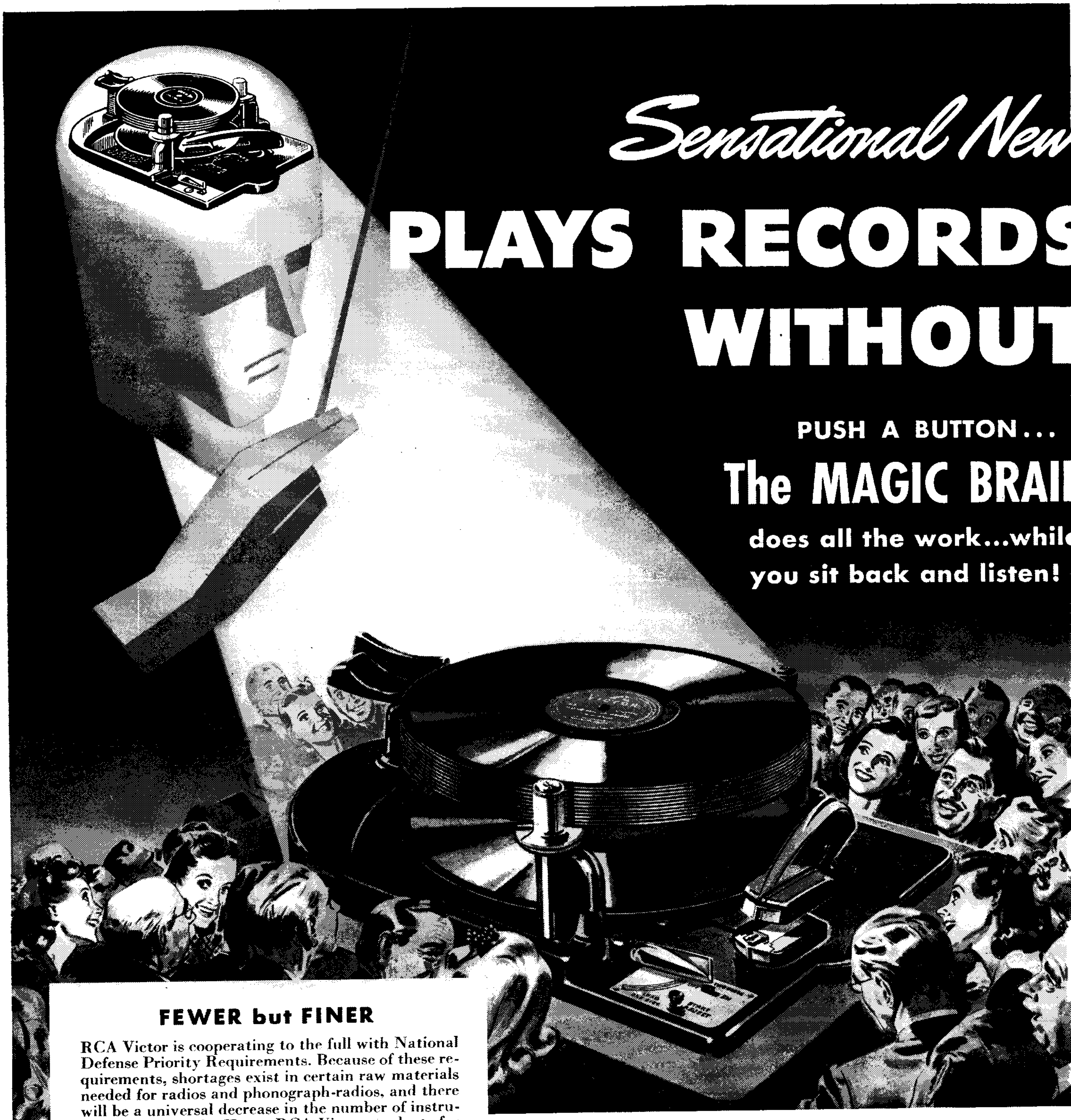
The Woodwards join friends at Pierre's. Her cerise-and-mauve satin gown forecasts greater formality in its décolleté and intricate skirt treatment.

In exclusive Locust Valley shop, Mrs. Woodward selects another New York Creation. She wears a black crepe dress with petunia-pink yoke and matching jeweled buttons.

new Horizons
CIRO PARIS NEW YORK
de lara
New Horizons
The perfume that carries you on... and on!

THREE SIZES
$6.25 $10.50 $27.50

PARFUMS
CIRO

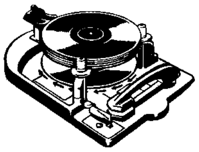


FEWER but FINER

RCA Victor is cooperating to the full with National Defense Priority Requirements. Because of these requirements, shortages exist in certain raw materials needed for radios and phonograph-radios, and there will be a universal decrease in the number of instruments to be made. Hence RCA Victor products for the home will be *fewer*. But they will be *finer* than ever. For as a result of defense work, of which, we too, are doing our share, RCA Victor quality standards, always the highest, are now more exacting than ever.

Push a button and all this is automatic ...you just sit back and listen!

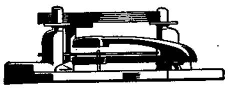
1 You place your records (fifteen 10″ or twelve 12″) on the Magic Brain and push the starting button.



2 The first record of your selection drops gently on the turntable, begins clockwise motion for topside.

3 Tandem Tone Arm automatically swings into position and its upper half plays the topside of record.

4 When this side has finished playing, record stops for a fleeting instant, and then begins counter-clockwise motion for other side.



5 Lower half of Tandem Tone Arm then plays underside of record. Thus record is played on both sides—without turning over.

6 Magic Brain
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RCA Victrola

ON BOTH SIDES
TURNING THEM OVER!

Just Imagine...A Two-Hour Concert Without Moving from Your Chair!

IT'S HERE—the RCA Victrola you've always wanted! A remarkable instrument that not only plays records on *both* sides, but does it a simpler, more efficient way—*without turning them over!*

The secret is the new Tandem Tone Arm of the miraculous Magic Brain, a great invention which makes possible a compact instrument at a price music lovers can afford.

Visit your RCA Victor dealer and see this exclusive feature in action. At the same time find out about all these other great performance and convenience features offered only in the genuine Magic Brain RCA Victrola:

1 NO MORE OBJECTIONABLE MECHANICAL NOISES. Flexible Tone Bridge ends objectionable "needle chatter."

2 REAL LIFE TO YOUR MUSIC. Jewel-Lite Scanner of Magic Tone Cell recreates each record with brilliant new fidelity of tone.

3 NO NEEDLES TO WORRY ABOUT. Old-fashioned needles are entirely eliminated by tiny sapphire point of Jewel-Lite Scanner.

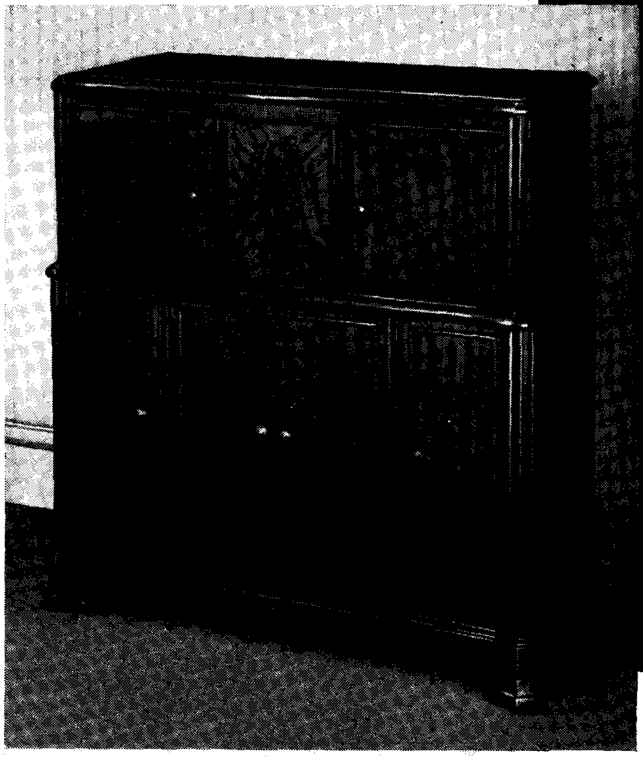
4 RECORDS LAST INDEFINITELY. By exerting astoundingly light pressure on your records, the revolutionary Magic Tone Cell extends record life indefinitely.

5 RECORDS PLAY ON BOTH SIDES, STOP, CHANGE—AUTOMATICALLY. You can enjoy a two-hour concert of the music you want—without lifting a finger.

6 TELETUBE RADIO. Standard short-wave and foreign reception with push-button set containing Teletube and new Audio System for finer amplification.

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America. In Canada, RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal. Trademarks "Magic Brain," "RCA Victor," "Victrola" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. RCA Victrola models may be purchased on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan.

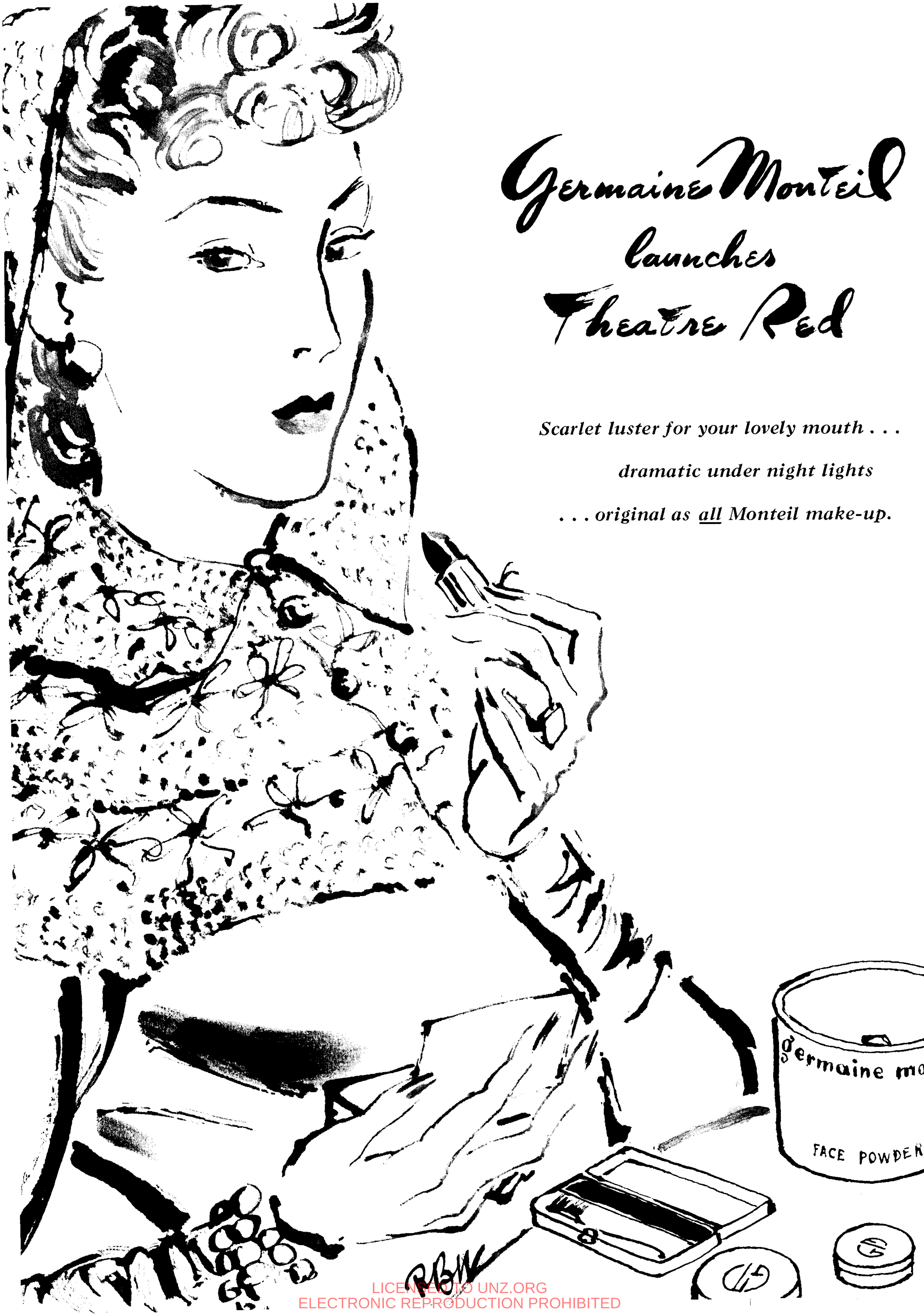
RCA VICTOR PREFERRED TYPE RADIO TUBES
For Finer Radio Performance



RCA Victrola Model V-225 also gives you Electric Tuning...Overseas Dial with Spread-band tuning on 31, 25 and 19 meter bands, and many other splendid features. This superb instrument is available in either walnut or mahogany for a reasonable down payment.

RCA Victrola

HIS MASTER'S VOICE


germaine mo
FACE POWDER
RBW

Germaine Monteil launches Theatre Red

Scarlet luster for your lovely mouth . . .
dramatic under night lights
. . . original as ***all*** *Monteil make-up.*

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

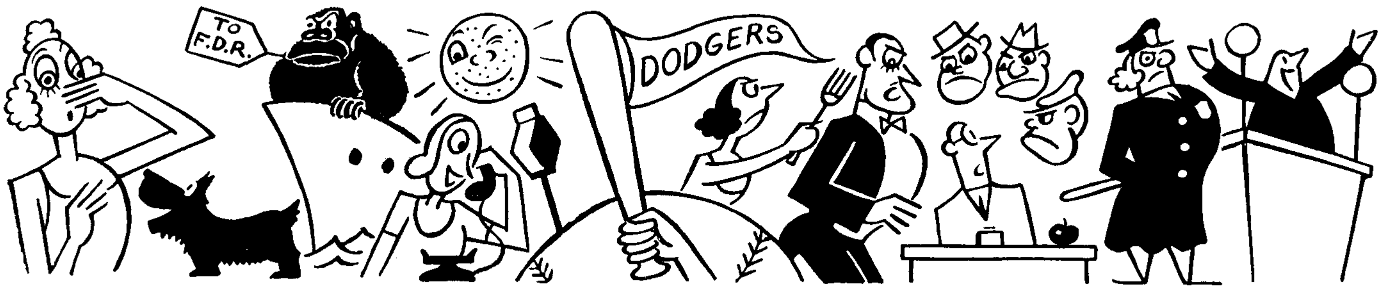
OUR own heart was buried about thirty years ago, back in a mossy grave with the old Giants, so it may be that we don't feel quite as strongly about the Brooklyn Dodgers as a lot of people who can't even remember Mattie and McGraw. Nevertheless, in our calmer way, we do appreciate their special flavor and even think we can recognize the profound effect it has been having lately on life almost everywhere. For the last couple of weeks, especially, it has been clear to us that something strange was loose in the cosmos, some antic force that could have originated nowhere except in Flatbush, a deep rebellion against poor, dull, and probable life that has been making men and women, animals, and even things carry on in various tough and inexplicable ways.

There was, for instance, the recent odd behavior of the sun, which so bewitched the telephone and radio that a private and apparently somewhat indelicate conversation between two young women discussing a blind date was suddenly broadcast over Station WAAT in Jersey City, for all the happy world to hear. You can't tell us that Durocher and MacPhail didn't have something to do with that. Then, in Hollywood, there was the case of Mrs. James Fidler, the wife of a moving-picture commentator, who got up in a night club and jabbed Errol Flynn, an actor, rather painfully in the ear with a fork. The locale was the West, but the spirit and execution were pure Canarsie. Then, up in Harlem, a junior-high-school teacher disciplined a twelve-year-old boy, and the child went right out and employed three tough citizens to dismantle the instructor, precisely as if he had been an umpire.

At about the same time, practically everybody was having trouble with animals, who also responded vehemently to the queer vibrations in the air. Bette Davis, founder of the Tailwaggers and the dog's best friend in cinema circles, faced a production halt of several weeks on her latest film when a friend's Scotty jumped up and bit her nose. The Free French forces in Equatorial Africa sent President Roosevelt a gorilla, "the largest and most ferocious ever sent out of Africa," and thus intended to represent the ferocity of the Free French in their fight against Hitler. Out of sheer perversity, however, undoubtedly brought on by the magic in the sky, the ape ruined this stirring symbolism by dying in childbirth on the way. And Lord Louis Francis Victor Nicholas Mountbatten, cousin of King George VI, great-grandson of Queen Victoria, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Crown of Rumania, Illustrious High Steward of Ramsey, G.C.V.O., K.C.V.O., A.M.I.E.E., M.I.W.T., A.M.I.N.A., survivor of two brave sunken ships, veteran of countless glorious engagements, and present captain of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Illustrious, received his first wound of the war. Some American friends, presumably from the banks of the Gowanus, gave the ship's crew a goat as a mascot and it bit him.

These were the larger, or at any rate the stranger, happenings, but there were other oddities here and there. A caddie at the Sagamore Golf Club, Bolton Landing, N.Y., entered suit for $10,000 against William A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States and the man whose signature appears on all federal bank notes, on the ground that Mr. Julian had pursued and struck him with a club. The most persistent horse-race gambler in history was discovered in a British prisoner in Poland who had continued to place bets with his London bookmaker through the agency of the International Red Cross.

Two ingenious young men from San Francisco were granted a patent for a "woven" steak, guaranteed to be as tender as love and as tidy as a sock. Another interesting scientist turned up in the person of Helena Rubinstein, who announced that this year false hair of matching shades will be attached to ladies' hats, so that anything will look fine on anybody. A Dr. Valeria Parker, head of the Social Hygiene Committee of the National Council of Women, presented a plan for having ladies dressed as cops patrol beats in the vicinity of Army camps for the purpose of guarding the innocent warriors from gayer girls, more promisingly clad. And finally, when the great news at last arrived, County Judge Samuel Leibowitz delivered a message worthy to



go down in history with Commodore Perry's celebrated "We have met the enemy and they are ours." "Brooklyn has defeated Boston!" cried the Judge from his bench. "Pittsburgh has defeated St. Louis! The pennant is ours! Court adjourned!"

All this handsome nonsense, as we say, almost certainly had its origin in Ebbets Field, where the forces of lunacy, gradually accumulating over the years, at last acquired such fierce momentum that they were able to reach out and cover all the cockeyed world.

Bomb Shelter

TIPPED off to mysterious goings on in the garden behind the Modern Museum by an acquaintance whose apartment overlooks that oasis, we worked our way into there one day last week and found Buckminster Fuller, creator of the Dymaxion house and the Dymaxion car, busily erecting a sample of his latest house, which he calls a Dymaxion Deployment Unit, and which the Museum will open to the public any day now. When completed, this will be an edifice twelve feet high, consisting of two connecting circular steel structures (one twenty feet in diameter, the other fifteen) containing a living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bathroom, and sleeping six. One idea behind such a unit is that it will resist anything in the way of a bomb explosion except a direct hit. "It might jump off the ground," said Mr. Fuller, "but it would come back." Another big idea is that it can be taken down by two men in three hours and quickly deployed out of cities, an excellent tactic in wartime. Hence the name.

When we arrived, Mr. Fuller, assisting two workmen of the Museum, had just assembled the roof. This lay on the ground, and through an aperture in its top extended a collapsible mast twenty-one feet tall. Mr. Fuller explained that with his new unit you build the roof first, hoist it up, erect the walls under it, then collapse the mast, carry it out through the door, and slide a skylight over the hole the mast went through. Mr. Fuller figures that the building can be used for factory workers, tourist camps, as a guest house, and, in time of war, as a bomb shelter and movable home. Each unit contains 1,800 pounds of steel, held together by 430 bolts.

Fuller thought up the new house last fall while travelling in the Middle West with Christopher Morley, who was lecturing, and, being impressed with some beautiful steel grain bins he saw in Illinois, noted that they were made in Kansas City. He went there and called on the maker of the bins, his plan being to try to persuade him to turn out the houses. At the moment of his call, the manufacturer was about to depart for an evening of poker at his club. He took Fuller along to the game. Fuller had only $30 with him on arrival, but he shortly had $530. Figuring that that would never do, he went into every pot, regardless of his cards, and managed to finish up the evening five dollars out. Next day the steel-bin maker agreed happily to manufacture the houses.

Fuller spent most of the next nine months in Kansas City, and the factory is now tooled to produce thousands of Dymaxion Deployment Units. At the moment, production is held up by the steel-priority situation, but Fuller thinks this will be ironed out. He reports that he is getting forty or fifty orders a day for the units but so far has been permitted to make only two sales, to the Navy. The Museum's unit is the last of seven models he has designed. The sixth is in Potomac Park, Washington, where the defense people have been studying it. Fuller lived in this one for a while, and was disturbed by trailer transients from a nearby tourist camp, who kept walking in on the theory that it was some new kind of circus. The Museum will show the present house for two months, and it will then be deployed to Lloyd Neck, where Mr. Robert Colgate will use it on his estate as a beach house. Mr. Colgate is the Deployment Unit's principal financial backer.

Shading

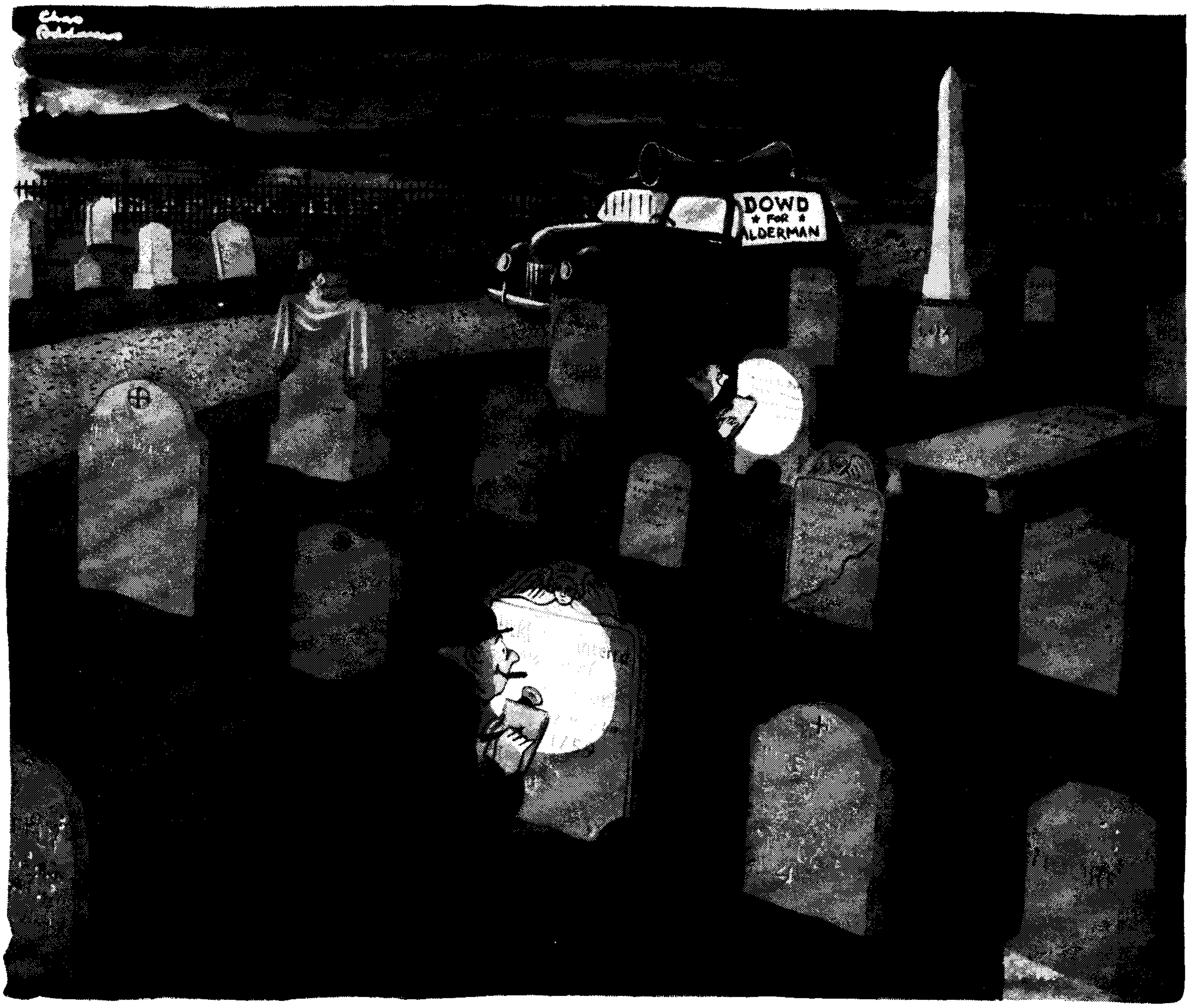
FRIEND of ours who enlisted in the Naval Reserve has told us about an incident of his medical examination. A weary pharmacist's mate was testing him for color blindness. "What color?" he asked, pointing at a spot on a chart. "Burgundy," cried our friend, trying too hard. The pharmacist's mate sighed. "In the Navy, there's no Burgundy, bud—just red," he said.

Garrett Price

Memorial to Immortality

WE had completely forgotten about the Westinghouse Time Capsule, which was buried at the World's Fair three years ago, when we got an invitation from the Parks Department to attend a dedication of a memorial to this repository of contemporary culture last week. Solemn little ceremonies are still held in Flushing Meadow from time to time. The memorial, a ten-foot shaft of black granite intended to serve as a marker, was planned when the capsule was installed, but the Westinghouse people, busy with national defense, had just got around to erecting it. When we arrived, we found about four hundred folding seats set out before a rostrum embellished with palms and the American and New York State flags, and also two gentlemen with beards, who turned out to be Dr. Gerald Wendt, formerly director of science at the Fair, and G. Edward Pendray, assistant to the president of Westinghouse, a founder of the American Rocket Society, and conceiver of the Time Capsule. Mr. Pendray remarked that theoretically the capsule will last fifteen thousand years but the monument only a few hundred at best. Dr. Wendt said that even if the monument should last the full five thousand years expected to elapse before the capsule is dug up, it might not then be over the capsule at all. Dr. Wendt said that the earth fifty feet under the monument, where the capsule lies, might shift. He added that archeologists would have no difficulty finding it, though, if they had one of the books on the capsule which have been sent to libraries all over the world. At this point, a scholar from the *Daily News* said to Dr. Wendt, "I think the Time Capsule is to our generation what the Library of Alexandria was to another, don't you?" Dr. Wendt nodded. He then glanced around an audience of seventy or eighty which had arrived and said, "I wonder why Grover isn't here."

It was now time for the ceremonies, and Commissioner Moses, Newbold Morris, and David S. Youngholm, a Westinghouse vice-president, took their places on the platform. A Parks Department band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and Mr. Moses made a brief speech in which he expressed wry doubt whether five thousand years hence this would be recalled as the age of George



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Westinghouse or of Adolf Schicklgruber. "He's a terrific man," a girl behind us whispered, referring to Mr. Moses. Mr. Youngholm then made a few remarks about setting a milestone on the long journey through time, etc., and presented the Time Capsule and its memorial to Mr. Morris, who was batting for the Mayor. Morris arose, and after a hurried platform-edge consultation with a Parks Department publicity man, he, Moses, and Youngholm left the platform and grouped themselves next to the memorial, which was concealed by a large white cloth. Mr. Youngholm yanked a cord, a Parks Department employee pulled off the cloth, and six news photographers took several pictures each.

Mr. Moses gave his autograph to a small boy, and the three men returned to the platform, where Mr. Morris said—apropos of a yearning for facts about the past which he expected the Time Capsule would satisfy in people five thousand years from now—that he missed a cigar-store Indian which used to be at Fifty-third Street and Sixth Avenue when he was a boy. "I would give a substantial sum for its return," he said, and spoke with appreciation of the spiritual qualities of the American people. "Five thousand years from now," he declared, "this will be known as the era of Franklin and Delano—I mean Eleanor—Roosevelt." Right now, he observed, we all must expect a little less from life and give a little more.

The small boy who had got Mr. Moses' autograph got Mr. Morris's also, and everybody concerned called it a day.

Music

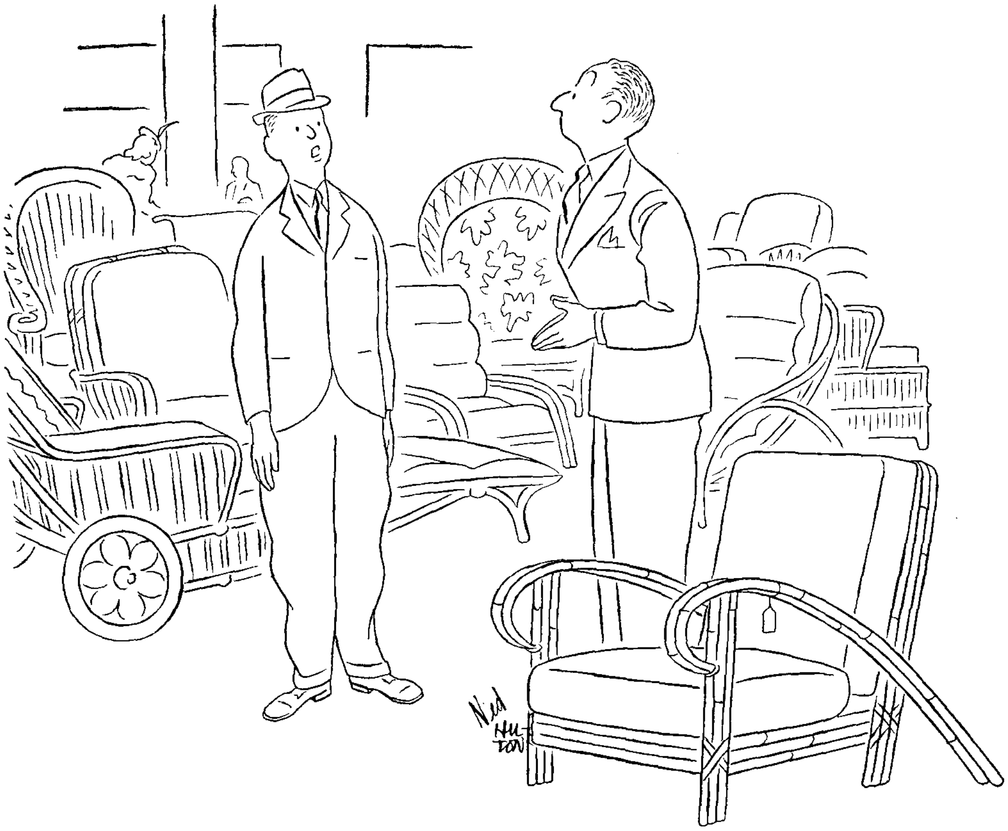
WE don't know whether you noticed it or not, but it's a fact that in a recent newsreel about the arrival in this country of a group of Soviet fliers who are to study aviation production the commentator's dulcet voice was accompanied by a clearly recognizable rendition of the Czarist national anthem. Propaganda, possibly, to win over the Republicans.

Library

THE Broadman Library of the World War and Post-Wardom shows what a man can accomplish if he concentrates on something for twenty-six years. The man in question is Dr. Joseph Broadman, an emphatic, gray-haired physician of 235 West End Avenue, who specializes professionally in the treatment of weight disorders. Dr. Broadman thinks of himself primarily as a librarian rather than as a doctor. "There are hundreds of thousands of doctors, but there's only one library like this," he says. This is no more than the truth. Librarians, we're told, generally accept the Broadman Library as unique. Dr. Broadman estimates that he has assembled at least half a million items dealing with the World War and its consequences. He counts a complete magazine, newspaper, book, or scrapbook as one item. At present the collection occupies forty thousand cubic feet of space in a warehouse, with the overflow in Dr. Broadman's offices. The warehouse rent is forty-five dollars a month, but to Dr. Broadman this is a minor expense. All in all, the library has set him back about two hundred thousand dollars, he figures—more, if he counts the time he has stolen from his practice to devote to the library. "I say two hundred thousand because of my family," he told us. "I don't want them to throw me out."

In the beginning, Dr. Broadman's hobby was fully under control. Sketching his background for us, he explained that he was born in Vienna and brought here at the age of sixteen. After becoming a citizen and taking an M.D. at N.Y.U., he returned to Europe with his bride to do postgraduate work. This was interrupted by the outbreak of war in 1914, and he came back to the United States, by way of England. It was in England he first realized that there were a lot of different opinions about the war and that the problem was far more complicated than he had supposed up to then. Once more in this country, he became a fanatical reader of the public press; it was a two-hour train ride from his house in Jersey to his New York office, so he had plenty of time. He took to tearing out pertinent articles to implement arguments with his friends, and then he took to pasting the articles in scrapbooks. By this time he was a gone goose. He subscribed to about sixty American periodicals and arranged to get more from Europe. He wrote to the embassies of the various countries for pamphlets dealing with war guilt. If a publication was barred from the mails, Dr. Broadman would trudge around and buy it from the publisher. Now the collection includes material ranging from pro-German to pacifist, in the form of memoirs, newspaper files, magazine files, pamphlets, posters, cartoons, copies of state documents, and six hundred scrapbook collections covering various special topics; one, for instance, contains every editorial on the subject of war printed in the New York press during the past twenty-five years. It's a terrific thing.

Dr. Broadman has made little headway in indexing the library—it's been all he can do to keep abreast of the flood of war literature—and what he wants to do now is give it to some institution which will be able to index it and care for it properly. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the New York Public Library have all expressed interest, but there's a big obstacle: whoever accepts the collection will have to spend at least a hundred thousand dollars having the stuff painted with preservative, as a precaution against moisture and bookworms. Dr. Broadman thinks that the library, if it could be made available to the public soon, would prove a valuable weapon against the America Firsters. He started out a pacifist and now is an interventionist. He has prepared a couple of pamphlets quoting parallels between the utterances of Hitler and those of the German government in the last war. Beside Hitler's statement "The German people will never starve," for instance, he has set that of one Dr. Helferrich, made in 1916: "Germany is immune to famine." Very encouraging stuff.



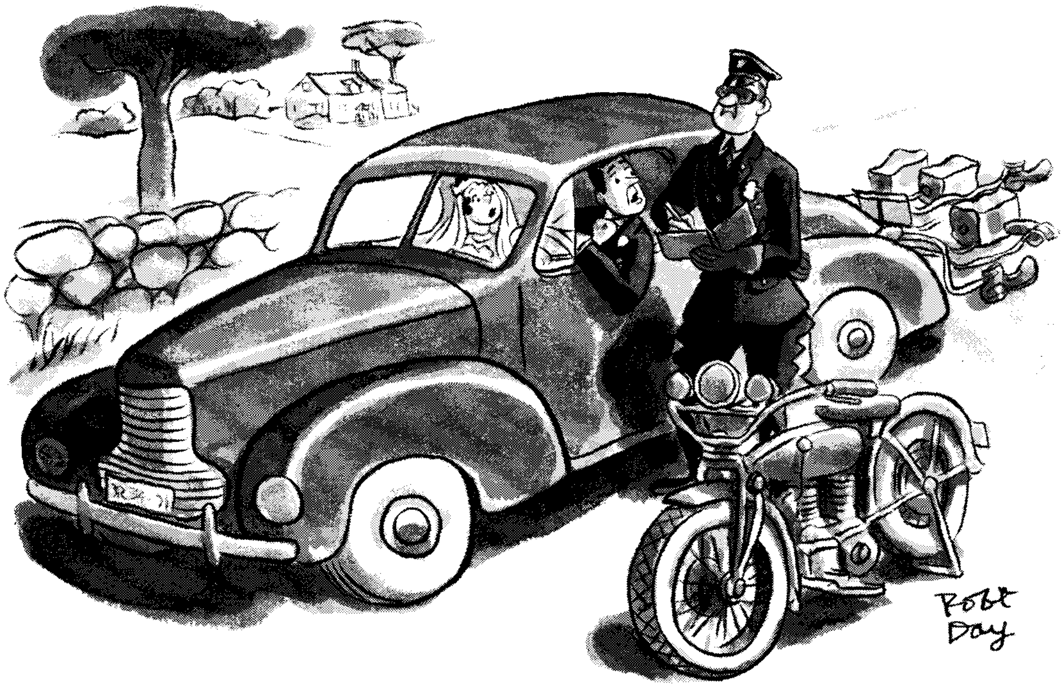
"*I just want something inexpensive for use outside Ebbets Field.*"

Occidental Triumph

A TRIO of college girls, one of them Chinese, were travelling on the New York Central last week, college bound. Standing in line for seats in the diner, they discovered that their hands had got sooty. There didn't seem much they could do about it, either, since they didn't want to lose their turn by going back to wash. They finally got their table just as the Chinese girl was remarking, "If this were China, the waiter would bring you soap and water." The steward looked her square in the eye. "Anything the Chinese can do, *we* can do," he said. In no time at all, each girl had a finger bowl of hot water and suds. "Go ahead and use your napkins for towels," the steward said. "I'll give you more. You don't have to go to China to wash your hands."

High Flies

THREE-TWENTY P.M. last Wednesday found us emerging onto the Empire State Building observatory platform, eighty-six floors aloft, accompanying Dr. E. Porter Felt, a gentleman of seventy-three, New York State Entomologist from 1898 to 1928, and a pioneer in the study of the wind drift of insects at high altitudes. Since last June, Dr. Felt has been occasionally taking off time from his present job as director of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories at Stamford, Connecticut, to collect insects at the 1,000-foot level of the observatory, and we had made arrange-



"But, Officer, this is supposed to be the happiest day of my life."

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ments to be on his next trip. For the expedition, Dr. Felt's costume was a blue suit, wing collar, and black bow tie; we wore a simple tweed suit with three pencils in the breast pocket. As the two of us made our way among the sightseers enjoying the view, Dr. Felt surprised several of them by whipping out a glass tube. He uncorked this and placed it over a slender insect resting on a window pane on the tower's north side. "An ichneumonid," said Dr. Felt. (We subsequently verified this and other spellings.) "The fumes of this hydrocyanide tube will soon overcome him." He was right. The ichneumonid shortly keeled over into the tube. "Just think, honey, we'll be out of town in four hours," said a lady next to us, to a gentleman next to her. Being on the tower in the interests of science, neither Dr. Felt nor we paid the slightest attention to this or other such idle remarks. What we were doing may contribute to the perfection of a method to cope with devastating insects that travel to virgin areas on high winds. The cotton moth has been known to sail 1,500 miles this way. It's amazing. If the indifferent public could only realize!

In a jiffy, Dr. Felt picked up the carcass of a ground beetle from a crack in the tile floor. With wing cases of Mediterranean blue, it was beautiful even in death. "One of our most respected insects—a terror to tent caterpillars," said Dr. Felt, putting the beetle into the tube with the drugged ichneumonid. On the east terrace, Dr. Felt, whose eye for insects matches a robin's, found a gossamer creature resting on a window of the restaurant. "Lacewing fly," he said, "parent of the voracious aphis lion."

Dr. Felt continued, keeping what we can well call constantly on the alert, and by the time we had completed two rounds of the gallery he had twelve bugs in his tube, including a polistes, or paper wasp, a grasshopper, a midge, a house fly, a lady beetle, a fruit fly, a willow-leaf beetle, a blue pine borer, a second ichneumonid of a different type, and two clover weevils. The grasshopper was practically identical with the variety that laid waste the land in the great grasshopper plague of Kansas sixty years ago. The least distance any of the insects could have come is thirty miles.

We told Dr. Felt we were surprised at the ease with which he did his collecting. He assured us that we had seen little, relating that when he was State Entomologist he had found over a thousand species of insects during one summer in the roof gutters of the State Education Building in Albany, a hundred and twenty-five feet above the street. He had no doubt that he could do as well on the Empire State Building if he collected daily. He captured an assassin bug from a coping, and we both walked into the building and into the centre of a group of sightseers waiting for the elevator, who looked at us strangely and silently. On the way down, Dr. Felt told us that this frequently happens to him. Once he was going through the railroad station in Utica when he saw on the floor a number of very rare and tiny ants. He got down and picked these up with a wet forefinger. Mrs. Felt, who was with him, said he made a spectacle of himself. "In the life of an entomologist," said Dr. Felt, "that's a necessary evil."

Emergency

A LEAN, high-strung local gentleman has for many years been interested, so far as games go, only in squash racquets, double Canfield, and chess, but this summer, like many thousands of others who have paid scant attention to baseball since they were youngsters, he became fascinated with the pennant race in the National League. To his astonishment, and to the dismay of his wife, who hates baseball, he took to staying home in the afternoon as the battle got hotter and listening to the tense, heartbreaking Dodger games as broadcast by Old Red over WOR. This finely drawn, sensitive gentleman had a handsome portable radio, which he would carry from room to room, never missing a play. His wife early had enough of the immortal Beloved Bums of Brooklyn and retired to her boudoir, passionately forbidding him to come in there with his infernal machine. Toward the end of the season—it was during that game in Boston in which the Braves led the Dodgers 2 to 0 until the seventh inning—our gentleman's wife looked up from her chaise longue, where she was reading a book, to see and hear him entering the room, pale and shaken, his radio blaring the news that Dixie Walker had gone up to the plate with two down and the bases full. "Didn't I tell you—" began the wife fiercely. "Yes, I know," her husband interrupted, breathing quickly and trembling, "but I'm afraid to listen to it alone."

NOTHING EVER BREAKS EXCEPT THE HEART

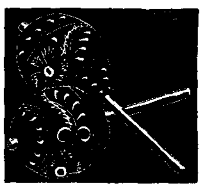
PERHAPS you have been there, and you know the Avenida and the way the trees grow the length of it—palm trees and the foreign varieties of hawthorn and maple. Perhaps you've drunk iced coffee under a colored umbrella there, with your back turned to the traffic's noise and the sight of the horses and your face turned to the strips of green, fresh-watered grass. The trees make the long avenues of shade that flow like a dark stream through the city, and on the edges of them stagger the horses, knee-deep in burning, if imaginary, sands. Perhaps you've walked up the avenue through the leafy jungle-dark toward where the American flag hangs, heavy with summer, on its white pole in this foreign city's air. Either children or tropical mirages of them must have run barefoot and scrofulous after you, asking for something as cool as money, and if you were there this summer, you must have seen Miss Del Monte eating ice cream at one of the tin tables under the trees.

Miss Del Monte used to buy all the American picture magazines there were, and she would sit there looking at them, so as not to think of the horses, with the carts they drew breaking their backs and crippling their limbs beneath them, nor of the lather frothing under the harness that bound them irrevocably to man. Something was always doing it to her, taking the heart out of her breast and tearing it apart, and now she had come to the end. The first day she arrived, she told this to Mr. McCloskey. She said, "You can have the horses and the children with pellagra. I'll take the mint juleps," and Mr. McCloskey stopped looking at the German and the Polish and the Czech and the Russian refugees for a moment and decided, without much interest in it, that she was probably the prettiest woman he had ever seen.

Perhaps you even know Mr. McCloskey—the set of his shoulders in his American businessman's suit, and the rather jaded look in his eyes, and the thick hair just beginning to go gray. He had a roll-top desk to himself, but he never sat down at it, because for eight hours a day he stood behind the elegant, glass-topped counter in the airways office and told the roomful of foreigners, and Americans even, that they wouldn't be able to board a plane and go where they wanted to go for at least another month or two. Miss Del Monte went into the office in June, the first day she got to the city, and spun the propeller of the miniature plane with one finger as she waited there. She had left her stockings at the hotel because of the heat, and her arms and legs and her head were bare and cool enough looking; her nails were long and immaculately done, and her mouth was far too brilliant. Once you'd seen her, you watched for her everywhere you went: at the Tivoli Bar before dinner, or at the Aquarium, dining on the balcony, and after that playing at the Casino, or dancing at the Palace or the Atlantico. But she was never anywhere like that. She was always in the airways office, talking to Mr. McCloskey or waiting to talk to Mr. McCloskey, smoking one cigarette after another and putting fresh lip rouge on from time to time.

"I'd like to get over by Saturday," Miss Del Monte had said to him the first day, and when she said it all the refugees sitting on the benches along the wall stopped breathing for a moment and looked at something that wasn't bitterness and hopelessness at last.

"Look," said Mr. McCloskey, making a gesture. "Everyone in this country's trying to get over." His eyes were haggard and his face was a little gaunt from the heat and the amount of talking he had to do. There were three telephone calls waiting for him on three different desks and fifteen people at the counter where Miss Del Monte stood. "It's either the language that's driving them out, or else it's because they don't kill their bulls in the *corsos* here," he said.



"They broke my heart every Sunday afternoon in Spain," said Miss Del Monte. "They dragged it out with the horses, and now I'm not having any more." She took another cigarette and she said, "On account my show's opening up, I'd like to get over by Saturday."

"Saturday!" a little man in a pongee suit behind her cried out, and for a moment Miss Del Monte thought he had been stabbed. "I've been three monce waiting here—three monce!" he said, and he held up that number of fingers. He didn't speak English very well, but he had diamonds on his hand.

That was the first day, and the second day, in the morning, they were standing three deep around the counter, so Miss Del Monte gave it up after an hour and came back in the afternoon. When she got opposite Mr. McCloskey at last, she lit a cigarette and looked at him carefully and evenly. He must have been just over thirty, in spite of the gray in his hair, and his shoulders would probably have looked too broad for any chair he sat in.

"I'm not prepared for summer," she said. "Monday's the latest I can wait. I haven't a single sharkskin to put on."

"Do you know Mr. Sumner Welles?" said Mr. McCloskey, and for the first time Miss Del Monte saw the madness in his eye. "Have you influential friends in Washington?" he asked, and Miss Del Monte shook her head. "Then perhaps I can help you out," he said, and he walked rather handsomely to his desk, passing Mr. Concachina at the counter on his way.

Mr. Concachina was native, and his head was bald, and his mind was going. "I'm just now speaking four different languages at the same time to five different parties, Mr. McCloskey," he said, and there was sweat on his forehead. "I tell you, I can't do it much longer. I'm at the breaking point."

"You've been saying that for a year and a half," said Mr. McCloskey. He was looking among the other papers for the typewritten list of names. "But nothing ever breaks, nothing," he said, and he repeated it vaguely. "Nothing ever breaks," and he held the list in one hand while he said "Hello there" into one of the three telephones. When he came back to the counter, he looked at Miss Del Monte. "We have a very nice opening for the seventeenth of November," he said.

THIS went on for a week or more, and then, one Monday morning, Miss Del Monte felt she was getting somewhere at last. She was on her fourth cigarette, and she had combed back her hair and put fresh lipstick on her mouth, and she looked more beautiful than ever.

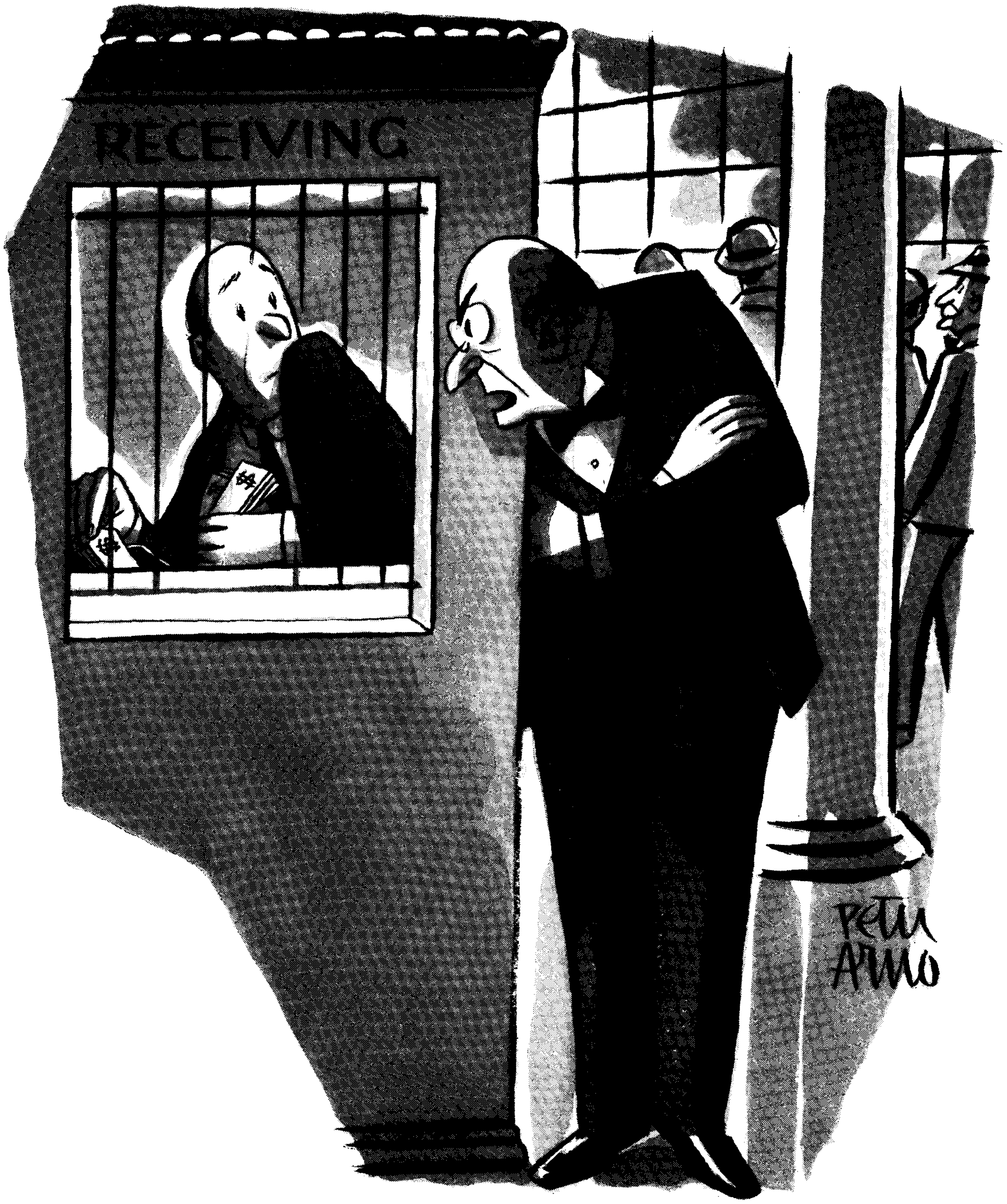
"Just a minute," said Mr. McCloskey, studying the list. "How old are you? How much do you weigh?"

"A hundred and fifteen," said Miss Del Monte quickly. "I'm twenty-four, but I feel a lot older."

Mr. McCloskey pondered for a moment, and then he said, "Did you ever think of trying a boat, Miss Del Monte?"

"A boat? Do you mean a boat?" she said.

"Yes," said Mr. McCloskey. He looked at her and moved his hand in



"I'm giving you your last chance, Willis! If your horse doesn't come in today, you're fired!"

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a swaying motion. "You'd be surprised. You might like a boat."

Mr. Concachina, a little way down the counter, had a telephone receiver in one hand and a fountain pen in the other, and he was writing something down. But still he had time enough to look up at Miss Del Monte. "You know about Pola Negri?" he said, and then he spoke the other language into the mouthpiece. "Well, Pola Negri got fed up," he said, after a moment. "She went out of here in a huff this morning. She's going to take a boat."

"I'd just as soon go out of here in a huff as in what I have on," said Miss Del Monte, evenly. "I'm sure it would be cooler."

"It ought to be awfully cool on shipboard," Mr. McCloskey said.

IT was never Mr. McCloskey's intention to start going out in the evening with Miss Del Monte, but by the second week he had got so accustomed to seeing her around that it seemed the natural thing to find her on the Avenida one evening after dinner and walk back and forth with her beneath the trees. She carried a guidebook in one hand, with a cablegram marking a page in it, and she said she'd just had a double whiskey-and-soda.

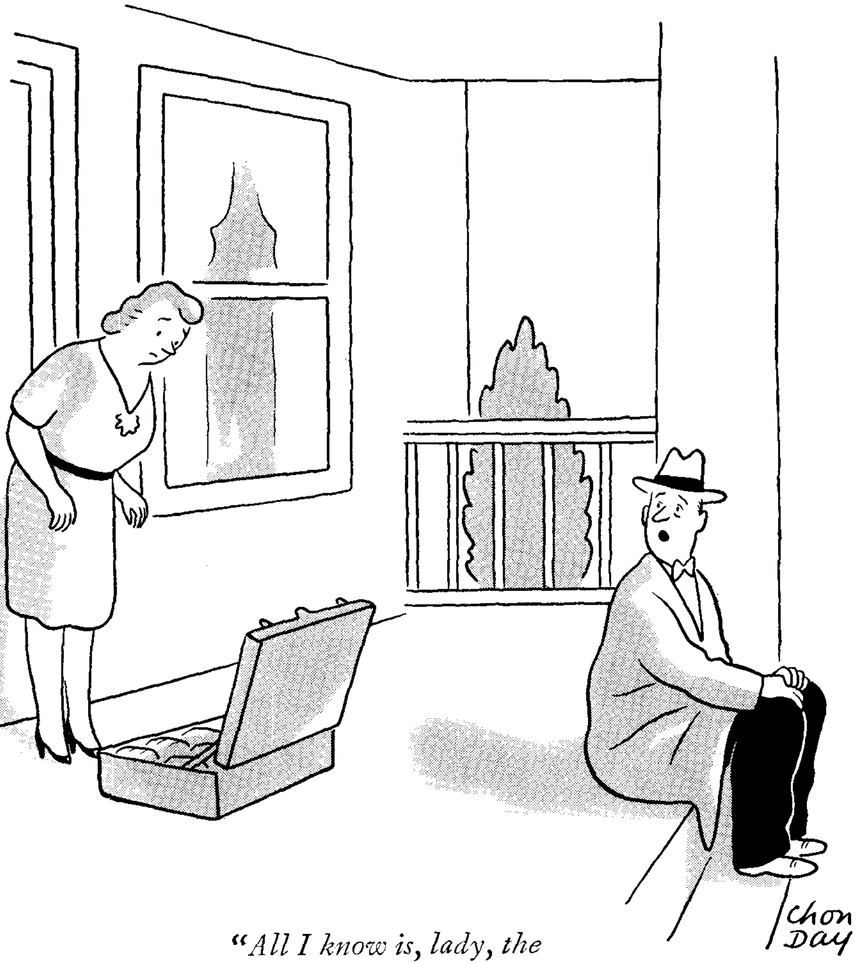
"It breaks my heart to talk shop," she said, "but my show's opening on the first of September."

"It can't if you're not there," said Mr. McCloskey. Behind them, in the fountains, illuminated water lilies with iron stems and china petals floated monstrously through the night, and the bookstalls, each one shaped like a book, and the leather tooled across the back, were open.

"If I stay much longer, I'll be right in time for the summer season," said Miss Del Monte. "It says so in the guidebook on page twenty-three. It says there are always balls and processions, varinos exhibitions, gymkhanas, and firelarks. However they want to spell it, I'd give up the varinos exhibitions any day if I could see a gymkhana or a firelark."

"You probably will without a bit of trouble if you have another double whiskey," said Mr. McCloskey, but Miss Del Monte said she'd rather hear a *fado* sung.

Mr. McCloskey had never been to a *fado* café before, but Miss Del Monte seemed quite familiar with the back street where one was. The lights were still on when they walked in and took a table, and all the men in their pongee suits and their white silk shoes turned to watch Miss Del Monte go past. The only other women there were the female *fado* singers, with their Spanish-looking shawls on their shoulders, sitting there rather grimly at separate tables, some with their fathers keeping an eye on them and some with their entrepreneurs, either sitting silent or writing out *fados* while they waited for their turn to come. In a minute the lights went out, and two guitar players mounted a little platform and sat down on the chairs that were placed on opposite sides of it and tuned their instruments up. No one looked very pleased about it, not even when the *fado* singer himself ran quickly up the steps in his patent-leather shoes and stood in the spotlight between the two guitarists on the platform's boards. He was a short, evil-looking man in a black suit, and his hair was wavy and very well greased, and he kept his hands in his trousers' pockets all the time.



"All I know is, lady, the product's supposed to sell itself."

"If he takes his hands out of his pockets, he isn't a *fado* singer," said Miss Del Monte, and although the man hadn't yet started to sing, someone behind her hissed.

Presently the singer announced the title of the *fado* and added that this was the first time it had been sung in public, for it was about a stabbing that had occurred near the fish market that day. But when he opened his mouth he might just as well have been telling them all what he thought of them, one minute facing half of the room with his neck going red, and then one minute berating the other half with the veins in his forehead beginning to swell. He said the same words over and over to them, so that there could be no mistake, breaking the rhythm savagely and throwing it in their faces while the throbbing of the guitars wove steadily and systematically upward and, finding no foothold, wove steadily and carefully down again.

When he was done, the lights sprang up all over, and the applause scattered about him, and Miss Del Monte lit another cigarette.

"Did you find this in the guidebook?" Mr. McCloskey asked. He removed the crockery jug from its pail of ice and poured the green wine out.

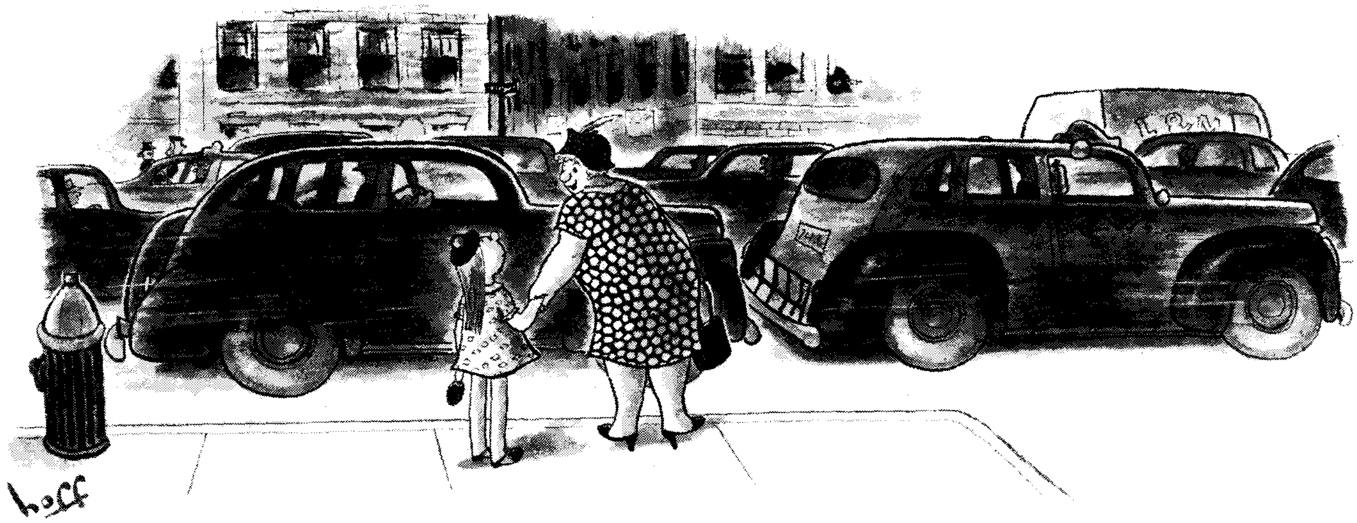
"Don't be absurd," said Miss Del Monte. "This is neither a bewildering panorama nor a rendezvous of the élite, nor is it an imposing terrace overlooking the sea."

"It might be a gymkhana," said Mr. McCloskey, and he took another drink of wine.

The second night they went out together, again to one of the back-street cafés, Miss Del Monte explained to him further about the *fados*. She said the better ones were either patriotic or heroic, and these had been handed down from generation to generation. The ones they sat writing out quickly at the tables were only the personal ones, she told him.

"You simply have to sense which kind it is," she said.

This time it was a girl who sang first, standing up on the platform between the two seated guitarists, with the fringe of the black Spanish shawl hanging just below her knees. Her throat was bare and broad, and her face was primitive under the *maquillage*, and it was only the feet that had nothing to do with the rest. She wore pink stockings, and her feet were as small as mice and twisted



"Hold tight to Mamma's hand, Gloria, and when Mamma makes a beeline, you make a beeline."

• •

like mice in the traps of the open-toed, cork-soled shoes she had on. She began her statement of fact with her teeth showing white in her mouth, and her voice was husky. She said it beautifully, repeating it first to one side of the room and then to the other, with her hands clasped on her stomach, holding the shawl.

"This is a personal one," said Miss Del Monte in a whisper to Mr. McCloskey.

"I'd be interested to know," said Mr. McCloskey rather wearily, "if she makes any mention of Mr. Sumner Welles."

"It's something she read in the paper," said Miss Del Monte. "It's about a girl whose fiancé kills her sister because she takes the bracelets he'd given the other one and wears them to go out dancing with another man. He couldn't stand it."

Mr. McCloskey filled their glasses up again. "Miss Del Monte," he said, "I don't know how your public's getting on without you."

IT may have been later in the summer, perhaps it was in July, that Mr. McCloskey took her across on the ferry to have dinner on the other shore. They were probably sitting on the open part of the ferry's deck when Mr. McCloskey said, "She's over there." He didn't look toward the city's delicately starred hills but off into the darkness. "The only thing in life I care about is over there," he said, and as he spoke the strung lights of the battleship and the cutter went running past.

He said it again, after they had left the ferry and left the taxi and were walking down through the grass to the river's edge. The moon had risen now, and everything was as brilliantly lit as if by daylight, and although no explanation had been asked for or given as to why they had come here, and why they went down through the night-drenched grass to where the bright stream of water lay, still it seemed, and singularly without question, the one thing left for them to do.

"She's out there, tethered on the water," Mr. McCloskey said. "The plane," he said, a little impatiently, because Miss Del Monte didn't seem to be able to understand English any more. "She's out there. You can see her just to the left of the jetty." They stood on a footpath at the water's edge, where a half-dozen dories, white-flanked and rocking empty on the tide, were chained up to the shore. "We can row out to her," he said, and Miss Del Monte stepped into the boat that he held steady with his foot and sat down on the cross seat, doing it slowly and without wonder, like one hypnotized.

Mr. McCloskey followed her in and fitted the oars in their grooves and then pushed off from shore. The water was smooth, and the light and the dark moved clearly in broken pieces on it, first light and then dark around them as the oars dipped softly in the night. Every now and then he turned part way in his seat and let the oars feather while he looked ahead at the suave, enormous body of the plane.

"I love her," he said. "I love her," and Miss Del Monte couldn't think of the right thing to say. As they drew nearer he pulled hard and in silence on one oar so as to bring them up against the wing.

"Have you ever piloted one?" Miss Del Monte asked, and Mr. McCloskey didn't say anything for a little while. They were riding close to the plane and he had pulled the oars in, and, until the water began drying on them, the splays of them looked as bright as glass.

"That's what's the matter with me," he said after a moment. "I used to be one. I used to fly them across." He did not move from his seat, but he raised one hand and ran it along the hard, sweet, sloping, metallic breast. "I didn't have what it takes," he said, and his voice was bitter to hear. "Or, rather, I gave away what it takes. I had it. I had it." The dory gyrated slowly and without direction near the marvellously still body of the plane. "One or two whiskeys too much every now and then, and jitters," he said. "Single whiskeys when I was tired and double ones to get me out of whatever trouble I happened to be in. Jitters," he said. "So now I'm just good enough to stand up all day behind a counter and tell them what day the company's going to let them fly."

WHEN Miss Del Monte got to the airways office the next morning, there was one Frenchwoman talking faster and better than the others, leaning across to Mr. McCloskey, with her hand in the black fish-net glove closed sharply on his arm. She was telling him, in French, that she knew Mr. Sumner Welles and that she'd been to school with Eve Curie, and Mr. McCloskey was saying nothing in French or in any other language. He simply stood there looking at her with a rather faded, hopeless look around his eyes.

—KAY BOYLE

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

HOW J. OLIVER TIMMONSON WAS SETTLED OUT OF COURT

Sing ho!
Sing hey!
Sing happy habeas corpuses!
For J. Oliver Timmonson's
Gone through a metamorphosis!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, J was a member of the bar. He was a lawyer. He was a counsellor. He was an attorney at law and by law and for law and to law and from law and with law. He could converse, discourse, lecture, palaver, proclaim, declare, appeal, invoke, hold forth, rap out, let fall, harangue, shout, spout, rant, recite, expatiate, and blurt. Hot torts, boys! Hot torts!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, he had horn-rimmed glasses to whip on and off, piping on his vest to stick his hand in, a calfskin briefcase to dig into, and a pigskin billfold to put fees in. He could begin talking clean-shaven and come to his first semicolon wearing a foot-long beard parted in the middle. When he ran out of English he talked Latin. He was a feoffee who dearly loved a feoffator. Mandamus, boys, mandamus!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, a client would come to him and say he was being sued. J would whip his glasses on and file an Answer to the Complaint. Opposing Counsel would file a Rejoinder to the Answer to the Complaint. J would file a Rebuttal to the Rejoinder to the Answer to the Complaint. Opposing Counsel would file a Sur-Rebuttal to the Rebuttal to the Rejoinder to the Answer to the Complaint. J would file a Sur-Sur-Rebuttal to the Sur-Rebuttal to the Rebuttal to the Rejoinder to the Answer to the Complaint, and then Opposing Counsel and J would meet in court and J would whip his glasses off and demand a Postponement. The Court would grant a Postponement and Opposing Counsel and J would meet in the Men's Bar at the Ritz at 6 P.M. and file two dry Martinis and four laughs and then file a third dry Martini and a fifth laugh to the health of the absent feoffators.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, a $19,000,000 corporation would find itself owing $21,348,749.63 and would decide to go into receivership. J would receive it. Sweet certiorari!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, the widow of a successful manufacturer of cast-iron freight-car couplings would leave $37,856,763.92 intestate for J to handle, and, boy, would he handle it! Shake that codicil!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, at dinner parties J wherefored and theretofored ad infinitum. He would begin by saying farbeitfrommetosay or youhaveneglectedtotakecognizanceof. If it looked as if he were about to be fairly beaten in the ensuing argument, he would always fall back on what he called the corpus-delicti story.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, suppose there was a man named A, he would say, and this A was unquestionably murdered by a man named B, and this B disposed of the body, so there was no corpus delicti and therefore and wheretofore and whereas there could be no prosecution because there was no corpus delicti. When he finished telling about this, the guests at the dinner party would be holding their eyes open with their fingers and sometimes with matches broken in half, and J would win the argument on a technicality. Swing low, scintilla!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, one such dinner party was in August of the present year, 1941, and it took place at the comfortable Connecticut house of a gentleman farmer named B. When this B gave the sign that the ladies were to go into the drawing room and leave the gentlemen with their coffee and brandy, the ladies sprang up like kangaroos and rushed into the drawing room and the gentlemen also sprang up like kangaroos and rushed after them, leaving J alone with this B.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

"Oh, this is splendid. We can have a little chat," said J, and, so saying, he talked this B up from the table, talked him onto the terrace, talked him into the farmyard, talked him up one side of a millrace and down the other, talked him through a cornfield and into a patch of alfalfa, talked him all the way off the place and onto the adjacent land, which was occupied by an up-and-coming limekiln. *Habeas*, honey, *habeas!*

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, standing on the edge of the central pit of the up-and-coming limekiln, J ran out of English. So he tapped this B on the chest and began to quote legal Latin maxims at him. " '*Verba sunt indices animi*,' or 'Words are indications of the intention,' " he said, and " '*Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi*,' or 'Truth fears nothing but concealment,' " and " '*Qui sentit onus, sentire debet et commodum*,' or 'He who bears the burden ought also to derive the benefit,' " and " '*Ubi quis delinquit ibi puniatur*,' or 'Let a man be punished where he commits the offence.' " *Ubi ibi*, boys, *ubi ibi!*

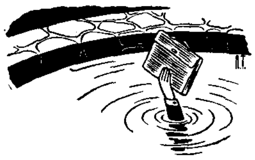
[*Boogie-woogie*]

"Oh, it's mandatory!" muttered this B, looking around him and stooping to see what he could find on the ground. " '*Via antiqua via est tuta*,' or 'The old way is the safe way,' " this B continued, picking up a loose brick that had been left over after the construction of the limekiln. Ring that writ!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, returning to his guests all by himself, this B was greeted by eager and curious questions from members of both sexes, such as "*Quid actum est?*," or "How did it go?," and "*Bullaene erant in calcaria fornace postquam submersus est?*," or "Were there bubbles in the limekiln after the submersion?," to which this B smugly replied, " '*Vis legibus est inimica*,' or 'Force is inimical to the law.' "

[*Boogie-woogie*]



So sing ho!
Sing hey!
Sing happy habeas corpuses!
For J. Oliver Timmonson's
Gone through a metamorphosis!

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

THE DEFENSE OF LONG ISLAND

THERE'S lots going on these days down in our section of Long Island in regard to defense. Just about everyone, with the possible exception of myself, is frantically engaged in an activity called doing something about it. I don't mean by this confession to cover myself with white feathers. My patriotism is, I trust, as sterling as that of my neighbors, but it would seem my usefulness isn't, and I've reached the depressing conclusion that in case of invasion the only thing I can do for my country is die.

This was all brought home to me one quiet evening last month when our local Paul Revere whizzed up to my front door in a car covered with patriotic stickers, mud, and, one suspected, foam. He handed me a questionnaire and in a voice of splendidly controlled excitement (as if the enemy were already at Patchogue) told me to fill it out. I squared my shoulders, tried to look like Molly Pitcher, and told him I would. He nodded severely (people in heroic mood apparently don't smile very much, unless it's into the cannon's mouth), made a gesture that was a suppressed salute, spurred his car, and sped off into the night. It was all pretty momentous. I felt I ought to go wake my little boy and take down the gun my grandfather carried at Appomattox. Only my little boy wasn't asleep and my grandfather never fought at Appomattox.

I hastened inside to the nearest light and unfolded the questionnaire. It started out simply enough, inquiring the name, age, and nationality of each member of our household. Then it got complicated, for after each name space was printed "Experience," followed by a large question mark. I assumed this meant experience of a nature that might prove of service to one's country, for it seemed hardly probable that in my own case the information "Broadway, summer stock, and radio" would qualify me for anything much except camp follower. True, during the last war I had done my bit. Twice a week I submitted my little body to the experimental ministrations of the members of my mother's first-aid class, who tried out splints, fancy bandages, and tourniquets on my childish limbs—a treatment which has, I'm certain, had a far-reaching after-effect on my circulation. But I felt such kindergarten training would hardly impress the defense organizers, so I left the blank after my name unfilled. When it came to the members of my family, however, I could state with pride that my ten-year-old was a lance corporal in the Knickerbocker Greys and that my husband was a hero of the bloodless war of the Mexican border and could recognize and, if necessary, kill tarantulas. The maid I set down as a vivandière and the cook I put down as "Cook."

The next page of the questionnaire began with a flattering inquiry into the variety and type of motors we owned, aside from the family car. How many and what sort of trucks and tractors did we have? We might just as well have been asked about the number and variety of our locomotives and steam shovels. As for "Boats and Watercraft," I could answer with a certain degree of satisfaction that we are the owners of a duckboat, a canoe, and two air mattresses, which, I suppose, in the event of evacuating the Island, might be pressed into service. Being too much afraid of guns even to count them, I left the reporting of our modest arsenal up to my husband. Under the heading of "Fire-Fighting Equipment," I wrote that we could be counted on for five buckets, two Pyrene extinguishers (small size), and Long Island Sound. Under "Livestock" I listed, after some hesitancy, "Three dogs and a trained parakeet," but later eliminated the word "trained" for fear my feathered friend might get drafted into the message-carrying service. There were other odd questions, and one (how many beds could I keep "available"?) which sounded sassy and a little frightening. The questionnaire ended with "MISC." I didn't quite know what to list here, unless maybe "one archery outfit, two pairs of skis, some Cape Cod burners. Also scythes, pitchforks, and the spirit of '76."

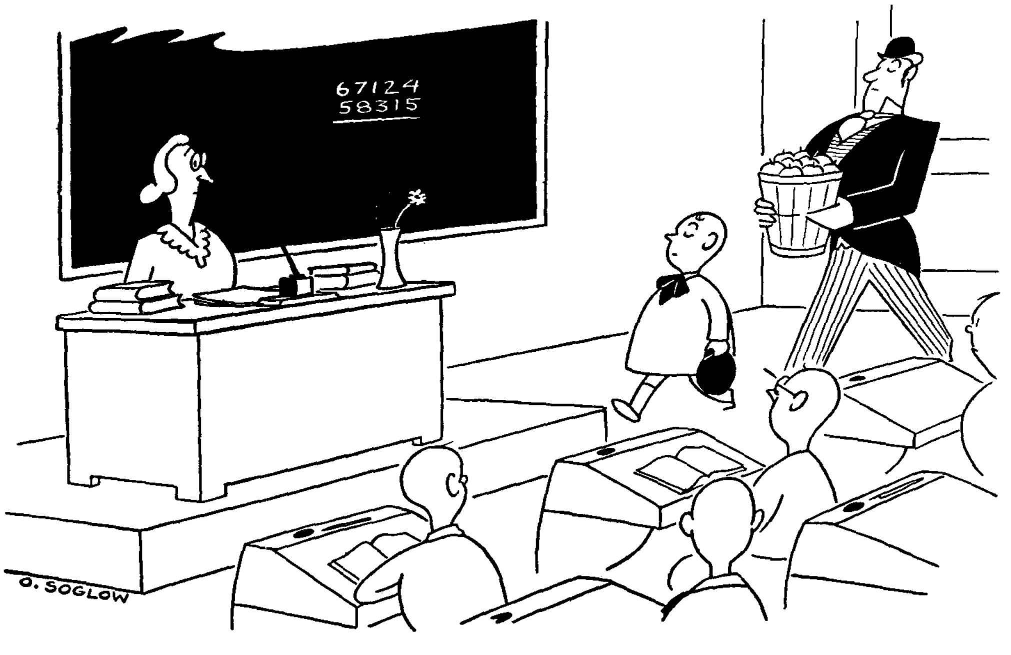
A FEW days later one of our more civic-minded inhabitants came to call. She had an air of having already completed her preparedness, like someone who, by October, has tied up all her Christmas presents. She opened the interview by telling me that she had "on complete authority" the alarming information that in case of invasion the Army wasn't going to defend Long Island—which gives one a faint idea of what the Army thinks of Long Island. An attack on New York would mean the bombing of all bridges, she said, and,

"You're a big disappointment to me, Harvey."

fixing me with a recruiting-poster stare, asked what I was going to do about it. I said somewhat lamely that since the Army had abandoned us to our fate, it wouldn't do much good for me to take a stand alone. She assured me I'd not be called upon for anything so drastic and went on to ask if I'd ever done any professional nursing, if I could qualify as an automobile mechanic, if I knew anything about electricity or steam-fitting, if I understood Morse. I said no, and I'd never piloted an airplane or steered a submarine and I was sorry but I didn't know a thing about minesweeping. She gave me a look that said "Fifth Columnist!" as clearly as if the words had been flashed in neon lights and asked me what, if anything, I *could* do. For a moment I was tempted to say I could speak French, Italian, and German and could dance the conga, hoping vaguely that I might be commandeered into some glamorous branch of the espionage service, but she wasn't the kind of woman you could swing anything like that with. So I said meekly I didn't know, but, though humble, I was willing, nay proud, to do my part. For a time she sat mulling over my shortcomings, then finally informed me that in the event the New York bridges were bombed I would be expected to take in refugees from Queens. I started to ask her if she couldn't make that refugees from Brooklyn Heights but decided I'd done enough already to set myself up as the community Benedict Arnold. I assured her I'd be waiting with open arms to receive the homeless ones from Queens.

Her visit convinced me that instead of being an asset to Uncle Sam I am a complete liability and started me looking about for ways in which to become more useful. It appears there are any number of organizations one can join. The first-aid class of our town meets regularly. It is very industrious and particularly cheerful these days because the encouraging rumor has got about that the Army bombers which maneuver daily above us, missing the town water tank by inches, carry a few live bombs. And who can tell when one of these high explosives might fall out? I'd be no good at first aid. Since I come from a long line of people whose hands tremble, it would be nearly impossible for me to do a neat bandaging job, and in times of stress they'd end up by having to bandage me. Then there's a ladies' ambulance corps, who put on a pretty impressive act at all outdoor events, rushing in formation onto a field and surrounding a prone and willing volunteer, whom they pick up and hurtle headlong through the back door of their vehicle in the manner of stoking a bake oven. This splendid organization I should hesitate to join, because I have a feeling they'd always make me play the rôle of the body.

Of course one can go in for special instruction in things. Two of my friends have been putting in some happy, grease-filled hours lying under automobiles in various garages while a lady mechanic stands above them and tells them what she thinks they must be looking at. Others commute twice a week to Manhattan to take a course in "canteen work," which, I gather, means a course in how to hand out sandwiches. Perhaps the most colorful corps hereabouts is the girls' rifle team, composed of some ten or fifteen middle-aged Annie Oakleys. Girding for parachutists, they practice regularly under the terrified tutelage of a state trooper, who obviously regards the job as one of the major hazards in his line of duty. I declined with polite regrets an invitation to become one of this daring band. I've occasionally taken a fling at rifle practice but have always had a terrible time trying to aim, pull the trigger, and stop up my ears all at once. Besides, I feel somehow that death at the hands of a parachutist is less inglorious than death as a result of a neighbor's careless aim, which might not be so careless at that. Then there are a few enterprising ladies who have got together and are taking up the study of map-reading. They go about with looks of high purpose, compasses, and expensive topographical maps, which aren't half as nice as the ones Socony and Texaco give you free. These ladies' research has convinced them that although you may think you know your way from the station to your own front door, you can't be really sure until you've pulled out your compass and taken bearings. Besides, they say, any day now the authorities may start changing around the road signs in order to baffle an invading host. That prospect doesn't disturb me in the least. I've always suspected a few of our road signs of being leftovers from the days when the embattled Long Islanders wanted to put Lord Howe on the wrong track.



ASIDE from knitting tiny garments for the Red Cross and giving away in the aluminum drive almost every cooking utensil we owned, my contribution to national defense has been negligible. I have yet to find my niche. I'm apparently one of those unfortunates necessary to times of stress who go down in history as "those who went under." Of course I can always look forward to the visitation of those refugees from Queens, but they might decide to migrate Jones Beach way. I guess I'd best resign myself to the idea I mentioned at the start—that all I can do is get killed.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

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A Correction

Miss Rita Molly White will be married to Gerry Thompson on Saturday, Sept. 13. It was erroneously reported in the *World-Telegram* society columns yesterday that they would celebrate their first wedding anniversary on that date and were expecting a child.—*The World-Telegram.*

The press is so emotional.

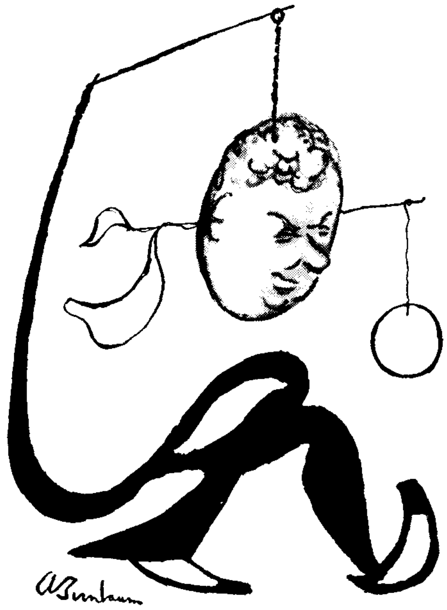
PROFILES

EVERYTHING IS MOBILE

Alexander Calder is the only man in the world who makes, exposes to public view, and sells mobiles, a restless form of sculpture constructed of wire, wood, sheet metal, and occasionally pieces of automobile tail-lights and embodying the element of movement. Calder's mobiles—the term was first applied to these creations by Marcel Duchamp, the French painter and an early admirer of Calder's sculpture—range roughly from fifteen inches to fifteen feet in height. They are abstract rather than objective or non-objective, and sometimes, at least to the more imaginative art-lover, suggest identifiable natural objects. For example, a Calder show at the Pierre Matisse Gallery last June contained three mobiles which reminded a good many visitors of, respectively, a flock of small birds, a dogwood tree, and the carcass of a fish. Many of them, when set in motion by a flick of the hand, a breeze, or the landing of a particularly large fly, make a pleasant tinkling sound; a few, involving heavy pieces of metal, make a reassuring "bong." Sound is optional and secondary, but mobility is essential; in the opinion of mobile-fanciers a mobile is a dead thing until someone has placed it in a draft or given it a poke. Calder's mobiles possess weights and counterweights and, as a rule, several wire arms; once set in motion, the parts gyrate or oscillate like figures in a ballet. Any mobile is able to go through a great many motions, not all of which are predictable. "Calder's things have a sort of life of their own," a man who had been studying the mobiles once said. "Give them a little push and leave the rest to them." Some large, stately mobiles, designed for terraces or gardens, have an impressive, dreamy motion; some smaller ones, intended for people in modest apartments, merely jiggle. Calder's jiggly items, the basic unconventionality of his medium, and the fact that he has been known to incorporate parts of water closets in mobiles made for friends have caused some people to regard his work as farcical. Most *avant-garde* sculptors, painters, and critics, however, take Calder very seriously. He has often been compared to Picasso and Miró. Fernand Léger, the French painter, who has successfully gone in for abstractions himself, has said that Calder is the most important living American artist.

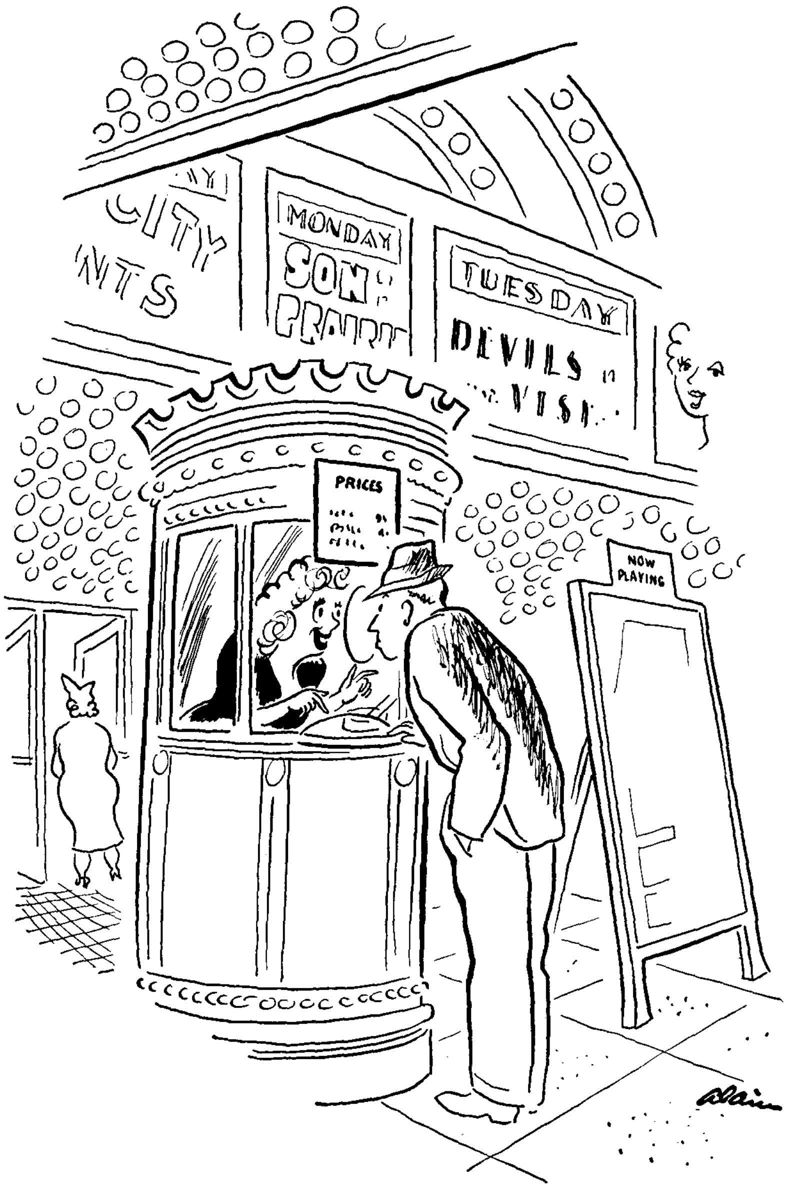
Calder, who was born near Philadelphia, started making mobiles in Paris about ten years ago. Later on he made them in New York, and he is now making them, at the rate of twenty or thirty a year, in Roxbury, Connecticut, where he has a farmhouse and a large workshop, both full of mobiles. His mobiles have been bought by such knowing institutions and individuals as the Museum of Modern Art; the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford; the Albright Gallery, in Buffalo; the Honolulu Academy of Art, in Honolulu; the Guggenheim Foundation; the Museum of Lodz, in Poland; Wallace Harrison and Philip Goodwin, the architects; Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.; and A. E. Gallatin, the only abstract painter who belongs to the Union Club. Although the Museum of Modern Art got one of Calder's early mobiles for sixty dollars, his works are now generally priced at from three hundred to twelve hundred dollars. He is working on one, for which he will be paid a thousand dollars, for a new hotel in Caracas, Venezuela, in which Nelson Rockefeller has a financial interest. This is somewhat in the form of a branch of a tree from which twenty-two silver-and-black-metal leaves are suspended. It will hang from the ceiling of the hotel ballroom and will be kept in motion by electric fans.

Calder, who is forty-three, studied to be an engineer, and his mobiles, though intended primarily to be pleasing to the eye, have a high degree of mechanical balance. One of his larger works, the property of Mrs. Edward E. Harkavy of New City, New York, was standing on the lawn of her house when the big hurricane came along a couple of years ago. The storm tore branches off oak trees more than a century old and did considerable damage to the house, but when it was all over, the Calder mobile—a lignum-vitae disc delicately perched on a cigar-shaped lignum-vitae pole and sprouting flimsy wire stems and leaves—was still upright, the leaves fluttering languidly and making a cheerful tinkling sound as the disc revolved on the pole. Workmen who came to clear away the fallen branches of the oaks and repair the house stood about the mobile admiringly. "You know," one of them said, "everything depends on the swivel of the pivot." Mrs. Harkavy relayed all this to Calder and it softened somewhat the indignation he had been feeling toward her and her husband because of an unhappy experience he had had with them in connection with the mobile. Dr. Harkavy is a psychiatrist, and Calder, an old friend, had given them the mobile with the idea that it would be placed in the waiting room of his New York office to amuse nervous patients. "It would have driven them crazy," Mrs. Harkavy says, "so I took it up to the country."



Alexander Calder

Calder also makes stabiles, which are heavy, abstract objects fashioned of sheet iron and meant chiefly for lawns and terraces. Calder started producing stabiles in Paris in 1932, two years after he first experimented with mobiles; he was already a recognized painter, woodcarver, and wire sculptor. His wire sculpture, which in recent years he has neglected, generally caricatured human beings or animals and often introduced a clinical, internal note by outlining the subject's viscera. Calder spent a good part of the late nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties in Paris, where, after several exhibitions of his sculpture, he came to be known as "*le roi du fil de fer*." As a wire king, he worked with a briskness and simplicity which many persons, accustomed to the laborious procedure of ordinary sculptors, found bewildering. In 1928, during one of his sojourns in America, he was invited to exhibit his wire sculpture by the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art, which was founded by two Harvard undergraduates, Edward Warburg and Lincoln Kirstein. According to Warburg, he and Kirstein, men whose experience with wire sculptors had been extremely limited, expected Calder to arrive in Boston with a great mass of objects, so they met him at the station with two cars in which to transport the exhibits. Calder, a powerful man with a build like a lumberjack's, got off the train with a large roll of wire on his shoulder and a pair of pliers in his pocket. After assuring the young men that he was not an impostor, he went to Warburg's dormitory room, took off his clothes, put on a pair of pajama trousers, and, using his toes as a vise, proceeded at one sitting to bend the wire into enough objects to make an entire exhibit. The fact that wire sculpture is just made out of wire simplifies not only the creation of this sort of work but also its destruction. Several years ago, Calder, living in a studio in Paris and grateful to a downstairs neighbor who had contributed some wine to a party he had given, left an eleven-foot-long wire sculpture of Romulus and Remus (two wire infants nursing at two door stops attached to a wire wolf) in his benefactor's apartment as what he considered a rather large gesture of thanks. The neighbor, an old-fashioned Cubist painter, was fond of Calder socially but not quite up to wire sculpture. He wound Romulus and Remus up like a wire fence and deposited the tangle in the hall. Calder sulked for a few days, then unravelled the wire and bent it into Romulus and Remus again. He exhibited the two boys in Paris, London, Berlin, and New York, and eventually gave them to a broadminded friend in Connecticut.



"Well, Dorothy Lamour is this Hawaiian princess, and she falls in love with this American sea captain, but the chief says white men are taboo, and she's got to be thrown in the ocean for a sacrifice. So Stirling Hayden and Shepperd Strudwick decide to rescue her. If you go in right now you'll be in time for the fight."

In addition to mobiles, stabiles, wood carvings, and wire sculpture, Calder, more or less as a hobby, makes jewelry, mainly for his friends. Calder jewelry is made out of sheet metal or of brass, silver, or gold wire, which he twists into designs and then hammers flat. It runs to necklaces, bracelets, brooches, ear clips, and cuff links. Calder likes to contrive little surprises and often hides clients' initials in jewelry he designs for them. He enjoys making pins that spell out girls' names. Some of his monogram designs are fanciful enough to be unrecognizable except by someone who has been taken into his confidence. "His initialled things are so complicated that you can remarry and it's still all right," a young matron customer of his once announced, with perceptible relief.

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CALDER, whose first name is invariably contracted to Sandy by his intimates, was born in Lawnton, Pennsylvania, the son of A. Stirling Calder, a well-known orthodox sculptor who is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art by "The Man Cub," a statue of a small boy flexing his biceps, for which Sandy posed at the age of four. Sandy's grandfather, the late Alexander Milne Calder, was also a sculptor; his statue of William Penn adorns the City Hall in Philadelphia. Sandy's mother is a painter. He spent his first few years in or near Philadelphia. His mother recalls that at the age of three he was already making small objects out of wood and paper. His family moved to Arizona when he was seven, to Pasadena when he was ten, to Croton-on-Hudson when he was eleven, and to Spuyten Duyvil when he was fourteen. The Calders were far from rich, and many of Sandy's clothes were made by his mother. He was a lively and talkative child, fond of propounding elaborate conundrums to his playmates. In 1913, his father, a peripatetic type, took his family to San Francisco, where he became acting chief of the Department of Sculpture for the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. Sandy graduated from high school there and decided, perhaps suffering a reaction from his artistic background, to become an engineer. He attended Stevens Institute in Hoboken. According to classmates, he was an early riser, an indefatigable roughhouser, a hater of routine, and so instantaneous and brilliant a solver of mathematical problems that he was unable to explain the workings of his mind to anyone else. This trait has persisted, and admirers of Calder's mobiles have found him surprisingly inarticulate in discussing them.

His unwillingness to submit to routine kept him from getting very far as an engineer; after graduating from Stevens in 1919, he had a series of jobs so numerous and short-lived that he is not sure he can remember them all. Among other things he was a draftsman for the New York Edison Company, an engineering adviser to a lumber trade journal in St. Louis, an efficiency engineer for a window-sash company in Ohio, and an efficiency expert for Abraham & Straus, the Brooklyn department store. He quit his job at Abraham & Straus before he had much chance to increase its efficiency. "It was very closed-up and indoors in the joint, and I left," he says. Calder loves fresh air, so he was happy next to become a demonstrator of a motorized garden-cultivator. He exhibited the virtues of this device to hardware dealers in Philadelphia and Baltimore and then took it to Parkersburg, West Virginia, where he got permission from one of the town's leading citizens to give a demonstration in his vegetable garden. Handicapped by an ignorance of botany, Calder ripped up a patch of cucumbers but left the weeds untouched. Soon afterward his company fired him. In the spring of 1922, he got a job as a fireman on a ship that was going from New York to San Francisco. Calder is a man of immense strength, and he fired his way to the West Coast with ease. He spent the summer visiting a married sister in Aberdeen, Washington, and in the fall got a job in a lumber camp, where he was put in charge of the company store. He tied a piece of string to every article he had in stock, which enabled him to pull anything a customer wanted off the shelves without moving from his chair. It was while he had this job that he began to think of trying to be a painter. Between yanks on his strings he produced an enormous oil of three snow-capped mountains, which excited a good deal of local admiration. He concluded that his engineering career had merely been a phase, so he came back to New York and spent two years studying painting under John Sloan and other instructors at the Art Students' League and drawing boxers and dancers for the *Police Gazette.*

IN 1926, Calder went to Europe, working his way over on a tramp steamer. He spent most of the next few years in Paris, where he painted and made wire sculptures. He supported himself by illustrating a couple of books and by designing wooden toys for the Gould Manufacturing Company of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, having met a representative of this firm in Paris. Most of the toys were animals a foot or two long, and they exhibited astonishingly lifelike movements when pulled around by a string. They included a kangaroo that leaped, a pelican with a bill that snapped, a bear that skated, and a goldfish that swam and opened and closed its gills. Calder's wire sculpture also brought him a small though irregular income. In 1928, when he was visiting this country for a few months, the American Optical Company paid him a thousand dollars to do some wire figures of bespectacled people reading contentedly. These were intended for display in optical-supply shops. "The company forgot to warn the shopkeepers that the bespectacled people were coming and they threw them all away," says Calder, whose few commercial ventures have left him convinced that the *Directory of Directors* is an index of madmen.

Calder is a persistently gregarious fellow except when he is working, and in the late nineteen-twenties he hit upon a novel way of entertaining his Paris friends, among whom were Jean Cocteau and Foujita, the Japanese painter. He created a miniature circus out of wire, felt, and beaverboard; it included some seventy performers with wire arms and legs and felt bodies, a miniature tanbark ring, and horses mounted on a disc, which Calder whirled by turning the handle of an old egg-beater. Performances generally lasted two hours. To the accompaniment of a commentary in French by Calder, bareback female riders in ballet skirts flew through the air, burst through hoops, and landed on horses as Calder, crouching on the floor, released the proper springs. When, as frequently happened, a rider fell to the ground instead, Calder drew up a

THE WELL-SHOD BOY

(WITH A PACKAGE OF BAND-AID FOR JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER)

Blessings on thee, little man,
With thine oxford brogues of tan!
With thine arches held so fast
And thine orthopedic last;
With thy red lip, redder still
Where the dentist rests his drill;
With the smile that makes a sheath
For thy rows of cared-for teeth;
Thou hast all that cash can buy
For the ear and nose and eye.
Blessings on thee, well-shod boy!
Modern science gives thee joy.

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Schick tests almost every day,
Health that follows doctor's rules,
Hygiene taught in all the schools:
Of the telltale morning cough,
Of the rash that won't wash off,
When to play and when to rest,
Where the tonsil builds its nest,
When to wear thy rubber ar'tics,
When it's death to take cathartics.
Hypochondria's a joy,
Blessings on thee, worried boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Lockjaw is an also-ran.
Every morning clean thy nails,
Check thy weight on bathroom scales;
Every evening do thy sums,
Stimulate the lazy gums;
All too soon thy feet may lose
The rare benefit of shoes,
All too soon your sire, though willing,
May turn up without a shilling.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, well-shod boy!

—E. B. W.

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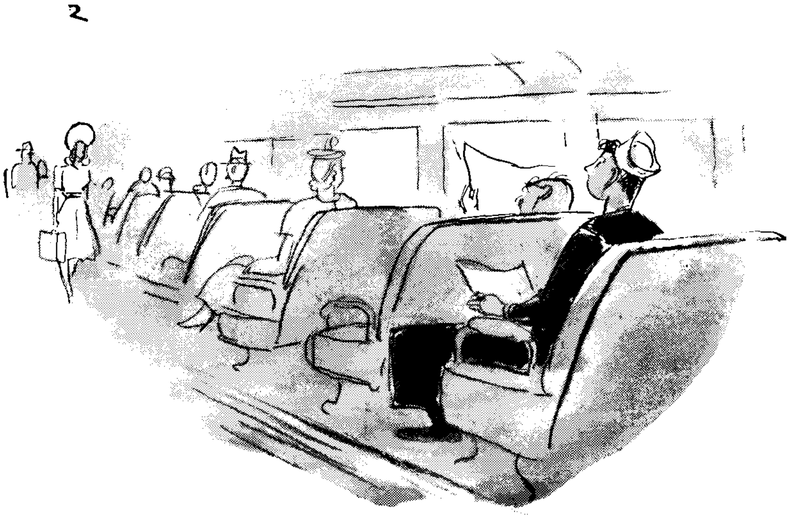


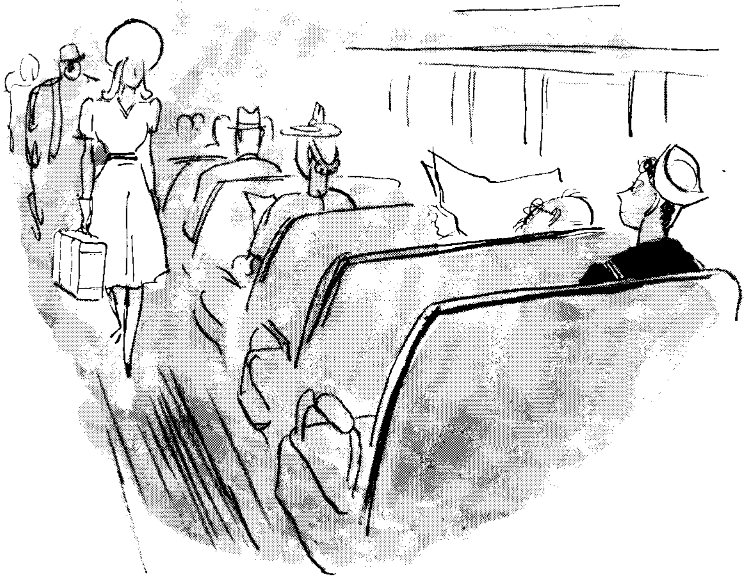
wire ambulance and trundled the injured performer away. He provided bags of peanuts for the spectators at his exhibitions. Paul Fratellini, a member of the famous family of circus clowns, came to one of them and expressed such admiration for a rubber dachshund whose legs, constructed of spokes of uneven length, made it wabble as it moved that Calder presented him with a large-scale model of this creature. Fratellini used it for years in his own performances. Calder's circus, his exhibits of wire sculpture, and his appearance, that of a gentle Stalin at a fancy-dress ball, gave him the status of a Paris character. Elizabeth Hawes, the dressmaker, who lived in Paris during the nineteen-twenties, once paid him tribute in a magazine called *Charm*: "He used to loom over the Left Bank in a lovely orange suit, and what with that and the large mustaches, one could hardly miss him."

In the summer of 1929, returning to America on the De Grasse, Calder met a Boston girl named Louisa James, who asked him what he did. "I'm a wire sculptor," said Calder. Miss James, who was travelling with her father, Edward Holton James, a writer and today the head of a small political group in Massachusetts called Yankee Action, afterward asked him what a wire sculptor was. Mr. James looked puzzled. His daughter resolved to find out for herself, and a year and a half later married Calder. Mrs. Calder, a serene young woman who is a grandniece of William and Henry James, turned out to be an ideal wife for a wire sculptor; for several years she and Sandy spent most of their time in Paris, where, at his circus parties, she played appropriate phonograph records while he put his performers through their tricks. "Louisa, looking like a Brünnehilde, played these records with a deadpan expression," a friend once said. "She's stabile; she leaves the mobility to Sandy." Calder's circus was not always a success. Ten or twelve years ago, here for a visit, he gave a performance on Christmas night at the home of Aline Bernstein, the theatrical designer. Through some misunderstanding, Mrs. Bernstein hadn't sent out the fifty-odd invitations Calder had given her, and when he arrived, carrying five enormous valises filled with his performers, he was surprised at being greeted only by his hostess and a half-dozen friends and relatives. Mrs. Bernstein was surprised herself when twenty or thirty of Calder's friends trailed in behind him. Thomas Wolfe was one of the small Bernstein contingent at the party; he found Calder's friends rude and his circus tiresome. In "You Can't Go Home Again," one of his posthumous books, Wolfe, obviously with Calder in mind, devoted a chapter to a Mr. Piggy Logan and his celebrated circus of wire dolls. He described the Bernstein party, with considerable literary license, as follows:

> Mr. Piggy Logan was attired for his performance in a costume that was simple yet extraordinary. He had on a thick blue turtleneck sweater of the kind that was in favor with college heroes thirty years ago. Across the front of it—God knows why—was sewn an enormous homemade Y. He wore old white canvas trousers, tennis sneakers, and a pair of battered knee pads such as were formerly used by professional wrestlers. His head was crowned with an ancient football helmet, the straps securely fastened underneath his heavy jowls.... There were a good many acts of one kind or another, and at last the trapeze performers were brought on. It took a little while to get this act going because Mr. Logan, with his punctilious fidelity to reality, had first to string up a little net below the trapezes. And when the act did begin it was unconscionably long, chiefly because Mr. Logan was not able to make it work. He set the little wire figures to swinging and dangling from their perches. This part went all right. Then he tried to make one little figure leave its trapeze, swing through the air, and catch another figure by its downswept hands. This wouldn't work. Again and again the little wire figure soared through the air, caught at the outstretched hands of the other doll—and missed ingloriously. It became painful. People craned their necks and looked embarrassed. But Mr. Logan was not embarrassed. He giggled happily with each new failure and tried again. It went on and on. Twenty minutes must have passed while Mr. Logan repeated his attempts. But nothing happened. At length, when it became obvious that nothing was going to happen, Mr. Logan settled the whole matter himself by taking one little figure firmly between two fat fingers, conveying it to the other, and carefully hooking it onto the other's arms. Then he looked up at his audience and giggled cheerfully, to be greeted after a puzzled pause by perfunctory applause.

According to Calder, he never wears a football helmet and Mrs. Bernstein's friends were far too busy picking peanut shells off the carpet to see very much of what was going on.

CALDER made his first mobile in 1930. He had become great friends with such Parisian painters as Léger, Picasso, Miró, and Mondrian, and it was Mondrian's paintings, which run to static, geometrical, abstract designs, that gave him the idea of making mobiles. "Your rectangles should vibrate and oscillate," he told Mondrian. Mondrian coldly shook his head, and Calder decided to attend to the matter himself. His early mobiles were attached to electric motors, 3



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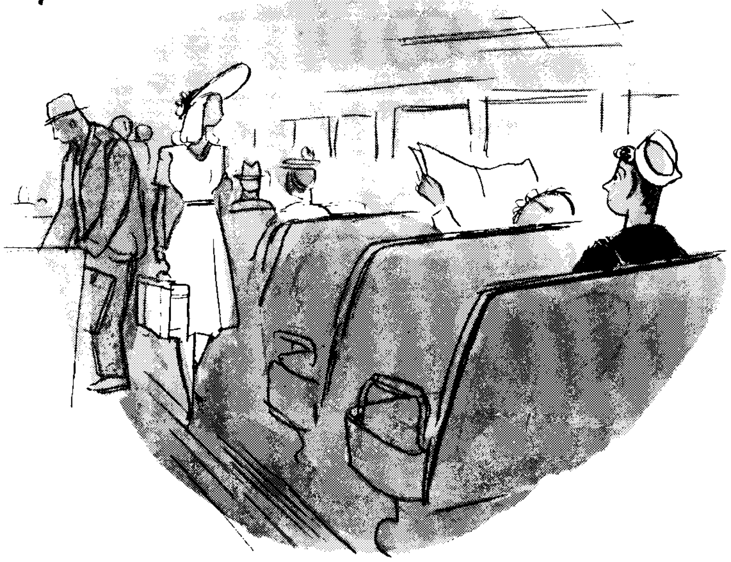

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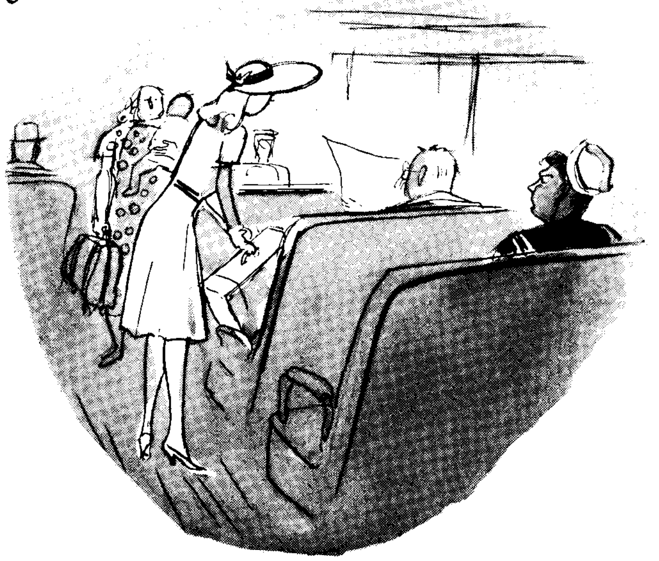

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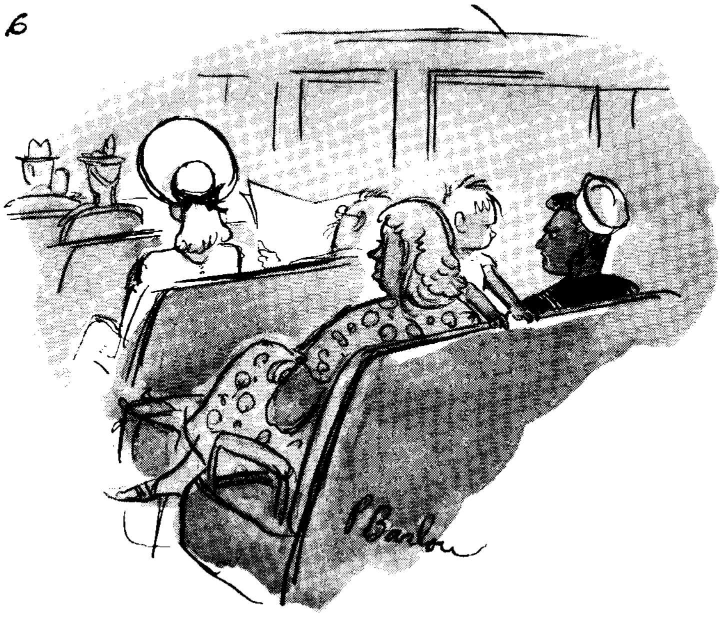
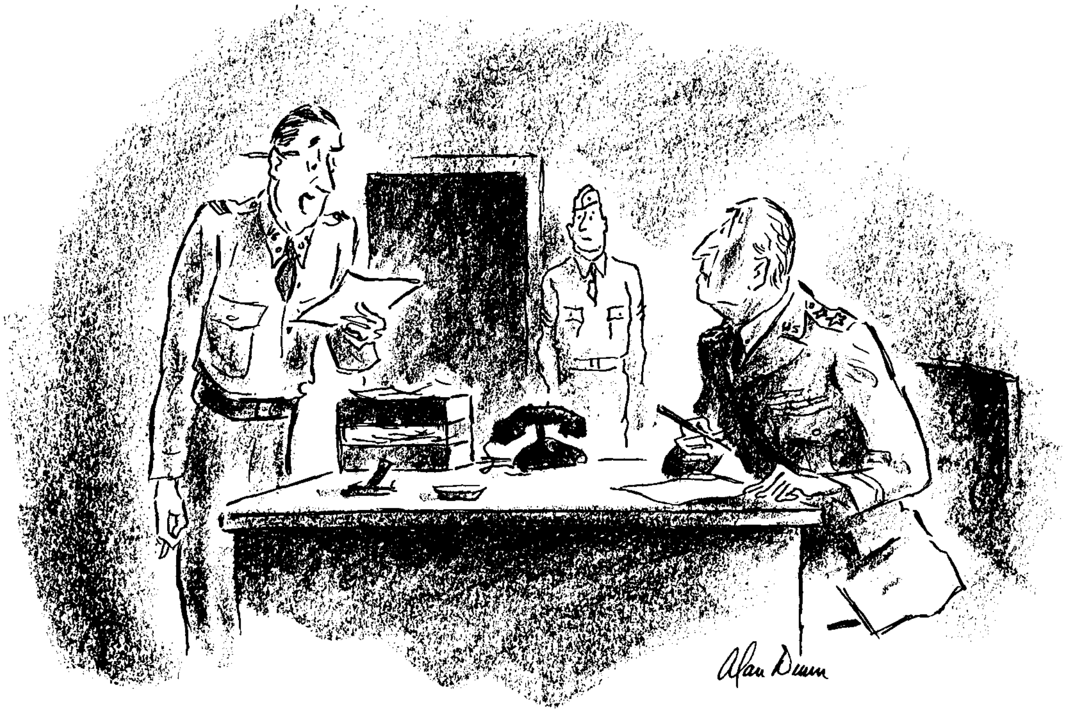


which made them vibrate; later he built them so that they could be set in motion by the touch of a hand. Two continents at once disclaimed responsibility for them. A French critic said they were typically American and that only a man from the United States, where vast distances and the exigencies of business made a necessity of mobility, could have produced them. When Calder's first American show was held at the Julien Levy Gallery in the spring of 1932, Henry McBride, art critic of the *Sun*, remarked that "without in the faintest degree intending it as a reproach to my country," he felt Calder's sculpture could scarcely have been brought to its current state of detachment from life by anyone working in America. "It needed the dark, dull afternoons of a Paris winter for its inception," Mr. McBride wrote, "and needed them also . . . for its appreciation." The *Journal & American* approached the world's pioneer mobilist even more obliquely: "Suspenders made of *fil de fer* hold up his pants, and he is said to sleep on sheets of corrugated iron."

Thoughtful students of abstract art now regard Calder's mobiles with the utmost earnestness. One of them points out that "the mobile aspect of these objects shows the contrast between three-dimensional planes and does for the spectator what the movie camera does: makes the object turn and causes features of it to grow out of it." By thus giving "a sense of the inside," another one says, Calder has neatly solved a big aesthetic problem. James Johnson Sweeney, an art critic who regularly lectures at New York University and elsewhere, feels that Calder's work has a timeliness that transcends aesthetic considerations. "In the Middle Ages, everything was mass; today, everything is mobile," he said recently. "Calder is the sculptor of the trailer period of motels and highways. The whole continent has taken on a sort of mobility similar to Sandy's objects."

Although Calder has little interest in politics or world affairs, he did on one occasion, in the interest of art, pose as a Spanish Loyalist. In the summer of 1937, visiting the Spanish Pavilion which was being erected by the Loyalist government at the Paris Exposition, he was asked by José Luis Sert, the Spanish architect, who was in charge, what he thought of a fountain that was being installed there. Calder pursed his lips. Sert asked him whether he thought he



"A telegram from Captain Markham, sir. His reconnaissance party has reached Atlantic City, and he asks for more expense money."

• •

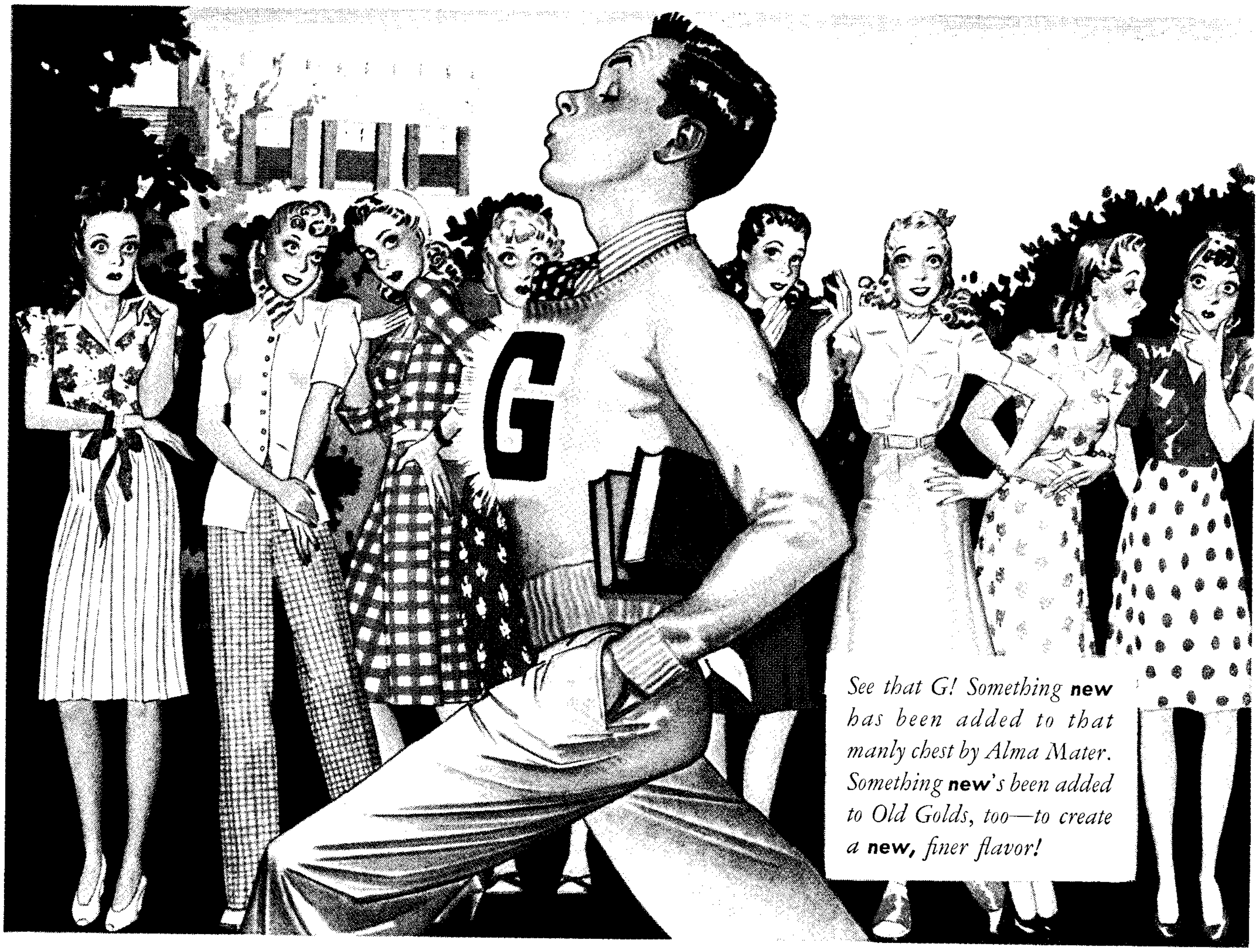
could do better and Calder nodded. "You ought to be a Spanish Loyalist for us to use you," said Sert. "Call me Calderón de la Fuente," said Calder. Under this name he built a fountain embodying various modernist and mobile features, including brass wires and a red disc; it became one of the main attractions of the Pavilion. Calder's only venture in the New York Fair was less successful. He designed for the Consolidated Edison Building a fourteen-nozzle fountain which would produce a sort of water ballet. It was rather complex, involving forty-foot jets of water and revolving nozzles, and technical difficulties caused the Edison people to cut the fountain down to five or six feet and use it only spasmodically. They were afraid, Calder says, someone would get wet.

Mrs. Calder has a modest independent income, and in 1933 she bought a farmhouse in Roxbury, Connecticut. After that, the Calders divided their time—until the war, at least—between Connecticut, Paris, and Manhattan, where for a few years they had a railroad flat in the East Eighties. For a studio, Calder rented a shop at Ninety-seventh Street and First Avenue, which he filled with mobiles and material out of which to construct further mobiles. The catholic nature of Calder's material is much admired by *avant-garde* critics, who regard the fact that he can create an object of beauty and grace out of cheap substances as an additional feather in his cap. "I like broken wineglasses on stems, old car parts, old spring beds, smashed tin cans, bits of brass imbedded in asphalt, and I love pieces of red glass that come out of taillights," Calder once told a friend. "But when I find too much red glass at a time, I lose interest." In the spring of 1940, one of Calder's First Avenue mobiles scored a rather unusual triumph. Marianne Oswald, the French *diseuse*, who was giving a recital at the Little Chanin Theatre, wanted a mobile accompaniment for one of her numbers, "La Dame de Monte Carlo," a song by Jean Cocteau about gambling. Calder produced a large object from which a great number of glittering gold pieces dangled. Miss Oswald was supposed to set it in motion during her song. When the moment for this came, Miss Oswald, who beforehand had been eying the mobile balefully from the wings, ignored it completely. Some members of the audience commiserated with Calder after the performance, but he seemed delighted. "First case of mobile jealousy I know of," he said happily.

Calder gave up his Manhattan studio and apartment a little over a year ago, and he and his wife now live the year around in their Connecticut house, which is full of his inventions—aluminum lamps with necks that bend in every direction, door latches and electric-light switches that work by the pressure of a foot, electric toasters surmounted by wire discs on which to keep the toast warm, chafing dishes made out of tin cans, and all sorts of wire kitchen utensils. His friends often urge him to commercialize these ideas, but he never does anything about it. He argues that mass production would require compromises which he is unwilling to make. According to him, his earnings from mobiles, jewelry, and an occasional industrial job don't even put him in a taxable-income bracket, but this money, plus his wife's income, enables them to live comfortably in the country. Mrs. Calder is an excellent cook and he enjoys washing down her roast lamb with large quantities of chilled domestic Sauternes. Calder loves to dance and often executes intricate *pas seuls* while his wife plays the accordion. They have two daughters, Sandra and Mary, who are six and two. He has built them some small mobiles of their own, which he believes are good for their health.

Calder's present workshop, a couple of hundred feet from his house, is a large, concrete, barnlike structure. It is full of mobiles, stabiles, tools, and tree stumps. He likes to sit on tree stumps while he works and has uprooted several on his grounds for this purpose. He keeps duplicates of every pliers, hammer, and other tool he uses in various parts of his studio so he will never have to walk far to get what he wants. The workshop has enormous windows; in warm weather they are kept open and his mobiles tinkle whenever there is a breeze. A few of them have been set around a swimming pool he has dug in a stream which runs through his place. Sometimes he navigates this in a tiny aluminum sailboat he built. He is an enthusiastic needleman and wears a good many brightly colored socks, shirts, and sweaters he himself made, and he has designed an ingenious knitted garment, which he wears alternately on the upper and lower halves of his body, depending on his mood.

In the opinion of Pierre Matisse, the art dealer who handles Calder's mobiles, Calder's increasing devotion to the countryside has had a good effect on his work, tending to make it lighter, more graceful, and suggestive of natural



See that G! Something **new** *has been added to that manly chest by Alma Mater. Something* **new***'s been added to Old Golds, too—to create a* **new,** *finer flavor!*

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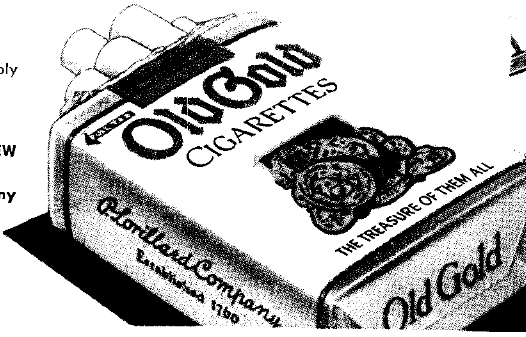

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"Never Tire of their flavor . . . " Says Miss Charlotte Mantell, fashion artist, New York: "I thought New Old Golds, with Latakia, might be different . . . I can't imagine anything more satisfactory."

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Magenta Nail Polish	.75
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Eye Sha-do — over lash (Bleu Lavande)	1.25
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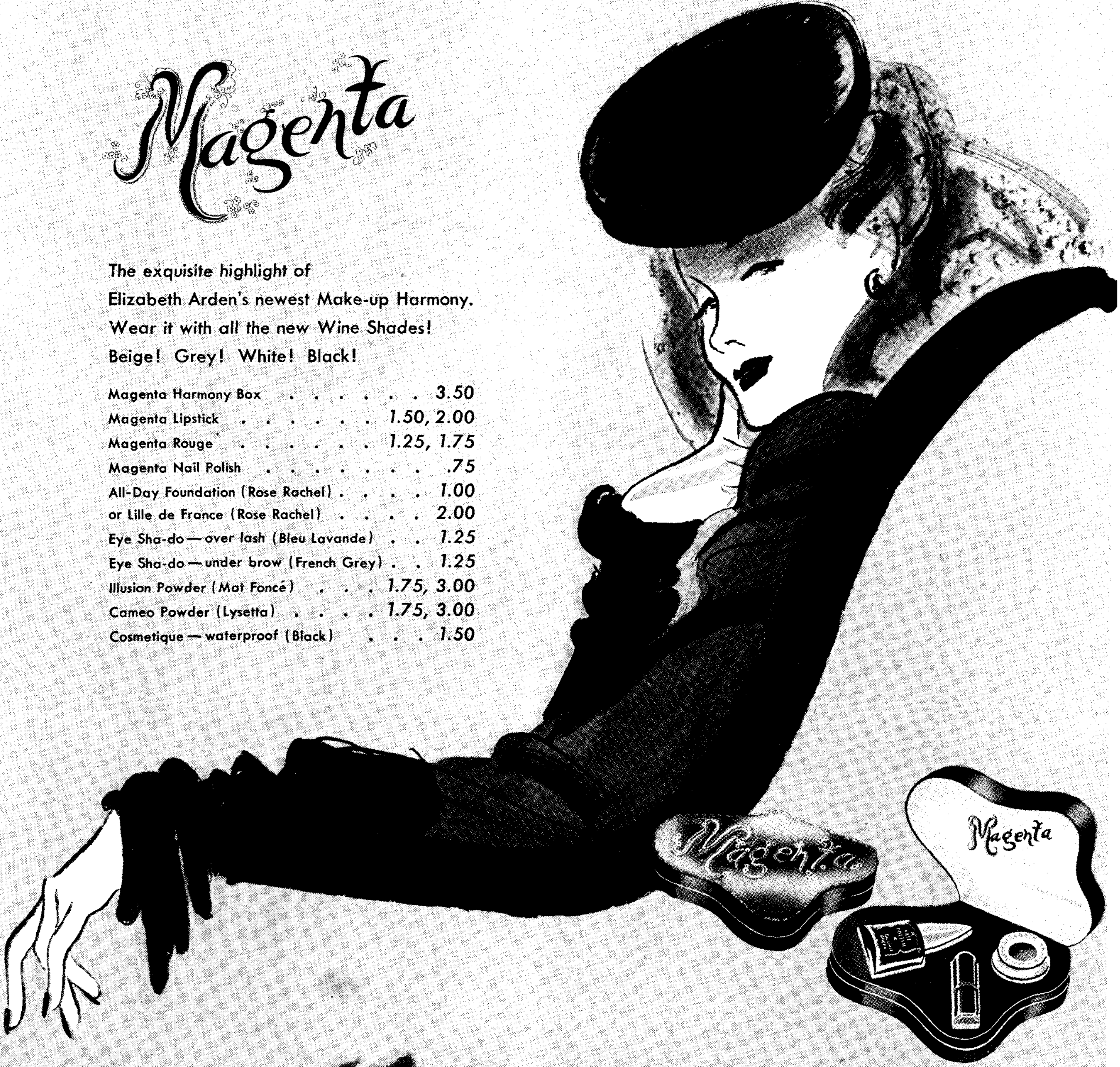
Illusion Powder (Mat Foncé)	1.75, 3.00
Cameo Powder (Lysetta)	1.75, 3.00
Cosmetique — waterproof (Black)	1.50



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forms, mainly trees. He feels peaceful in the country but likes to have frequent urban flings and finds some excuse to come to town every week or two. Although he and Mrs. Calder have a new station wagon, they usually drive to New York in an extremely old La Salle touring car, whose leather seats he has adorned with curiously shaped patches and whose dashboard he has embellished with wire arrangements to hold cigarettes and to operate the choke with a minimum of effort. Often, when Calder is in town, he calls up thirty or forty friends and invites them to dine with him at his favorite Italian restaurant, at 100th Street and First Avenue. For such an occasion he hires an accordion player and somewhat violently indulges his enthusiasm for dining, drinking, and dancing. He dances like an agile bear, hugging and swinging his partners into a state of helplessness and apprehension. Calder is an unpredictable sleeper, and at parties sometimes dozes off in the middle of a conversation, generally one in which he is not taking a leading part. He likes people to be attentive when he talks himself. One evening last winter, after an opening at the Modern Museum, Calder and a large group of friends went to the back room at the Plaza. Waldo Peirce, the painter, gradually wrested control of the conversation from him. After a few minutes, Peirce's monologue was interrupted by loud snores. Calder, seated at the head of a long row of tables, was fast asleep. Peirce paused. At that instant, Calder raised his head, looked around blandly, and, with the vivacity of a refreshed man, launched into a lecture about the old days in Paris.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

AIR-CONDITIONED TRAIN

Capsuled against heat and grime
(And the smells of harvest time),
Through a pungent world we glide
(Not a whiff of it inside).
  Crisping haycock,
  Apple tree
  Sagging
  Hot and cidery,
  Lost on us.
  No zephyr blows
  To the insulated nose.

Science makes us pay too dear,
Tampers with the atmosphere,
And the pampered body's left
Comfortable
But bereft.

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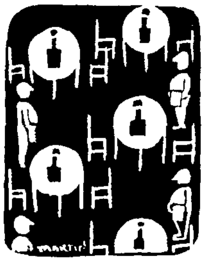
TABLES FOR TWO

What's Yours?

IT is nonsense to attempt to cubbyhole café society (I mean the folk, not either of the boogie-woogie palaces of that name) according to tastes. To say, for example, that Clique A likes it hot and Clique B likes it mellow would be to talk like a fool. The haut monde being what it is (haut), there is nothing circumscribed about its outlook, and the variety of entertainment that will appeal to any one of its subdivisions or individual members is sometimes astonishing. However, there is no harm in setting up a couple of categories of entertainment to be chosen or disregarded on the ground, say, of mood rather than hidebound preference. Practically everybody has moods.



What the musical colored man is up to can be digested readily at Café Society (not the folk, the boogie-woogie palaces) Uptown and Downtown. Uptown is more of a palace and has less b.-w., but aside from that the two are so closely related that they may soon be lobbying for an express highway between East Fifty-eighth Street and Sheridan Square. As it is, if you should blunder Uptown on a Sunday night, when Uptown is closed, the management will pay your cab fare Downtown, and the same applies Downtown on Monday nights. Moochers who live in the Village or the East Fifties may find this handy, but it will do no good to anybody who just wants to get Crosstown. On scattered occasions, too, after the show at one place, members of the cast will suddenly turn up and entertain at the other. It's unlikely that Count Basie, who has recently moved in Uptown with his large and frenzied orchestra, will ever appear Downtown, where he would probably have the effect of a demolition bomb, but Hazel Scott, having done a turn or two up north, may conceivably beat it south and swing a few more classics down there, while the Golden Gate Quartet or Ammons and Johnson, the pianists, may scamper from south to north. This doesn't mean that you won't find any of these artists right where they're supposed to be during the scheduled shows. It apparently happens when one of the two places has an eager crowd that seems to deserve a little something extra.

Kelly's Stable, which, for better or worse, does look rather like a stable, stays put on Fifty-second Street. Art Tatum is at the piano. Boogie-woogie is just a sideline with him, but when he indulges he can have all the votes in my district as the best man of them all. His manner, as he pads up to the keyboard and starts to play almost before he is sitting down, is like that of a very well-trained bear. He usually has a clarinetist from the band (Red Allen's) accompany him through the first chorus or two, and he himself appears to be listening thoughtfully, trying to get the hang of the thing. Then he goes off on his own and does a whole lot better than any bear you ever saw. With him in the Stable are Cats and a Fiddle, a quartet with a stringed instrument apiece and a number of songs that are next to unintelligible but that seem to be understood with ease by the audience, which laughs in what may well be the right places. There's also Baby Lawrence, a very small tap-dancer, male, who has fast-moving feet and either hay fever or asthma. Whichever it is doesn't slow him down at all, and the guests bring him back for as many encores as his health will allow.

FUGITIVES from boogie-woogie—and there must be plenty, if only on account of the name—can find shelter at, for example, La Martinique. Except for the Foreign Legionish doorman, there's nothing very French-colonial about La Martinique. The interior is big and bright and modern; the food, although described in French on the menu, is on the Middle Western side; and the show when I was there featured Adelaide Moffett and Joe Frisco, who, I understand, have since moved on. They were preceded on the program by a dancer named Anita Alvarez, who prowls about the floor in a sinister way, but looks too much like a wood sprite to scare you very badly. As for Miss Moffett, wherever she appears, she sings forthrightly and manages to work in most of the current wows, such as they are. Those customers who are not wowed by them may be soothed by "Night and Day" and other standbys in her repertory. Joe Frisco stammers less than he did but otherwise has changed little since Ziegfeld. His hat and cigar are as active as ever. One trouble you may run into at La Martinique is the fact that the show must not necessarily go on. At least, not right away. There seems to be a tendency to wait around until the house is satisfactory, which is all right for the late-comers but rough on the conscientious rounders who have to be getting on to the next hot spot. The impatient can, of course, tap their feet to the music of Eddie Oliver's orchestra or even get out on the floor and shuffle a little.

The Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza is a place where the management's problem is to get the show, which consists of John Hoysradt, started while there's still room for it. The Lounge is a big one, but Mr. Hoysradt's back is right up against the piano when he does his stuff. Everybody seems gay enough to enjoy his impersonations of people who are not always so funny in the daytime—Victor Emmanuel and Haile Selassie and a French politician and others, all done in dialects which are pretty good at that, if you're not too weary of the real thing on international hookups. When the lights go up, the room's high ceiling and stylized murals of horses and boats and lords and ladies are very refreshing after such a stiff dose of timely topics. Howard Lally's orchestra plays sweetly and there's a general air of relaxation, which is not always to be found in places designed for relaxation. Not that the joint is dead, you understand, but you don't get pushed around.

This brings us, one way or another, to El Morocco, where the palm trees still grow in all their cellophane elegance. Red stars twinkle in an ultramarine sky, Chiquito's band plays rumbas, and the natives are all dressed up like waiters and will serve you rye and plain water just as though you were right on East Fifty-fourth Street, New York City. You may be startled now and then by some of the fauna, which tend to look like people in the movies, but this wears off. Soon you find yourself nestled against a zebra skin, ogling the wine list, which is a honey, and maybe playing gin rummy, for which the house supplies its own unmarked cards. Occasionally a flash bulb will pop, but if you are frightened you can find sanctuary on the dance floor, where Chiquito works in shifts with Chauncey Gray, who helped write "Bye Bye Blues" and "You're the One I Care For" before he got up an orchestra and went beachcombing. And it is with this thought that we bid a reluctant farewell to glamorous El Morocco—two-dollar cover, dress preferred.

—D. E. L.

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There's a paradox in Peck & Peck perennials like this—spare economy making frank flattery. See—not an extra curlicue, but such hewing to body line, such fluid handling of fabric, you move like living sculpture. Beautiful Stroock fabric—Rakuna, which is wool with raccoon underdown blended in. Natural, blue, mint green, 29.95

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CAB, TAXI

At that time, which was about the time of the war, everyone took the train to go to Boston. It took twenty-five minutes from the town we lived in. There were the 8:10, the 8:25, and the 8:45. These trains were known as the Workers', the Clerkers', and the Shirkers' among the men who travelled in the smoking car and read their morning newspapers in a haze of blue smoke, comfortably, as the train racketed through Hyde Park, West Roxbury, Spring Street, in to the South Station.

There was no train service during the middle of the day and when I was a little girl of eight or nine and had to go once a week to Boston to have my teeth straightened, my mother took me on the streetcar. I was always carsick and dreaded the trips. But after I had finished with the dentist, we went to Huyler's and had cups of hot chocolate, and then we walked up Boylston Street to the Back Bay Station and took one of the commuters' trains home again.

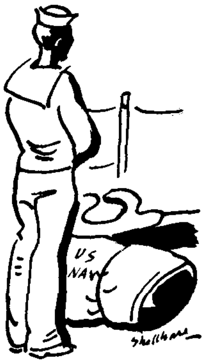
The cars were hot and stuffy and lighted with yellow gas lamps on the ceiling. The brakeman came with a long pole to push up the round glass shades that covered them, and then he hopped up on the wooden arm of a seat to light each one with a match. We sat on green or red plush seats which were gritty with cinders, and looked out from our warmth over the dark landscape flying by. Before we came to our town the train went across a long marsh, flat and unbroken under snow, and halfway across the bell would begin to ring on the engine and the train to slow for the station.

When we got out into the cold twilight we usually would take a cab home. There were two station cabs, and we always took Mr. Sargent's, because we were afraid that nobody else ever did. He was an old man with a long white beard. The other man, Mr. Grant, was younger and had a big, drooping, tobacco-stained mustache and looked like a gambler in a melodrama. He stepped forward when the crowds got off the train, indicating his cab with one arm and repeating "Cab? Cab?" in a loud voice. He always got passengers and drove his horse away down the station drive even before the train had pulled out. He would take four or even five passengers and drop them off at their houses all over town.

But Mr. Sargent stood on the curb in the cold, silent. His horse, beside him, drooped its head. Mr. Sargent had owned his station cab since before Mr. Grant came to the town, and it was far shabbier than Mr. Grant's cab and his horse was slow. Sometimes, when we walked home from the station, I would look back and the platform would be empty and Mr. Sargent, in his old overcoat and ear-muffed cap, would be climbing up behind his horse to drive his empty cab away.

I hated Mr. Grant. I wanted wildly to do something for Mr. Sargent, and there was nothing I could do. He had an old wife who was bedridden, and I used to have terrible pictures of his returning, late and cold and tired, and her voice saying "Anything?" and his replying "Nothing." I hoped they had enough to eat. I hoped that they were warm. I always smiled at him so hard it made my face hurt, hoping that perhaps it would make some difference to him.

My mother was sorry for him, too, and so we always had him when we needed a cab—to take my mother and father out to dinner, to take me to birthday parties. He would talk to us through the flapping black curtain that separated his seat from ours about how his wife was doing these days, about the way the town was changing. Mr. Grant was doing so well that he did not need to go out into the cold to meet the late night trains, but Mr. Sargent needed anything he could get, and so he met all the trains. Once my mother and I had been away visiting my aunt and there was a severe snowstorm that made our train from New York to Boston very late. We caught the last train to our town and when we got out, the only passengers, there was Mr. Sargent standing by his horse in the silent, falling snow, in the night. He lifted our bags into the cab and drove us home through the strange, exciting, late streets. "It's real late for a little girl to be up," he said. Once an extraordinary thing happened. He appeared at our front door with a necklace that his wife had made for me out of some gray, pearly dried seeds, tied with a blue ribbon.



Mr. Grant added another cab to his business. It was driven by his son Frank, a thin and pimply boy of about seventeen. Frank was even more enterprising than his father, pushing forward into the crowds and gesturing toward the two cabs, insisting "Cab? Cab?" Those cabs now had "Grant's Livery Stable" smartly painted on their sides. At about the time that Mr. Grant introduced the first station automobile cab, which Frank Grant drove, old Mr. Sargent died.

From that time we had to use the Grant cabs. Mr. Grant was growing old and did not know how to drive an automobile, so his son Frank, with his taxi, was in much more demand. Once I saw old Mr. Grant saying something to him on the platform and heard Frank say "Shut up" as he sprang forward to attract a passenger. Pretty soon there were two automobiles, and the horse cab disappeared entirely from the station. Mr. Grant just loafed around the men's waiting room, watching the trains come in and leave. Another boy of Frank's age drove the other taxi. "Grant's Taxi" was now painted on the doors.

Frank seemed the perfect, successful, modern go-getter of the new times that had come. Once he drove me to a party. The taxi smelled just the same as the cabs had—of stable. The sliding window behind Frank's head was open and he talked to me as he drove about the liquor you could get if you knew where, about the big time the gang had at Moseley's Saturday nights. I didn't want to talk to him, and when he reached his arm through the window and opened the door for me at the house where I was going, he said, "Pretty snooty, aren't you, kid?"

Frank wore a black chauffeur's cap on one side of his head and raised his eyebrows knowingly at the girls at the station. His taxis were the only ones in town, and eventually there were four of them. I think by that time old Mr. Grant was dead.

Before I grew up and left home, the rich men stopped going into Boston on the train and drove or were driven there in their own cars. The workers and the clerkers still went by train and so did the housewives who went in for a day's shopping, and when they came home tired, they took one of Grant's taxis. At that time one of them was a Packard limousine, and Frank, who was fatter and older, drove this himself. The others were nice, smart, shiny sedan cars. The limousine was always used for funerals and weddings.

The last time I went back there I found that the turreted château which had been the station was boarded up and deserted, and old newspapers were blowing about its walls. The train service to Boston had been discontinued and the tracks were rusting. There was a dirty, scribbled-on "For Sale" sign nailed to the station, hopelessly, for who would buy a brownstone castle in the middle of a town, and for what?

A bus now ran every twenty minutes from the centre of the town to Boston, a new red-and-yellow bus with comfortable seats. The old trolley tracks in the middle of Washington Street had been torn up. In the window of Mr. Tracy's news agency there was a printed card that said "Call Grant's Taxi" and at the curb in front of the store stood a limousine. I walked past and saw Frank Grant there, behind the wheel. He was slumped down into a thick, rusty, black winter coat, his chauffeur's cap set straight and low over his eyes. He looked fat and unhealthy and as if he was used to sitting there inside his closed car all day. I nodded at him through the window of the car. He ran the window down quickly and leaned across the seat.

"Well, you're quite a stranger," he said. "Run you up the hill?"

"No thanks," I said. "I'm walking."

He ran the window up again and settled back. The limousine was several years out of date and I wondered if it still smelled, inside, of the stable. The bus came purring up to a stop, just ahead at the corner; the folding door at the front opened and a party of school children got out and ran up the street toward the drugstore. They did not look back, and so it was impossible to tell whether any of them felt anything special about Frank Grant and his old taxi, whether pity or contempt.

—NANCY HALE

•

ATLANTA, Aug. 23—Major Charles F. Heard, inspector general at state selective service headquarters, walked into a local draft board office.

A clerk, without looking up from his work, asked, "What can I do for you?"

Introducing himself, the major replied, "Heard from headquarters?"

"H——, yes we get a pile of letters from them every morning," said the clerk, still not looking up.

Freckles cannot be removed with creams, says a government publication.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Nor a red face with explanations.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

The warm night took the starch out of a battery of fur coats that showed up at the Lily Pons concert.

Gem Sapphires . . . in Unusual Designs . . . in a jewelry collection that offers you a great variety of choice in these and other precious stones.*
*We devote our entire effort to the creation of fine jewelry.
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A REPORTER IN LONDON

COLONEL BRITTON AND THE RHYTHM

THE V campaign, which has raised the morale of an occupied continent and has kept the equivalent of several Axis divisions busy on the mainland of Europe erasing chalk marks and tracking down suspected listeners to the British radio, probably costs less than the advertising of the average American toothpaste manufacturer. It makes up only a small part of the programs of the European News Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The entire news service has a payroll of a few hundred employees, including English and Continental writers, announcers, technicians, and studio attendants. All the salaries are less than modest by New York standards. The spread of the V through the occupied countries has therefore given the men running the show some of the satisfaction that a boy feels when he shatters a large, impressive pane of glass with a five-cent slingshot. The success of the V as a fetish, an advertising symbol, and a parlor stunt all over Great Britain and the United States has not caused them similar pleasure. The campaign was never pointed at Great Britain or America, they say, and some of them endorse the sentiment of Low's recent cartoon contrasting the V's meaning in England and in occupied lands; in Britain, Low indicated, the display of the symbol meant V for Vulgarity. However that may be, the V has caught people's imagination in Britain; it gives them a feeling that luck is on their side, and that is not a bad feeling for a fighter to have. It is the first effective counterpart of the swastika.

The concept of the V, one of the catchiest advertising notions in history, did not first occur to a professional propagandist but to a gentle, slow-spoken Belgian lawyer named Victor de Lavelaye, who was a member of the Belgian Parliament until the Germans overran the Low Countries. De Lavelaye, who before the conquest of Belgium had never had anything to do with publicity or radio, found himself a refugee in London in the summer of 1940. The B.B.C. was setting up units to broadcast special programs to each of the occupied countries and placing natives of those countries in charge. De Lavelaye, who had nothing to do, was sleeping in a dormitory with some Polish soldiers and Breton sailors who were hoping to be employed in the units when a man in the British Foreign Office whom he had known in Brussels happened to ask him if he would like a job broadcasting. The Belgian naturally said that he would. He has an excellent speaking voice, with that slow, distinct Walloon accent that carries conviction to Belgian listeners, and he was a success from the first. Communication by water between Belgium and England has been good for a long time now; Belgians cross the North Sea almost at will, despite the German garrisons. Last winter, de Lavelaye learned from some of his countrymen who had just arrived in London that patriots all over Belgium were marking the letters "R.A.F." on walls and sidewalks. Reflecting on this, he got the idea that it would be easier, quicker, and more effective to draw a V, which stands for *Victoire* in French and, it also occurred to him, for *Vrijheid* ("Freedom") in Flemish as well. On last January 14th, during one of the daily broadcasts of the Belgian units of the B.B.C., he proposed that the V be substituted for "R.A.F." The studio audience at the historic event consisted of a B.B.C. sub-editor, a Flemish professor who broadcasts half of each Belgian program in his own language, and one of the pretty girls whom the B.B.C. calls studio manageresses. There was no room for others in the dismal little studio, about the size of a hotel bathroom, from which de Lavelaye was broadcasting. Within six days he knew that the V sign had spread all through his own country and into northern France, for German-controlled newspapers in Brussels and Antwerp, which reach London almost as quickly as the Glasgow *Herald*, were carrying editorial denunciations of "the fools who defaced walls with evidences of their treasonable wishful thinking."

Broadcasters of other B.B.C. language units elaborated on de Lavelaye's campaign for the V, urging that the letter be written in chalk or painted on walls and other surfaces, or scratched with a sharp point in the varnish of German Army cars. A corps of B.B.C.

"Howdy, stranger."

lexicographers, leafing through foreign-language dictionaries, found that for the people of Yugoslavia V could stand for *Vitestvo*, which means "Courage," and in the case of the Hungarians for *Vam*, meaning "Duty;" the Poles have the word *Wolny* ("Free"), and phonetically their "w" is a "v;" the Dutch, like the Flemish, have *Vrijheid*. The Greeks write the first letter of *Nike* ("Victory") like a Roman small "v." This was stretching a point, but the Greeks proved ingenious enough to get the idea.

De Lavelaye's only possible rival for the honor of originating the idea is the London Gas Light & Coke Co., which started painting large, glaring white V's on the curbings of the city streets a couple of days before the war began. These V's stand for "Valve," and they have the purpose of guiding the company's crews during blackouts in their work of shutting off mains broken by bombs. They are easier to spot than the inconspicuous valveheads of the mains, and the gasmen know that each valvehead is a certain number of feet directly in front of the base of a V. The Gas Company people admit that until de Lavelaye came along they hadn't thought of any further significance for their V's. "But," one of their foremen remarked to me, " 'oo can say but this Delavaleer chap was walkin' along with 'is 'ead down, and the V so himpressed itself on 'is subconscence mind, one might say, that 'e couldn't shike it orf? It's a large subject."

THE next great step in the V campaign came when an English-language broadcaster who calls himself "Colonel Britton" began playing it up in his Friday-night talks to English-speaking listeners in all the occupied countries. Britton, who is a mysterious, invisible presence in the B.B.C. European studios, of the genre of Conan Doyle's Professor Moriarty, adds considerably to the juvenile charm which the British people find in the whole procedure. The public is told that his identity cannot be divulged. His broadcasts are made from records to protect the secret. When a visitor to broadcasting headquarters facetiously taps on a wall to find the concealed entrance to Colonel Britton's hiding place, a B.B.C. official will suggest courteously, "You may already have met Colonel Britton." There are, of course, dozens of men around the B.B.C. who might well make the Britton broadcasts. An American reporter talked to him once. The journalist made such a point of having

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an interview with him that one was finally granted, on the condition that a partition separate the two during their talk. The arrangements were carried out by the B.B.C. men in a spirit of high good humor; the reporter didn't learn anything he hadn't known before. In his broadcasts, the Colonel says "spyahhaid," "Norweh," and "clyah," for "spearhead," "Norway," and "clear," but this, among B.B.C. male voices, is not significant. His suggestions in his weekly talks for making even more of the V campaign are appropriated by the foreign units, translated and slanted for their homelands, and put on the air as the words of Colonel Britton. All the units make daily news broadcasts, most of them more than one a day, and they fill parts of these programs with V stuff.

The third great moment in V history came on the night of June 27th, when the V sign was translated into sound—the three dots and a dash that signify V in Morse code. Colonel Britton carefully tapped out the signal for the listeners to his program. "Do you get it?" he asked them. "Ah you suah?" That talk also marked the introduction of the first bar of Beethoven's Fifth, or Vth, Symphony—three short notes followed by a long one—as the radio signature of the V campaign. There was by this time nothing haphazard about the V broadcasts. Ivone Kirkpatrick, the Foreign Office Counsellor who is principally known in America as the man who went to Scotland to talk to Rudolf Hess after the capture of the German there, is the political chief of B.B.C.'s European service. Kirkpatrick is not as dull-witted as Foreign Office people are popularly supposed to be. He is, as a matter of fact, not dull-witted at all. By the time the Beethoven notes were being used for the signature—or "interval signal," as B.B.C. calls it—Kirkpatrick had fully realized the potentialities of the V. He, with Colonel Britton (who may be Kirkpatrick himself) and a number of B.B.C. men (any one of whom may, on the other hand, be Colonel Britton), had held numerous meetings with the B.B.C. musical staff and the heads of the various exile broadcasting units. This group makes up what Kirkpatrick calls Colonel Britton's Syndicate. They chose the Beethoven V in preference to the V produced by the first four notes in the grace-note version of the old "Chauve-Souris" "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," a decision which would have caused infinite grief to the New York publisher who owns the "Soldiers" copyright had he known of it. It would have been a wonderful plug. The choice, however, put the campaign on a solemn and ominous basis. The quick-step interval signal of the wooden-soldier number might have reduced the V effort to an operetta level. The Syndicate even devoted several auditions to choosing the instruments with which the signal was to be recorded. A combination of two oboes and a trumpet gave the most dramatic effect, but tests proved the tone to be so penetrating that it would be likely to summon a Gestapo man anywhere near a radio listener's house. The interval signal finally recorded, and now used at the beginning and end of all V broadcasts, is played on a tom-tom. It is presumed to carry a suggestion of doom and at the same time to be reasonably confidential.

Colonel Britton, pushing the three-dots-and-a-dash idea for all it was worth, urged the friends of liberty on the Continent to rap the signal on tables to summon waiters, to knock it on doors, to sound it on automobile horns—all tricks which are by now familiar in a United States and a Britain where it is quite safe to perform them. The reaction was almost instantaneous. On July 1st, the German-controlled Dutch radio station at Hilversum came on the air with a doleful complaint about "the fools who go around whistling stolen German music." For B.B.C. purposes, the outcry from Hilversum was as good as a top Crossley rating would be to an N.B.C. feature. The V's and the V sounds in themselves are undoubtedly annoying to the Nazis, who see and hear in them the constant, ubiquitous evidence of German unpopularity, but they have an even greater value as a means of concentrating latent hostility and of giving anti-Germans in the occupied countries an intimation of their own numerical strength. During the past six weeks or so, Colonel Britton has also been guiding his army of V scratchers and tappers in a less markedly psychological offensive against the occupying forces. Schemes to obstruct German plans for economic warfare and to create unnecessary work for German manpower in the occupied territories are mapped out in the sessions of Colonel Britton's Syndicate. Sometimes they are suggested by the heads of the various foreign units, sometimes by the Foreign Office, and quite often they come in letters smuggled out of occupied Europe. Colonel Britton personally explains the stratagem on the air first and the radio units of exiles follow with *reprises* in all the languages of the races that hate the Nazis. Listen-

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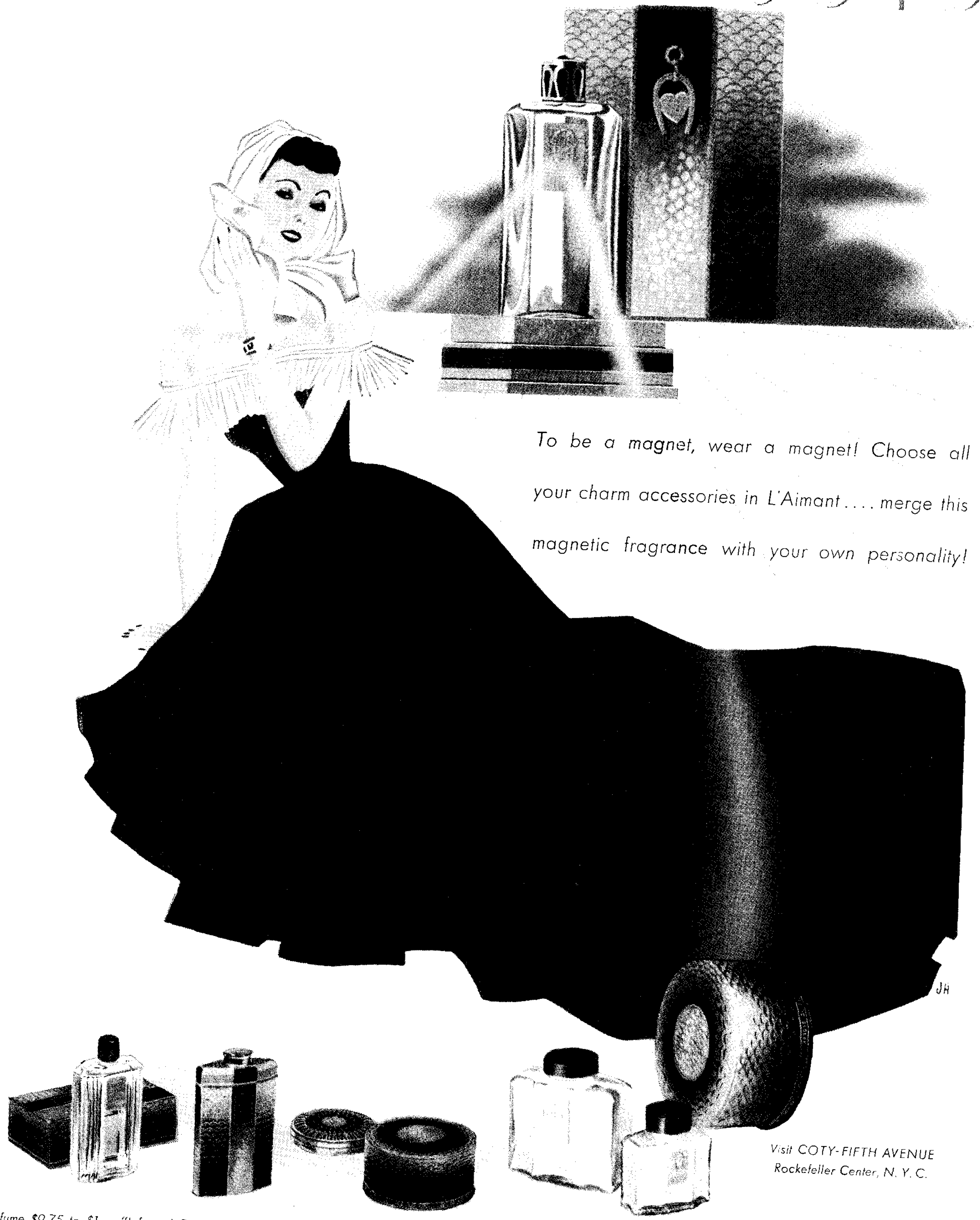

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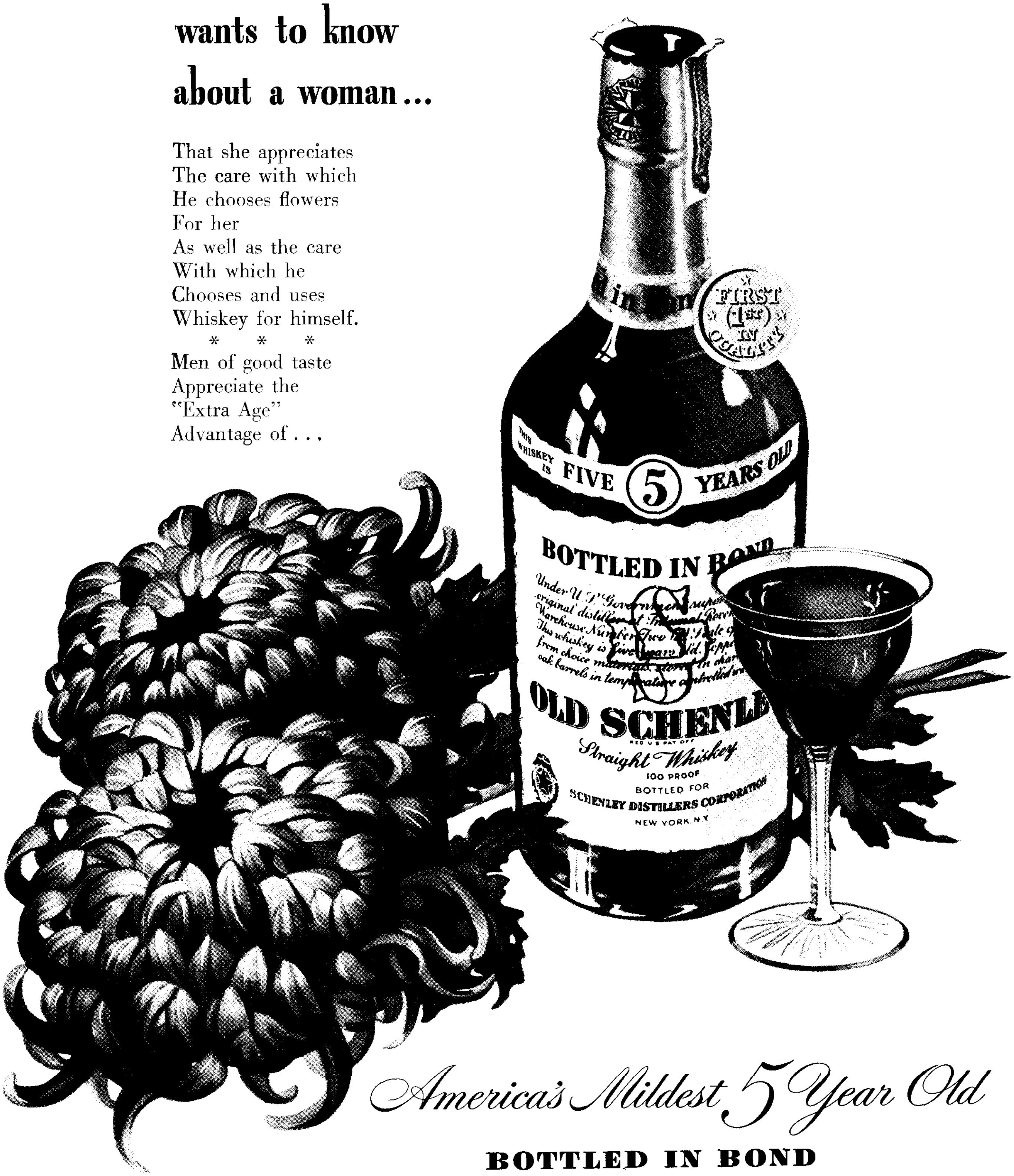
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ing to a round of the broadcasts is like a day at a Berlitz School of Loathing.

I WENT down to the studios of the B.B.C. European News Service late one afternoon not long ago to watch the V broadcasters and listen to them. B.B.C. has grown so during the war that its personnel has overflowed from Broadcasting House on Portland Place, which in peacetime accommodated the entire local staff of the corporation, to studios scattered all over London. The European services are housed in the lower floors and basement of one of those great commercial buildings, looking like squat, flattened-out skyscrapers, that made their appearance in London between wars. The broadcasting to Europe goes on twenty-four hours a day from studios that are almost all tiny, with walls of bare brick and no accommodations for audiences comparable to those which attend the least important American broadcast. A B.B.C. man named Eldon Moore had been assigned to show me about. He has a thin face and an impressive, upcurling beard, equally reminiscent of Bernard Shaw and D. H. Lawrence, and we became firm friends at once because I made some allusion to an announcer's extreme Oxford accent. "*I* went to Cambridge," Moore said proudly, in what sounded as if it might have been a recording of the announcer's voice.

Moore first took me through the B.B.C. European news room, which is actually a series of compartments each arranged like a very rudimentary newspaper city room. At the entrance to this section there were three large tables shoved together, and at the head of the middle one sat the fellow in charge, like a *père de famille*, surrounded by his assistants. "All the dispatches of all the British news services come over this table," Moore said. "The copy-taster—that's the man in the middle—looks at them, sees what they're about, and distributes them to the splash-subs, as we call those chaps all around him. The splash-subs prepare a précis of each item, and the précis are distributed to the European editors, who take what they want for their own language broadcasts and, naturally, translate it." Nearly a score of tables were scattered through the rooms, each one surrounded by a group of half a dozen earnest men and women. "That table is Rumania," Moore said, waving his hand. "The next one is Albania and over in the corner are Denmark and Norway. France and Belgium are in the next room with Germany and Greece." We strolled through the fields of international journalism and then Moore led me to a closed door that suggested the entrance to a dungeon. "You're going to hear a Yugoslavian V broadcast," he said. "I can't go with you, because there isn't room for more than one extra chair. Here are the English and Yugoslavian texts of the broadcast, so you'll know what it's about." He handed me two sets of carbon copies. "There's a Slovene professor broadcasting in there now," he said, "but he'll finish in a minute, and then look sharp. We only allow twenty seconds between broadcasts."

By that time, a squat, brown-haired man with a determined air, whom I took to be the Yugoslavian broadcaster, had ranged up alongside us in front of the door. I learned afterward that he had been a concert violinist before the war. With him was a very pretty, exotic girl with high, Slavic cheekbones. Moore introduced us, and I shook hands silently with both of them. Then the door opened, there was an outward rush of Slovenes, and we popped into the studio they had just vacated. We sat around a little table, the girl at the head and the Yugoslavian and I facing each other, with a microphone between us. The girl gestured to the man that he was on the air, and he began reading his lines in a tense, heavy voice. The girl took notes as he spoke.

"This is Colonel Britton speaking to the V army," he began in Yugoslavian, and I noted that in that language "Colonel Britton" sounds like "Pukovnyik Britonia." "This week I'm again asking you to buy anything and everything and leave nothing for the Germans. Buy before your money becomes worthless. . . . Farmers, soon you'll be getting your harvests in. The Germans want to get their hands on your crops, but there are ways to hide them. You will need them to keep your families from starving during the winter, and if you can save a little more than you need for yourselves, it will be worth its weight in gold. . . . A lot of you city people have insurance policies. Nearly all the insurance companies have been bought up by the Germans, so every time you burn a hole in your carpet or break some china, don't forget to claim; bury the Germans in paperwork. And if you can't do any of these things, mark up the V where they'll see it. Beat out the V rhythm. . . ."

"V" in Yugoslavian is pronounced "Vuh," and as I listened to it being spoken by the heavy voice of the name-

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less man in the little studio (he has relatives in the Nazis' power and therefore goes under an incognito) I imagined that I could see thousands of people, alone or in groups of two or three, huddled over muffled radio sets in blacked-out rooms in the homes of a country where I have never been, listening with me. To them the V campaign was grim. Pukovnyik Britonia was the voice in the darkness.

And now the program ended with the V interval signal, which we couldn't hear in the studio because, being recorded, it was broadcast from elsewhere in the building. We dived out through a detachment of incoming Turkish broadcasters and I rejoined Moore. He and I went on to other studios, where I listened to a crisp young Norwegian who, Moore said afterward, had been the second-best-known broadcaster in Norway before the occupation; to a large, pink, placid Danish woman who, for variety, read a Danish translation of a speech by Dorothy Thompson; and to a Greek and a Czech, both of whom had been newspaper correspondents in London before the disasters to their countries. Moore told me that the number of broadcasts given by the various language units ranges from the one-a-day schedule of the Persians and Bulgarians to the fifteen broadcasts put on every twenty-four hours by the French. French reactions to the programs are easy to check, because B.B.C. gets hundreds of letters from France—some smuggled, but many simply by ordinary mail from the technically unoccupied territory. The latter are so frank, even when the envelopes are marked "Opened by Censor," that the B.B.C. people think the minor officials in Pétain's France must be anti-German and that letter-writers take their complicity for granted.

The Frenchmen who produce the fifteen daily programs have been recruited from almost every calling except radio and advertising. There are twelve in all, among them a painter, a cinema technician, a Parisian cartoonist, an actor of the Comédie-Française, two newspapermen, and a comedienne who acts most of the feminine rôles in the many double-edged dramatic sketches which are produced. The director, who in London bears the name of Jacques Duchesne, although he was well-known on the French stage under another one, arrived in England by way of Dunkerque, wounded. Moore and I talked to Duchesne for a while after one of his broadcasts. He is a blondish, middle-aged man who suggests that stock figure of the French theatre, the lovable

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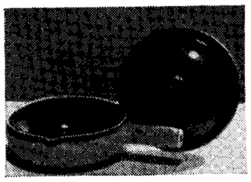
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but slightly bewildered husband who wears a smoking jacket and a string tie and slaps the gigolo's face in the last act. He told us that he got into B.B.C. through the circumstance that just as he began to be able to walk about again after being wounded, the Pétain government signed the armistice and the Frenchman who had been in London all through the war as the broadcaster for the French State Radio departed for Vichy, where he became the mouthpiece for the defeatists. Duchesne, whose reputation as an actor extended to England, stepped into the job.

One of the French unit's masterpieces, popular response has indicated, was its first followup of Colonel Britton's introduction of the V sound. It was a compound of malice and poetry in which Duchesne presented, among other things, a sketch showing how the people in a French village might live to the accompaniment of the V signal—cock crowing, dog barking, *facteur* knocking on a door, bar patron rapping a coin against his glass—in such a way as to drive any German within earshot mad.

It was getting late, so Moore and I said goodbye to Duchesne and went out to dinner. "Well," Moore said, "I expect you have an idea how it works now. I'm sorry that we couldn't show you Colonel Britton." But I wasn't sorry; it is best for everyone, I suspect, that the Colonel should remain just a concept. Suppose the actual Colonel Britton should turn out to have a wart on his nose or to be a Foreign Office chap with striped trousers and a monocle? His picture would probably be filched by the Germans and published in the newspapers of the occupied countries. Observing it, the Serbs and Croats would exclaim incredulously, "Is *that* Pukovnyik Britonia?," and the spell would be broken. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Mildred Simpson, 515 Orchard Street, was bitten yesterday on the left leg by a dog. The girl was treated by Dr. Carl Kempter. Patrolmen Edward Krayer and Thomas McDonald ordered the owner of the dog tied for 21 days.—*Scranton (Pa.) Tribune.*

Simple justice suggests a wire trolley, however.

•

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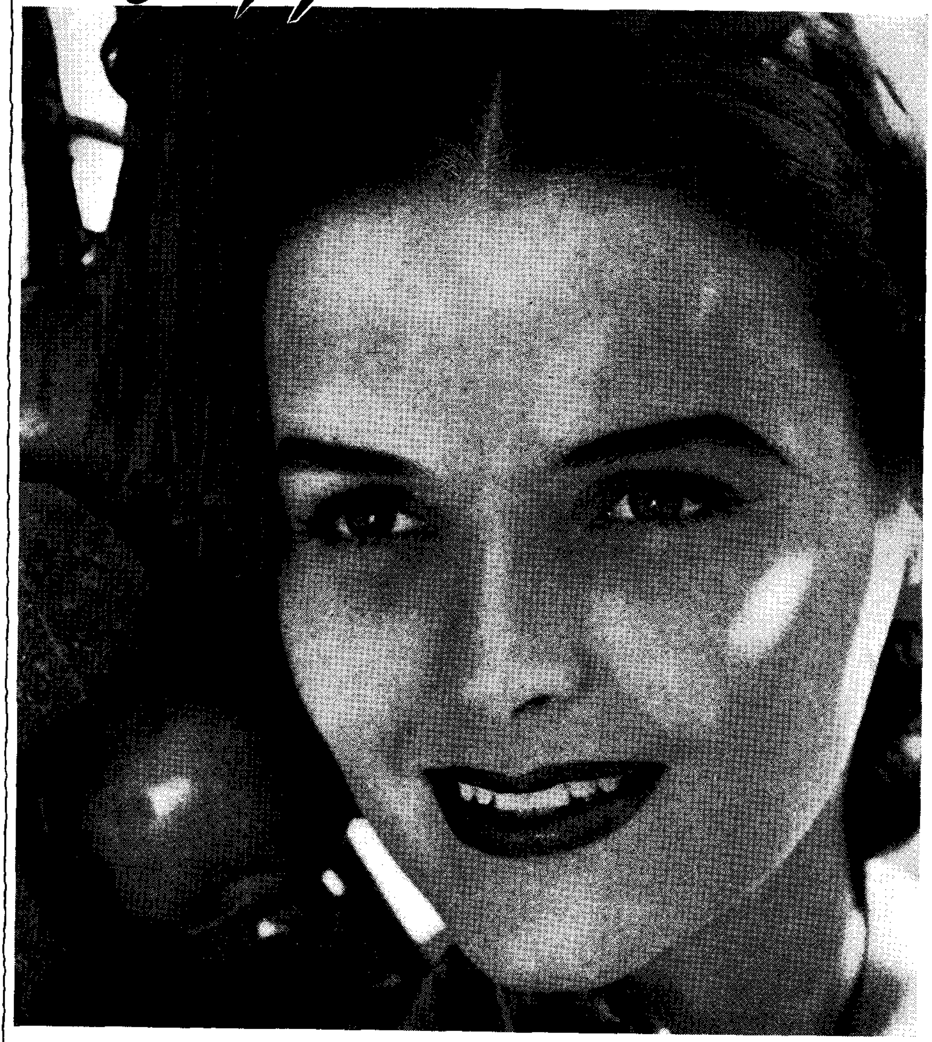

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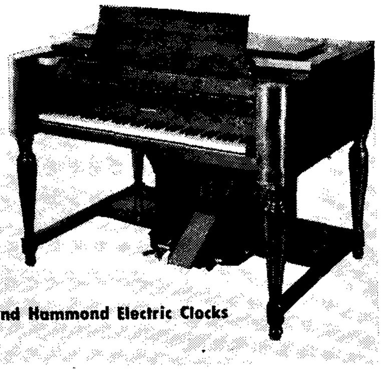

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Nazis, with their upside-down system of business, must be happy about their campaign to sell the New Order to Europe. They can boast that they have not a single satisfied customer.

•

Experts tell us that Turkey is now in a position to resist Axis pressure because she is practically surrounded by British and Russian forces. It always pays to live in a good neighborhood.

•

The America First Committee reproves Lindbergh's critics for injecting race prejudice into the current national controversy. One is reminded of the time Hitler was dragged into war by Chamberlain's Nevilish work.

•

The Italian people are warned by the authorities that they must expect to be hungry and cold this winter. Teeth, it seems, will be used chiefly for chattering.

•

The first birthday of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio pact was observed in Japan without enthusiasm. The little brat has all the earmarks of an unwanted child.

•

As the people in the Axis countries will probably be told, New York has been in a state of anarchy this week. The city obviously is at the mercy of Bronx Bombers and Brooklyn Bums.

•

A government official tells us that it is not patriotic to hoard. Still, it would probably be all right to lay in a couple of belts to tighten.

•

Labor conditions must be almost perfect now. Anthracite miners have had to be content with striking against their own union.

•

In the property-seizure bill, personal firearms are exempt from requisition by the War Department. It is agreed that a citizen would need a gun if he found a burglar or a wolf at the door.

•

We are sending supplies to Weygand in the hope of wooing him away from the Axis. The State Department's motto is "Say It with Flour."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE ARMY LIFE

III—SEVENTY-CENT PRIVATES

THERE is a misconception prevalent among some civilians that the lowest form of military personage is the buck private, or, as he might be called nowadays, the dollar-a-day man. Actually, of course, a buck private, in the eyes of a newly inducted selectee, has a financial status only a little less lofty than that of an international banker. For their first four months, selectees, at least during thirty-day months, are seventy-cent privates, and many of the boys who came to Camp Upton with me have spent much or all of their daily income keeping their families in New York City posted by telephone on martial matters. Most of these calls, and many of the other conversations at a reception centre like Upton, are of a highly geographical nature. The primary concern of a new seventy-cent private is to find out where he will be sent for the thirteen weeks of basic training all selectees, with very few exceptions, are required to undergo. It is possible at Upton, after the lights have been turned out at night, to hear boys who have rarely travelled further than South Brooklyn whispering matter-of-factly about such distant outposts as Georgia or Texas; at particularly imaginative moments the words "Iceland" and "Dakar" float speculatively, if illogically, through the darkened barracks.

Nobody really knows where or when he is going until the evening before his departure, at which time a list of names is posted on a bulletin board. Even then there may be some doubt, because to each list there is appended a roster of supernumeraries, which is military terminology for alternates. An alternate fills in in case a regular man is ill. A few nights ago I was a supernumerary on a list of names of men destined for Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The next morning, along with the rest of the men picked for that post, I packed up all my belongings in a large blue barracks bag and marched with, or rather beneath, it to the railroad station, half a mile away, where I was told to turn around and march back. Luckily, on the day before, at the suggestion of another fellow who had made the round trip and was suffering from a sore back, I had sent home my civilian clothes and all other bulky odds and ends. One intellectual selectee in my group, receiving the same advice, had regretfully shipped home a large copy of Darwin's "Origin of Species" he had brought to camp with him.

PRIVATES waiting for their travelling orders at Upton often prove to be a source of embarrassment to their superiors, since there are practically no military activities to engage in. In nine days I have been assigned to a succession of such tasks as smoothing off plots of dusty earth, arranging small stones in straight lines, cleaning latrines, and cutting grass and weeds. None of the boys who have collaborated with me on these projects have been able to get very enthusiastic about the work, and neither can our noncommissioned officers, one of whom, while I was diligently scrubbing a windowpane, protested that I was working too fast, adding that if I finished quickly, he would be under the painful compulsion of finding something else for me to do. It has been agreed upon by our leaders that we should always be busy, if only in theory. Some afternoons we merely stand around in the sun, leaning on rakes, shovels, and mops and looking not unlike caricatures of WPA workers in a Hearst newspaper. Now and then there are assignments of a specialized sort. I was detailed, for example, to clean the car of a second lieutenant who had, he told me, recently been to the beach. He said that the interior of his car was in dreadful shape, and I was inclined to agree with him. For an hour I grappled with his upholstery and banged my head against his steering shaft as I sought to remove the sand from the floor boards. When I had finally finished, I decided, as a demonstration of good will, to refold a lap robe that was draped innocently over the top of the front seat. I had no sooner begun to unfold the robe than I became sorrowfully aware that the lieutenant had taken it to the beach, too, and, perhaps on orders from some superior officer, had carried off in it a substantial part of the beach. About an hour later the car was clean again. The lieutenant was evidently pleased with the job, because he offered —I assume as a reward—to let me wash his tires the following day. I was prevented from fulfilling that mission only by being mustered into the kitchen police.

I had always thought that kitchen police, or K.P., was exclusively a punishment meted out to soldiers who had misbehaved. I soon discovered that in order to keep the culinary force at full strength, it is a daily necessity to place in it good boys as well as naughty ones. Kitchen-police duty entails a minimum of some twelve hours' uninterrupted work, and occasionally, when a whimsical mess sergeant is on duty, considerably more than that. My first stretch of it, a comparatively easy one, began at five-thirty in the morning and ended shortly after six o'clock that evening. Actually, I spent less time in the kitchen than I did out of doors, since the mess sergeant, after sizing up the sleepy crew delivered into his hands at dawn, judged that I was best qualified to handle garbage and forthwith delegated me to take charge of a dozen capacious cans outside the back door. It was interesting work and kept me on my toes. For one thing, I was instructed to separate garbage from rubbish, the distinction being that anything that had ever been edible was to be considered garbage and that rubbish was all matter that would under no conditions be eaten, except possibly by a goat. Before the day was out I had been honored with my first Army title; the other boys on K.P., who were engaged in such relatively undistinguished pursuits as mopping floors and cleaning pots, bestowed upon me the name of Mr. Swill. Late in the afternoon I was momentarily degraded by being requested to join a potato brigade, but I couldn't put my heart into it. We weren't required to peel potatoes; there was a machine for that. All we had to do was to gouge the eyes out. We attended to two hundred pounds of potatoes possessing many thousand eyes.

ON other afternoons at Upton, just before supper, the members of my company have been required to get out of the blue denim clothes in which we frolic during the day and into khakis. Then, in the Army ceremony called Retreat, we march out to a parade ground, where we line up in formation while a band plays and stand at attention as the post flag is lowered. We usually arrive at the parade ground without making more than two or three glaring tactical errors, such as turning to the right when our leaders hope we will turn to the left. Some of our mistakes are probably attributable to our unfamiliarity with military inflection. No hardened noncom, especially if he is a sergeant or hopes to become one, ever pronounces a word the way a civilian does. The majority of the commands we receive sound to our untrained ears like "Hup"

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or "Hurrh" or, to anyone who has ever heard my grandfather clear his throat, like that. My grandfather does not care, however, whether or not anybody understands him at such a moment, since he is not trying to say anything that could affect the national-defense effort.

When we are able to understand our superiors, our relations with them are amicable enough, especially if it develops that one of us has received a bundle from home. Then the noncommissioned officers mill about us in friendly fashion, plying us with such military secrets as how to make a bed and recounting a few of their casual amatory exploits. One of the men attached to my barracks has even confided to me, while under the influence of half a box of Schrafft's fudge, that he is an avid autograph-hunter and has quite a nice little collection, including, he tells me proudly, Bette Davis's ex-husband. The only altercation I have had with any of my superiors occurred last Sunday morning, when, espying the *Times* and the *Tribune* on my bed, a corporal asked me if he might read one of the papers—either one. I handed him the *Times*, and a moment later he thrust it back angrily, with the same deft motion snatching the *Tribune*. "God damn it," he said, leafing through the paper rapidly until he came to the comic section, "why didn't you give me the right one in the first place? There isn't anything to read in the *Times*."

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

SIR: I am a boy in my late teens and very much in love with a girl three years my junior. Lately we had a fight. I believe it was my fault, but she would not listen to reason. To fix all this up I requested "You Are My Sunshine" to be played on an "all-request program" for her. She agreed to listen and she did, but I wish she hadn't. At the studio they signed my name to the wrong song, "Big Mouth Minnie." Now she will not even talk to me. Please, readers, how can I explain to her? Jack.
—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

See if you can't get a spot on a television program, and make gestures.

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Oyster juice of soft fawn gray is new as today for a cocktail beginning. Serve it frigid with each little glass tucked deep in its bowl of shaved ice. Zest it with lemon—no vinegar, which would destroy the delicacy of the oyster flavor, the salt sweetness of its aroma. If it's oyster juice cocktail as we suggest today, sip it slowly, let it prolong the anticipation of the good dinner to follow, extending it like an impudent little page carrying the brocaded train of his lady.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THOUGH you wouldn't have thought so to read the fashion reports a month ago, the campus is *not* the only locality where sports clothes will be worn this season, nor do girls under twenty-one have a stranglehold on the right to wear sweaters, for women who would die before risking the laughter of their young by tying peasant handkerchiefs under the chin or going in for felt pigtails continue to love their tweeds and knits made in adult style.

Abercrombie & Fitch, as usual, have suits of tweeds so dulcet that campus clothes will seem very young and brash by contrast. Jackets (lightly lined so as not to be bulky) are longish and slightly fitted, and their shoulders, though still padded, are rounded and closer to normal than in past seasons. These jackets are likely to be single-breasted and generous with patch pockets; skirts tend to have pleats across the front only or to go in for gores—both in the interest of maintaining a smooth line, no matter how much the wearer has been sitting.

The colorings of checks and plaids are gayer and more interesting than they have been in quite a while. Examples: red, turquoise, and nutria plaid makes a fitted jacket to be worn over a dress of nutria-colored rabbit's wool trimmed with stitching; blue and red diagonal stripes with a wide fuchsia overstripe appear in a two-piece suit with four flap pockets on the jacket and a skirt with front pleats; a suit with a blue-and-nutria mixed ground has red and blue-gray vertical stripes to enliven it. The most riotous wool plaid of the lot has yellow and red predominating on a bright-blue ground, a rambunctious combination which makes a two-piece suit at $45. Others go upward to $85.

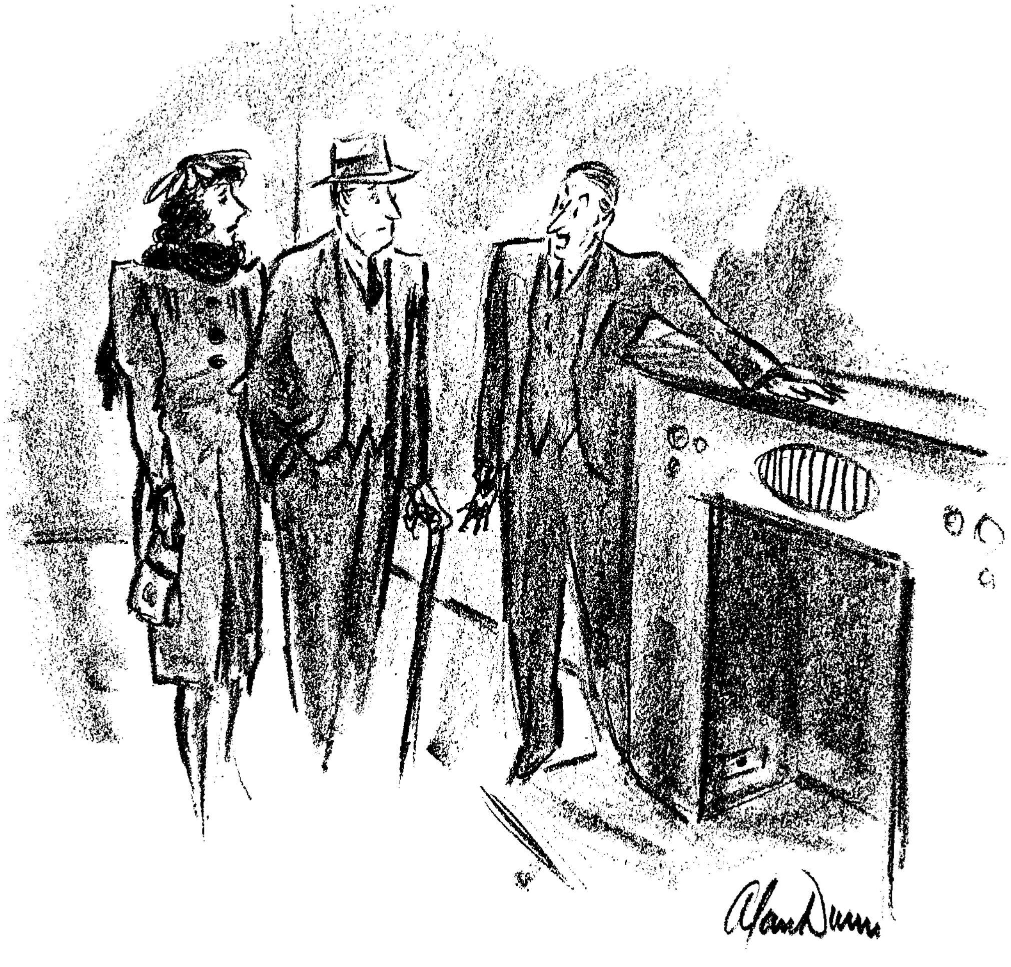
If you yearn for quieter shades, look at a tweed suit with tiny hyacinth-blue, pink, and brown checks. The beloved tan covert-gabardine is still around, too, in a suit that gives the effect of a two-piece dress; its jacket is quite long and straight, with a turnover collar and four patch pockets, and its skirt has a kick pleat. The whole thing is outlined in hand stitching, and it is a mighty handsome outfit, particularly at the price, $35.

Among the voluminous, casual topcoats here, you'll find one of the best-looking red-and-green plaid ones you ever saw. It is made to fasten at the neck below a turnover collar and has arm straps inside to help you wear it slung over your shoulders without that slipping around which everyone save Carnegie mannequins is heir to. This is $65. A suit that could go with it is in a solid green matching one of the greens of the plaid and is trimmed with rust saddle stitching. You'll also discover masculine covert topcoats with zipped-in linings, and for those who love their black, even in the country, there is a sort of polo coat in cashmere of that color, with a belted, box-pleated back and a bright-red lining.

AT Peck & Peck, the enthusiasm of the hour is for sweaters knitted in this country out of imported yarn, some of them nubbly and some smooth. These come in beautiful colors and cost $7.95 for slip-ons and $8.95 for cardigans, little enough for the hand-knit look they have. To wear with these and imported sweaters, there are American-made skirts of English tweeds in plain colors or in checks that complement the colors of the sweaters; you can choose, for instance, a purplish or a cactus-green sweater and wear it with a wonderful purple-and-green checked skirt. Then, for almost any country occasion, whether it be skiing or that cold ride to the country-club dance, Peck & Peck have a white, curly lamb box coat that is double-breasted, fastened with large glass gloves, and just below hip-length—a $110 treasure.

There are many ensembles here, too, as tailored as the shirtwaist dresses you love so in summer. One of soft-green wool with a fly front and a convertible neck is $17.95. The tweed coat that goes with it appears in a combination of beige and green shades with a large overcheck; it is slightly bloused and boasts a narrow set-in belt that you tie in the front; $49.95.

THE hushed, pale shimmer of the décor of the new ready-to-wear fifth floor at Saks-Fifth Avenue is enough to overawe anybody at first, but



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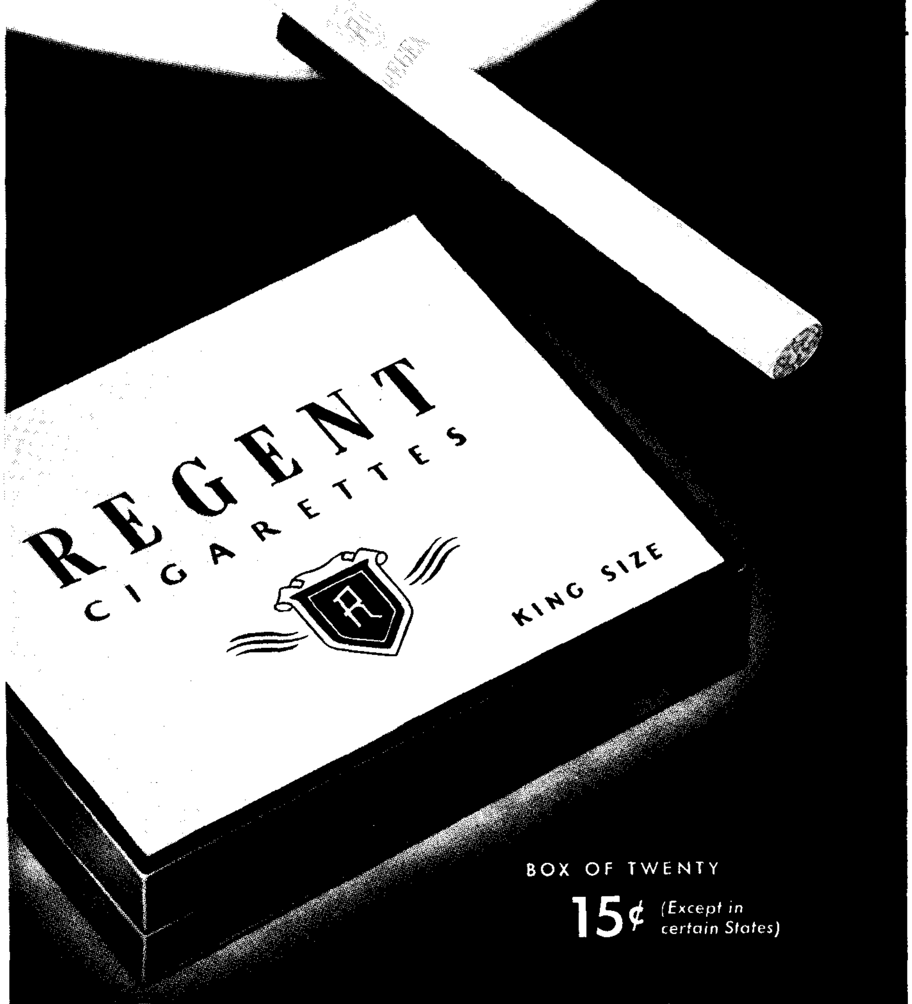

BOX OF TWENTY
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the clothes are distinctly robust and up-and-doing. For instance, in the section dedicated to prices from $39.50 to $49.50, you'll see as good a collection of cocktail and early-dinner and evening clothes as we have yet discovered. Among them is a black velveteen suit fastening with three glistening buttons, a sharply flaring peplum, and a gold-and-silver lamé striped top cut like a sports shirt. Another in the same lot is a short-sleeved black jet jumper, also with a flaring peplum, which can be worn as well over your pet dinner skirt as over the street-length affair that comes with it. There are black wool dresses with prim velvet collars and longish, rippling peplums of velvet and wool—things like that, which I had mistakenly thought would look tacky in low-price ranges.

For evening, you'll find quantities of dresses (same prices) for the widest variety of types and moods. Look at Lydia, an ankle-length dress of pale-pink moiré with a silvery sheen, made in long, unbelted princesse lines and flowingly circular at the bottom; it has ruffles and ruffles of the palest pink tulle across its dropped shoulder lines and over the upper arms, and it's charming. Then, for vigorous women who fancy the Latin in themselves, there is a purple crêpe sheath with a circular ruffle of purple velvet around its oval neckline and another surrounding its hem, shooting upward to emphasize the slash in front. A ladylike black velvet has a double ruffle of coarse white lace pointing up a circular peplum around the hips; the skirt is very slim and slashed. I could go on for days; this is just to give you an idea.

The dress called Body Beautiful, which is Saks' old favorite, is still to be found. It's in the section where prices start at $85 and Sophie original ready-to-wear designs hold forth. Body Beautiful is the simplest dress on earth, but those darts spraying out along the ribs somehow manage to achieve the most beautifully modelled torso line for difficult figures that the ready-to-wear department has accomplished to date. It comes in crêpe as in the past, but in response to the clamor of the customers, it now appears in thin wool too. A new version, with gathers taking the place of the darts, is also available in both day and dinner versions.

IT'S one thing to admire the looks of pretty shoes and another to wear them through hot and cold weather, on pavements and on turf, and still continue your adoration. The low-heeled shoes at I. Miller, 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), however, have earned universal esteem among people with long, narrow feet or short, stubby ones. All claim that you don't feel as if you were tipping over backward when you're wearing them, and the fact that the shoes are most flattering to the feet clinches matters. For this winter, lots of the Miller offerings have one-and-a-quarter-inch heels, and these range in function from being suitable for a stroll in the woods to doing justice to the opening night of the Opera. In the first category, there are monkish suède or alligator shoes, which look feminine because they come up high, are rounded on the instep, and dispense with buckles and straps. There are dressier walking pumps of a nice shiny brown calf with a flat, square tongue and a twisted tailored bow, knockout black suède afternoon pumps with tongues outlined in black grosgrain, and evening sandals made of narrow strips of black suède with a slightly wider backstrap. Other low-heeled evening sandals consist of twisted bands of crêpe and satin, ready to be dyed in any color; their soles and heels are piped in gold kid. All cost from $12.95 up.

Naturally, you can have your towering high spike heels at I. Miller, too. The shop's current loves are several models that encourage the prevailing passion for jet in the late afternoon, being made of black suède with various restrained jet trimmings. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

They've Gone and Done It

THERE are lots more new things in the stores than usual to call your attention to this fall. First off, Brooks, that solid rock of sartorial probity, has a new model among its ready-made suits, bringing this shop's total number to an unprecedented three. In clothing circles, this is just about as sensational as the discovery of a time bomb in City Hall. As far back as anyone can remember, almost, Brooks has had just two plainly cut models, both fine for men with a Yale quarterback's build. Now, after years of hesitation, the shop has finally acknowledged the existence of less favored types. Its new model, daringly called the Brooks Number Three Suit, has a coat with very slightly padded shoulders and a very slightly shaped waist; it must have been quite a decision for the old house, all in all. The new design will be offered at the same prices as suits Numbers One and Two and in as wide a range of materials.

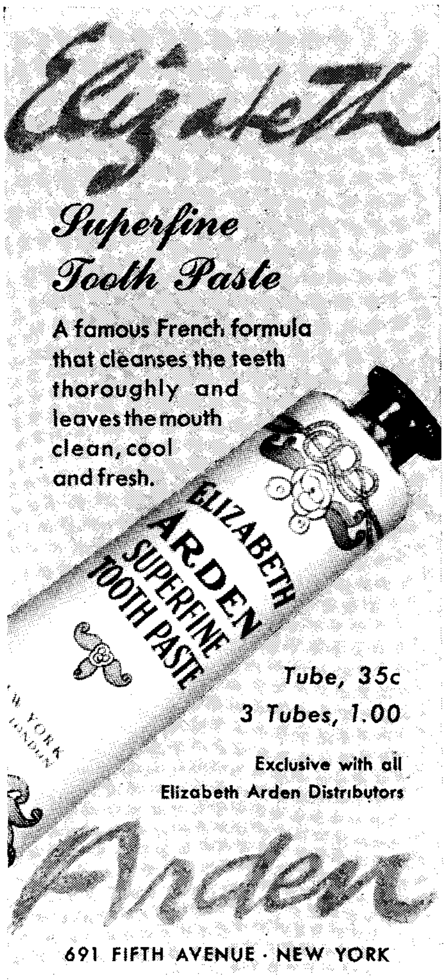
Saks-Fifth Avenue have also bobbed up with their own innovation, and a sensible one it seems, too, except for the name, Freedomatic, which you'll have to figure out for yourself. The armholes of Freedomatic coats—suit coats, sports coats, and overcoats—are cut deeper at the back than is customary, allowing easier shoulder movement, and the side pockets are roomier and extend further toward the front, giving a man a more natural posture when he thrusts his hands in them.

Finally, to round out the news of institutional upheavals, Albert Leonard George, at 620 Fifth Avenue, in Rockefeller Center, a haberdasher who in the past has limited his tailoring business to custom trade, has just opened a ready-to-wear shop. It's on the arcade level, and if what I saw is any criterion, it's worth investigation. Topcoats start at $75 and suits at $65.

LET'S get on to some specific items. Tripler has received a shipment of white-striped unfinished worsteds from a representative in London and is showing them made up into double-breasted suits. Among the quieter offerings is a nice one with an unobtrusive stripe on a blue ground; $90. De Pinna has some imported gray worsteds in fine herringbone patterns, which make good, conservative business suits at $85. Macy, encouraged by the way its hand-tailored ready-made suits for around $50 were received last year, is increasing its supply. These are made of a Shetland-type material which is woven in Massachusetts and looks none the worse for it.

Knox, at 452 Fifth Avenue (40th), noted as a specialist in luxurious casual garments, offers some characteristic sports jackets of Scotch tweed, hand-woven and hand-*spun*. Hand-spinning gives firmness, good for wear, and in normal years England's home market absorbs nearly all the hand-spun stuff available. This season she's sending much of it our way, which is why Knox is able to show it in such things as a brown coat with a pattern of blue squares; $75. Here, too, are some gray slacks of Bermuda doeskin in lighter-than-ordinary weight—excellent the year round in our climate. Abercrombie & Fitch is one of the few places in which I've come across brown tweed slacks, a welcome change for men who are tired of the customary run of flannels and gabardines. With these one could easily wear a jacket of California cashmere, which this shop also shows, touting our native weavers, who have done nothing if not come through in the pinch.

Venetian covert, heavier than the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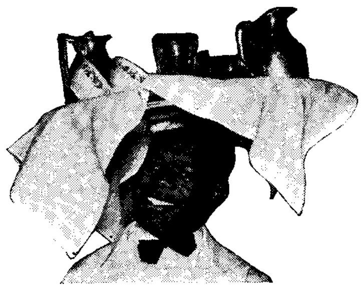

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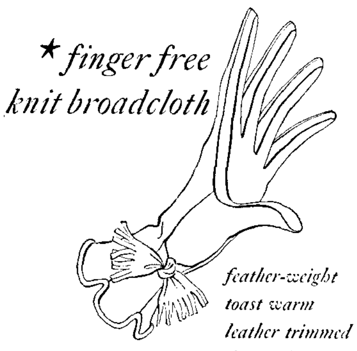

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ordinary kind, suggests a new solution to the topcoat problem. Warm-blooded individuals ought to be able to wear a coat of this material most days from now until April without feeling chilly. Knox shows Venetian-covert topcoats, with raglan shoulders and slash pockets, in natural shade and in a smoky-blue one called Air Blue; De Pinna's model, called the Yorktown, is a natural-colored medium-length coat with fly front and set-in sleeves. Lots of men, thinking of cold, cloudy mornings, like a fall coat that can serve as a raincoat, and for them Saks-Fifth Avenue have an English-made gabardine showerproof affair woven with an unusually large percentage of wool. Also straight from England, Brooks has received a shipment of British officers' regulation trench coats—wide-skirted things, with snaps, buckles, wind traps at the wrists, and button-in fleece linings; $45. Abercrombie shows a new lightweight raincoat by Burberry, with fly front and raglan sleeves, for men who like the less cumbersome sort of garment.

As for overcoats, Rogers Peet still has enough of that woolly material called Montagnac, which it luckily got out of France just before the surrender, to provide for the needs of its customers this winter. Made up in double-breasted style, a coat of this warm, durable stuff costs $135. Tripler has a fly-front navy Chesterfield that is perfectly suitable for day or evening wear in town; $60. At Brooks, I saw a sample of a new natural-colored camel's-hair-and-wool overcoat which the shop is adding to its collection. It is mediumweight, has set-in sleeves, and should be in stock by October 15th. A coat which Knox expects to have on its racks by that time or before is a generous ulster in Glenurquhart Saxony—"a real old-fashioned grandfather's coat," as I heard one admirer describe it. It is burly and serviceable, and despite its quaint lines (it has a half-belt and notched collar and is almost ankle-length) I like it; $150. —PLAID

MARKETS AND MENUS

Treasure Hunt

WE keep right on getting the nicest sort of reprieves from that Day of Doom when there won't be any more fine imported wines to be had. Of course, it is only a question of time before the zero hour will really strike, but it hasn't yet, as a careful investigation of supplies here will prove. Actually, the wine situation around town is more interesting than it was a few months ago, for although the quantity of the stocks is not what it was then, finds of surprising quality and variety can be turned up by the resourceful searcher. The fact that no wines have come from France since the fall of Paris does not at all mean that no French wines are reaching this country any more. Big English shippers have been sending us regularly large amounts of their reserves of excellent clarets and Burgundies and champagnes, and now, as the supplies of these firms dwindle, merchants over here who know their way around among British cellars are drawing on the stocks of long-established retail houses whose owners want to see their valuable wines out of the way of this winter's bombs.

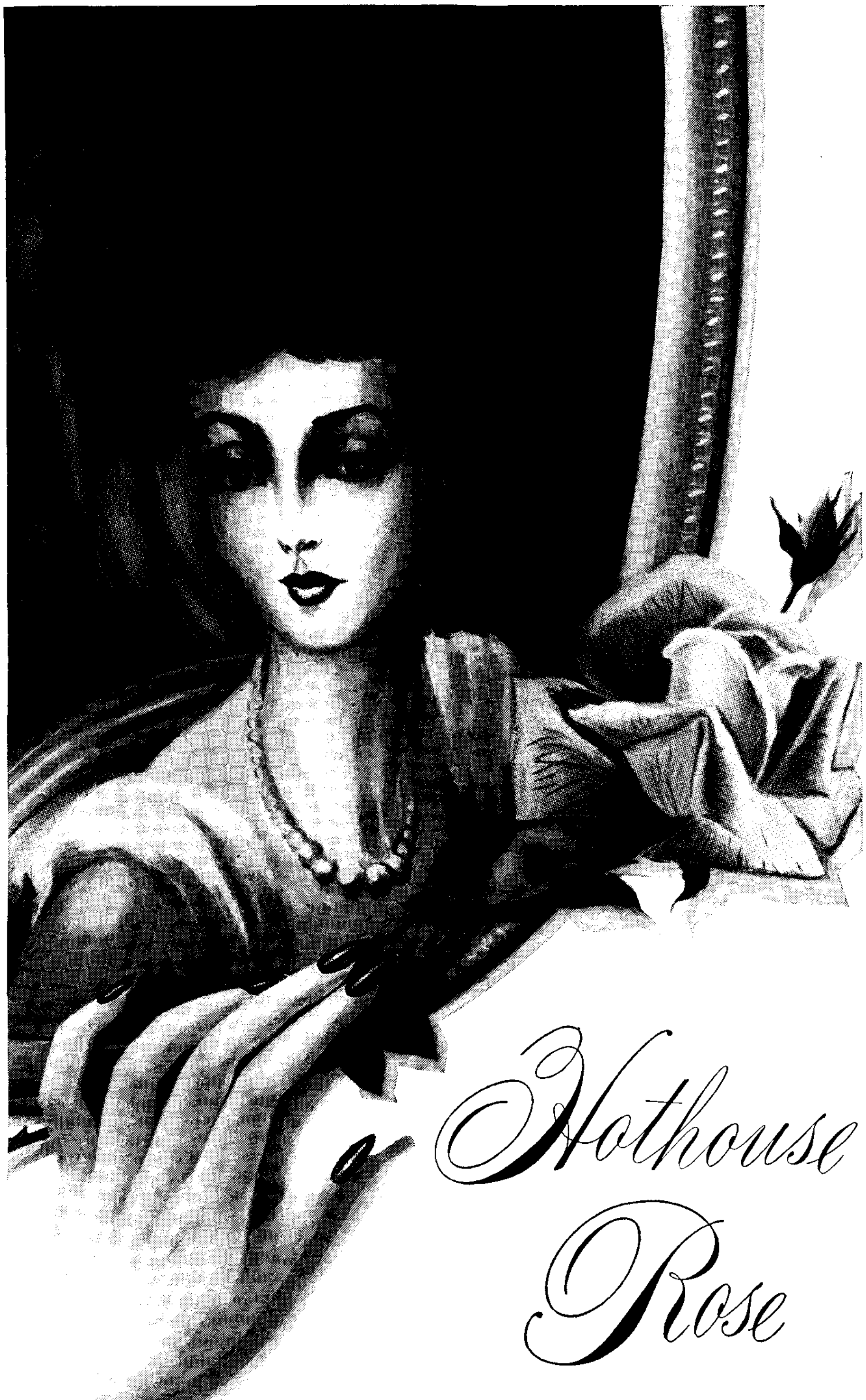
One such ancient firm, probably familiar to travelled American connoisseurs, is Avery's of Bristol, in whose cellars during the past century and a half has accumulated as distinguished a collection of wines and spirits as is to be found in the vaults of any retail concern in Great Britain. M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), has recently acquired a considerable share of this stock, which is now on sale for the first time in the United States. Easily the prize of the lot is not French but German—a 1929 Schloss Johannisberger Beerenauslese, from the von Metternich domain and reputed to be the finest German wine made in a hundred years—for which Lehmann is asking, and getting, $25 a bottle. Shortly before the war, Lehmann sold a very limited quantity of this vintage for $425 a case, and the present lower price is due to more favorable rates of exchange. Amateurs of Rhines and Moselles who know what to expect of the great year that was 1934 will learn with emotion of a Berncasteler Doktor Beerenauslese and a Berncasteler Doktor Auslese, selling at the same shop for $100 and $58 a case respectively and both also from the Avery collection.

Among the remarkable French wines which Lehmann has received from the Bristol house is a 1933 Château Ausone, priced at $32 a case. This, like so many clarets of the same year, is already exceptionally well balanced and has an elegance that will increase with age. For pleasurable, everyday drinking, a Médoc Supérieur, shipped by Avery and available at $17.50 a case, is a wholly satisfactory little table wine at a figure considerably below what one might expect to pay for an imported beverage of its quality. The Avery Burgundies are particularly worth investigating, especially a 1933 Santenay, at $22 a case, which has pleased me very much and which I count on pleasing me for some years to come.

BERRY BROTHERS, that distinguished firm of St. James's Street and dean of London wine-and-spirit houses, has been sending moderate shipments of its stock to Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), right along, and recently, what with the establishment's having been bombed out once last winter and the possibility of more bombs to come, the management has begun sending over its magnificent vintages in increasingly large quantities to its Madison Avenue client. Of these, a 1934 Château Cheval Blanc, at $46.75 a case, is even now delightfully soft and full, with the most entrancing bouquet, and to my unprofessional taste promises to become with time just about everything a great St. Emilion ought to be. Fine as the clarets are, though, the Burgundies are the stars of the Berry Brothers collection. A Clos de Vougeot and a Latricières Chambertin, both of 1923 and beautiful examples of that superior year, are already so well rounded and rich that it is hard to believe what the experts say about their not having anywhere nearly reached their full stature. They cost $39.75 and $44.50 a case respectively. A Romanée Conti of 1934 ($7.95 a bottle) laid down right now would make an awfully bright spot in somebody's old age, as would a number of other Berry Brothers Burgundies to be found at Sherry Wine & Spirits.

THE wine of Tavel—that most charming of all *vins rosés*—disappeared almost completely from the scene early in the war, and even tracking down a couple of bottles of it has not been easy for its admirers. Recently, Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th), has unearthed a stock of some thirty cases of this delightful wine (1934 vintage) in one of those miraculous shipments which turn up just as everybody concerned has stopped hoping for them. The Tavel costs $24 a case and should be drunk soon—certainly by next summer—as it is at its fresh, light best right now.

The same sort of unexpected good luck awaits the wine shopper at Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th), where a limited quantity of Château Lascombes 1928 is to be had at $20 a case, a price not much above that asked for it before all the trouble began. Lascombes, a second-growth Médoc from the Commune of Margaux, has for some reason or other not often appeared on the lists of American wine



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merchants and the Ellis-Meadows stock will offer an opportunity for many to become acquainted with an interesting claret which, although on the austere side, is a good wine all the same.

The shop of Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), in spite of its unpretentious appearance, can produce any number of magnificent bottles which by some happy accident have escaped the collectors. There still remains, for example, a small quantity of 1924 Cos d'Estournel, which has all the splendid, robust qualities of a great St. Estèphe and the mellowness of most of the 1924's. I simply can't imagine a dissenting opinion about the superiority of this claret, the memory of which remains for me a highlight of the past few months. The same shop has a few cases of the very rare Château Haut-Brion Blanc of 1928, which is unquestionably the finest dry white wine of Bordeaux. Precious little of this Haut-Brion was produced even in the best years and still less of it reached these shores, so it is all the more surprising to find such a treasure in these lean times.

Although A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), has less than half a dozen cases of 1929 Domaine de Chevalier, the existence of even so small a stock of this incomparable red Graves, which is being sold at $3.75 a bottle, is well worth reporting. Here again is a wine which appears to me already to have reached perfection, although connoisseurs insist that it will go on improving for many years. It has amazing body and richness, a lovely color, and the most unusual bouquet; in short, it is a beautiful example of those '29's whose like we shall probably never see again. Luria also has a fairly large collection of the most distinguished 1924 clarets.

ADDICTS of Dubonnet, who have had increasing difficulty in coming by their favorite tipple, will be pleased to learn that M. Lehmann sells, for $2.50 a bottle, its own apéritif wine made in Sète (the home town of Dubonnet) which in every respect except the label seems to me identical with the famous product. —S. H.

•

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, by James Street (Dial $2.50). A nice kid—cocky, engaging, real Mississippi—tells how he meant well but bungled matters so that his sister's beau was murdered and his father shot in jail. Has a fresh, quietly wistful air, and keeps the tragic note muted but appealing.

—*The New Republic.*

Sort of an idyll?

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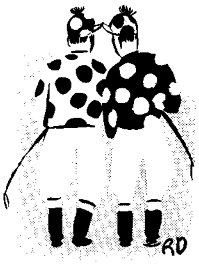
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Luck



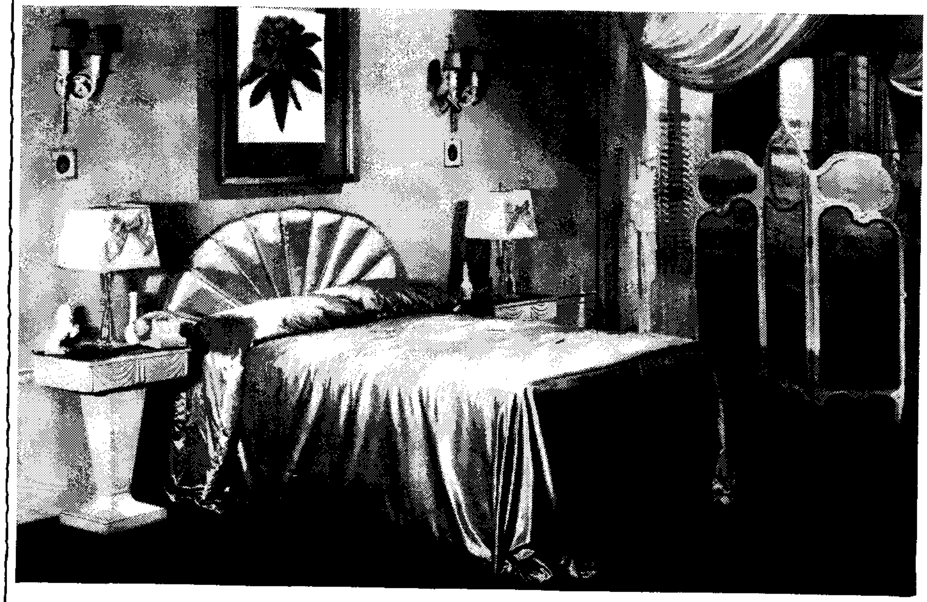
I DARESAY it's only fair to put Warren Wright's Some Chance at the top of last week's winners at Belmont Park. After all, he won The Futurity, the most important race for two-year-olds, together with prize money amounting to $57,900, not exactly small change even in these days of million-dollar pari-mutuel turnovers. When you get right down to it, The Futurity was not the greatest surprise of the season up to now. Although during the summer Some Chance spent much of his time just running interference for Sun Again, a more favored stablemate, he won the National Stallion Stakes at Belmont in June and almost beat Amphitheatre in the Futurity Trial. I wouldn't go so far as to predict that he'd develop into another Whirlaway for Calumet Farm, but you never can tell.

In case you haven't looked him over, Some Chance is a sturdy, dark-chestnut colt by Chance Play out of Some Pomp—now you know how he came by his name—with a bold way of going. I thought that he led most of the way in The Futurity, and Eads, who rode him, said he did. However, Skelly, who was on Devil Diver, was quite as positive that he was in front, and Anderson, on Caduceus, thought *he* was. It was pretty difficult to judge, the Widener Course being at such a deceptive angle, and besides Some Chance was in the very middle of the track, Devil Diver was on the rail, and Caduceus way on the outside. What I liked best was that there was practically no bumping or crowding; The Futurity hasn't been that way in years.

WHEN it comes to summing up the two-year-olds, I might as well tell you that Alsab is at the top of my list by lengths and pounds. Maybe it's because I was impressed by the way he won the match with Requested, of whom I still think highly. Unlike almost any other two-horse race that I can remember, the pace of this one was even as well as fast. The last quarter was only a fifth of a second slower than the first, and the whole six and a half furlongs were covered in the practically world-record

HOW HOLLYWOOD STARS BUY BLANKETS

Margaret Lindsay, star of the Ellery Queen Mystery Pictures produced by Darmour, loves nice things but she's not extravagant. That's why she chose a dusty rose North Star blanket for her . . .



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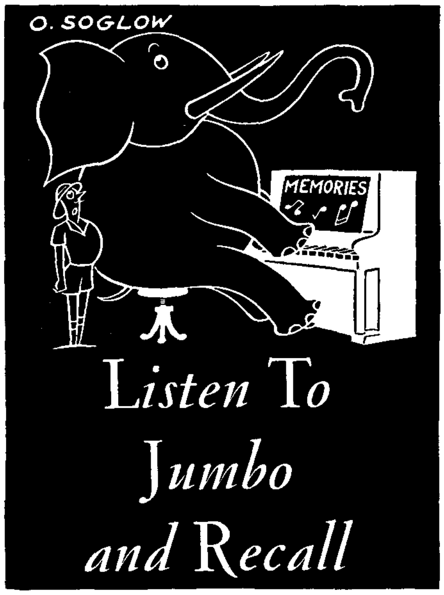
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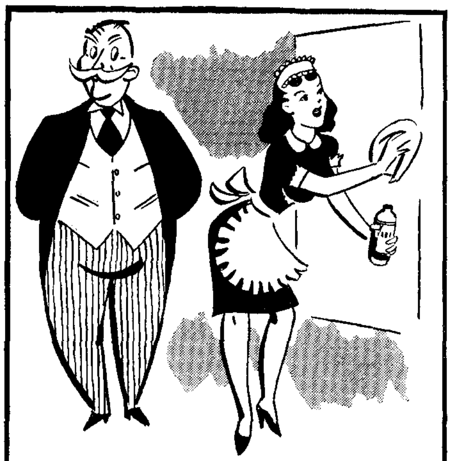
time of 1:16. I've been turning the performance over in my mind, and frankly I believe Alsab would have beaten The Futurity field to blazes. Now I'm waiting to see how easily he wins the Champagne Stakes at Belmont this weekend.

Of course, you know that Alsab cost $700 as a yearling, that he's earned around $90,000, and that his name would make a swell cable address for Albert Sabath, who owns him, but maybe you haven't heard the story about his papa, Good Goods. It seems that when Mrs. Dodge Sloane bought Brocatelle, that famous old mare had a foal at her side which was suffering from such a bad case of rickets that the stable vet wanted to destroy it. Bob Smith, who was training Mrs. Sloane's Brookmeade Stable horses that season, persuaded the man to wait a while. Then Smith posted off to Washington and consulted that great horseman, the late Admiral Cary Grayson. Armed with letters from the Admiral, Smith visited the leading hospitals in Washington and spent days learning about the treatment for rickets. Returning to the farm with quantities of viosterol, each dose six times the strength given to a child with rickets, Smith got to work on the colt. The cure was successful. Appropriately enough, Good Goods (that's right, he was the colt) won his first race at Laurel, the track nearest to Washington. Although the stable had such stars as Cavalcade, High Quest, Caesar's Ghost, and Psychic Bid, Good Goods was given plenty of chance to run and managed to win ten sweepstakes and around $45,000. Alsab is one of his first crop of foals.

According to a less sentimental story, the night Alsab was sold at Saratoga, Mrs. Sloane intended to bid on him but didn't because she had bought too many horses that evening and felt she ought to draw the line somewhere.

THERE was irony again last weekend in Calumet Farm's luck at Belmont. Although its Some Chance won The Futurity, its Whirlaway lost The Jockey Club Gold Cup. It is just possible that Warren Wright would have had things the other way around, if he could have done anything about it, for being beaten by Market Wise rubbed some of the glamour off his pet horse. I'm sorry to say that ever so many people thought that Robertson, who rode Whirlaway, was just a bit overconfident. He passed Fenelon easily at the mile-and-a-half mark, and seemed to have disposed of Market Wise, too. Market Wise, however, came on in the last



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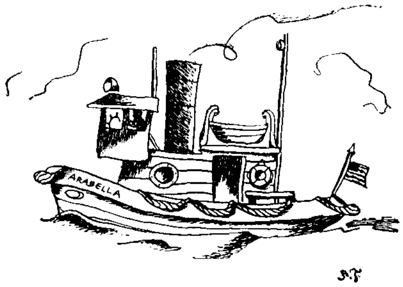
half-mile and won by a short head, and the second-guessers wondered out loud if Whirlaway was a real Cup horse after all.

Market Wise is the colt Louis Tufano, a building contractor in Jamaica, bought for $1,000 last fall. It happened this way: The Brookmeade Stable had a colt named Flank that caught Tufano's eye about the time he was getting together a small stable to send to Florida. Hugh Fontaine, Brookmeade's trainer, was asking $2,500 for the animal. Tufano said $1,500 was every cent he'd give. Fontaine then said that for $2,500 he'd throw in a colt named Market Wise, who had won two races, and Tufano could have the two for the price of one. The offer rang up a sale. Flank has not raced this year—although he may almost any day now—and Market Wise has won $56,415. Last weekend somebody asked Mrs. Sloane how she felt about her stable's having sold such a horse. "Oh," she said, "every time he wins I tell Fontaine to go and sit with Fitzsimmons. You know, *he* sold Seabiscuit."

FLAT racing couldn't have been much better, or steeplechasing much worse, at Belmont Park last week. That the jumping races were so sour was mostly the fault of the going, which was as hard as a paved road. I suppose the management could have had the course sprinkled, as owners frantically petitioned it to, but it didn't. (Steeplechasing isn't awfully profitable, the handle in the tote being hardly half that of flat races.) Perfectly unpredictable flat-race winners delighted the long-shot players: Liste at $67.30, Sonny Whitney's filly Equidistant at $43.10, Milky Way's Dogpatch at $61.10 in the Futurity Trial, Royal Taste at $79, Stimady at $68 in the Jerome Handicap, Michigan Sun at $67.70, Blue Gino at $61.40, and Lady Bethyl at $41.

NOTE ON DEPORTMENT (or What to Do When You're Beaten on a 3-to-5 Shot): "When weighing in," reads a notice on the bulletin board in the jockeys' room at Belmont, "jockeys are warned not to talk back at any



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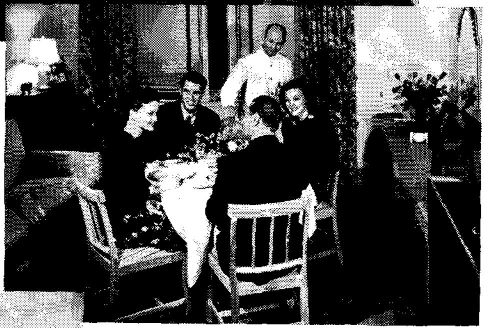

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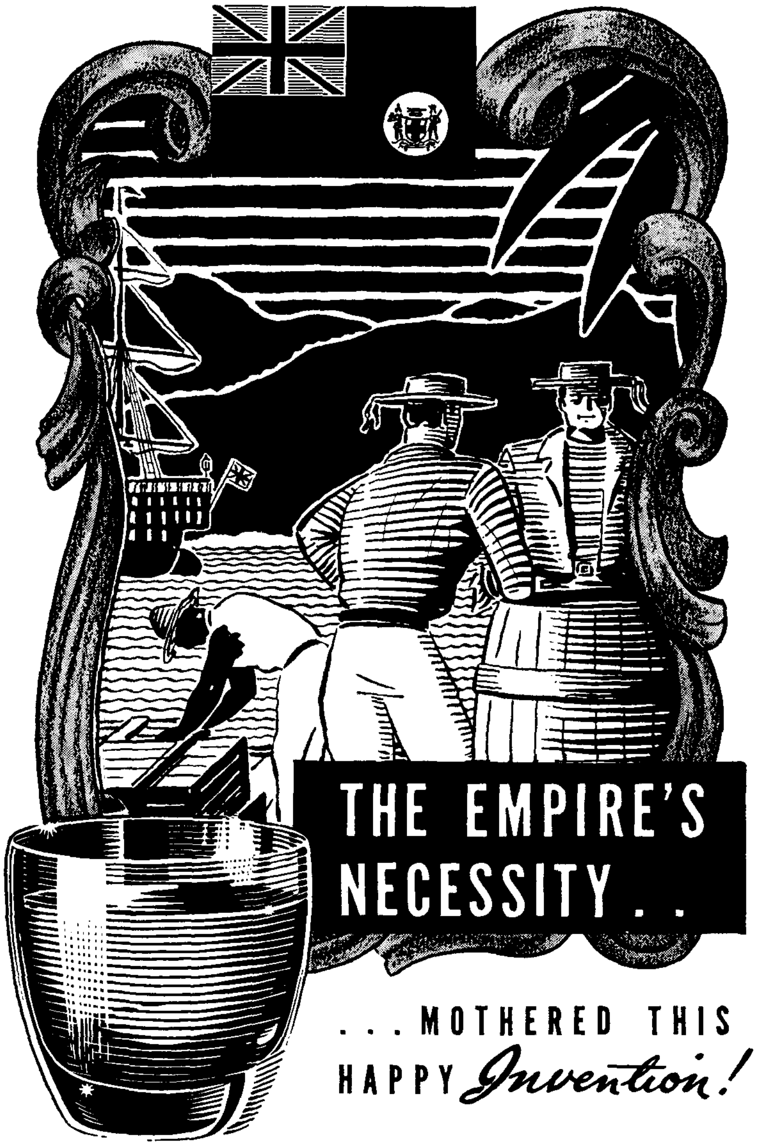
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remarks the public might make. The Pinkerton police will subdue the public whenever possible. IT IS PART OF YOUR DUTY TO TAKE IT WHENEVER SOME RUFFIAN MIGHT SLIP IN A REMARK."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ICKES' MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

[*Memoranda circulated in the Department of the Interior*]

Memorandum for Heads of Bureaus:

Of late, the bulk of correspondence prepared for my signature has started with one of several equally bromidic phrases, such as "I have received your letter of ——," or an equally bromidic equivalent, such as "With reference to your letter of ——," or a trite phrase such as "Thank you for your letter of ——."

These phrases are employed as a means of quick reference to the date of the letter or telegram to which the reply is drafted. Of course, it is necessary to refer to the correspondent's letter by its date, but I think that this can be done without all of us (including myself to a considerable extent) using the clichés to which we seem to have become addicted.

Let us try to eliminate all such hackneyed phrases from correspondence. This will be a tax upon our ingenuity but I am sure that it can be done pretty generally and it will be good for us.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Secretary

Memorandum for Bureau Chiefs:

Some Divisions recently have become very formal and austere. They send me letters addressed to my colleagues in the Cabinet and other government officials, as, for instance, in the letter before me which runs:

"The Honorable,
The Secretary of the Treasury.
Sir:"

I prefer the friendlier address which I have used since I have been here, as:

"My dear Mr. Secretary:"

and at the closing of the letter in the lower left hand of the page, his name and title.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Secretary

Memorandum for Bureaus and Offices:

The word "Nation," when it refers to our own, should be capitalized. In some letters it is capitalized and in some others it is not. In a third group it sometimes appears both ways.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Secretary

Memorandum for Bureaus and Offices:

The semicolon is a useful punctuation, but, like everything else, it can be overdone. It should not be used to string together a lot of separate sentences. People generally have been so educated as not to group many ideas that ought to be expressed in different sentences by the word "and." Unless intelligently used, a semicolon can be just as inappropriate a coupling pin as "and."

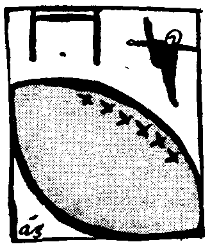
Write it "in circumstances" instead of "under circumstances."

I am partial to the use of the word "of" after outside as, for instance, "outside of the building."

HAROLD L. ICKES
Secretary

FOOTBALL

Signs of the Times



THE football season of 1941 opened in an atmosphere of uncertainty. Contemporary historians of that time, unable to decide whether the various manifestations of change were harbingers of good or of evil, finally compromised by merely setting them forth so that later and presumably wiser men could draw the proper conclusions. On the other hand, the public, merrily unperturbed by any of these manifestations, turned out in unexpected quantity. Not a few of the older and more talented players had, of course, gone off to the wars, and not a few others had retired from public life to devote themselves entirely to the more pressing work of classroom and R.O.T.C., but those who remained on the field apparently gave a good enough account of themselves.

Many coaches, too, found themselves in places they hadn't counted on being. Yale, Dartmouth, Army, Brown, Ohio State, and Notre Dame, for instance, all acquired new ones, and professional football, which, you will recall, was going to have to take over amateur football to show the fellows how to run the game, found it necessary instead to take over Elmer Layden from Notre Dame and Greasy Neale from Yale to help fix its own game up. Professional football also snaffled Red Friesell, whom critics considered the best and at times the only referee in the sport. This came about because the men who assign officials to games had decided that the men should stop handling professional games on the side, possibly on the theory that less practice makes perfect. Friesell, like several others, preferred to give up college work and join the pros. Whether this was a heaven-made match was not immediately apparent, for in the second week of professional play one of the largest left ends in the business fell on top of Friesell and broke that official's leg. Amateur circles, the records show, were equally unhappy over the departure of Greasy Neale, who, although still gainfully employed by a Yale man—Alexis Thompson, part owner of the Philadelphia Eagles—was not, it was felt, in the sort of surroundings to which his sojourn at New Haven had accustomed him. It was furthermore considered by no means an even break that professional football had in turn lost John "Shipwreck" Kelly to the *Social Register*.

Other changes made the historians even more uneasy. A. G. Spalding & Bros., a sporting-goods house of ancient and enviable reputation, abandoned the publication of the *Official Football Guide*. Another publisher, it is true, acquired the rights to it, but the 1941 issue, ensconced in a glittering red, white, and blue cover (timely, see?), was a mass of frenetic "special articles" mostly composed in a sportswriters' tongue which contrasted oddly with the Chaucerian solecisms of the timeless book of rules. The majority of critics, however, felt worse about one alteration in the rules themselves; in fact, it was even suggested that the name of the game be changed from football to, say, Coaches' Delight. The occasion for this complaining was the new rule permitting the substitution, without stint, of players as often as a coach thought necessary.

It was not altogether clear, from contemporary accounts, whether the new ruling was being observed with liberty or with license. The New York Giants, for example, adopted Coaches' Delight wholeheartedly and, in an exhibition game with their incoming freshman class—dubbed, for the occasion, the College All-Stars—changed backfields every time the ball changed hands. This innovation of using one set of players for offense and another for defense, however admirable it may have seemed to followers of Madison Square Garden hockey, was considered by more serious thinkers a rather gross travesty of the sport they had assumed they were about to witness.

On the other hand, Navy, likewise engaging an admittedly less talented opponent (William and Mary), forebore such tactics and let its team ride for as much as a quarter without change. This particular game offered other evidence of sensible interpretation of the new ruling. Whenever Navy made a touchdown, Coach Larson pulled a man out of his backfield, sent in Leonard to kick the point, and then sent the player Leonard had relieved right back into the game. Under the old rule, this player could not have returned until the end of the quarter, a situation which could cause a good deal of sorrow to a short-handed team. —J. W. L.

• •

JAPAN THE GENTLE

Some Expressions of a Highly Spiritual Nature Recently Reported from Across the Pacific Indicating That Even War Cannot Tarnish the Tender Soul of Nippon

Locale	Expressers	Expressions
Tokio	Legislators	They decreed that September 16th be set aside as a day for honoring rabbits whose skins had been used to clothe the Japanese army.
Matumoto	Mulberry farmers	They made a pilgrimage to Kodama Shrine to offer thanks to the souls of all the silkworms which had given their lives for the silk industry during the past year.
Kobe	Priests	They said prayers over 600 pieces of sacred straw rope and sent them as spiritual keepsakes to Japanese troops in China to inspire them to greater efforts in showing the enemy "the virtues of the Sun Goddess in preserving calm."
Tokio	Members of a businessmen's association	It held a mass meeting to commemorate the start of the Chinese campaign and "to further the friendship between Japan and China."
Buddhist temples throughout Japan	Bellringers	They muffled their bells for twenty-four hours in honor of Japanese horses and dogs killed in the war.
Tokio	Sixty-five-year-old man	He trotted 250 miles cross-country as an expression of his "sympathy for the Japanese troops in China."
Tateshina	Seiji Shiki, president of the Shimbun no Shimbun publishing company	He arranged for the construction of a "culture tower" in which to lock away records of current history so that Japanese a hundred years from now will be able to learn what this generation did "for the benefit of humanity."

—W. E. Farbstein

WITH MEN IT'S DIFFERENT

AT the age of twenty-six, Max returned from one of his business trips with a wife, a Missouri girl. He was doing well for himself as a member of an air-conditioning firm and they took a fairly pretentious apartment on Murray Hill. Nellie Jean was just nineteen the year they set up housekeeping, but she turned out fine. She learned how to apply makeup and mix drinks, and she already knew how to cook. She gave Max's old housekeeper a number of splendid Southern recipes for preparing game. On the housekeeper's day off, Nellie Jean would sometimes roast a large goose and feed as many as ten of us. I've never known a girl who looked so much like a drum majorette and wasn't.

Max spent most of his evenings reading. I'd stop by to find him sunk in an armchair with the *Survey Graphic*, *Fortune*, or *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*. Nellie Jean would be on the chaise longue doing her nails or knitting. There'd be dance music on the radio and she would divide her attention judiciously between the tunes and our desultory talk. At eleven, Max would turn on the news summary and Nellie Jean would make us a highball or some mulled wine and cinnamon toast. This was in the first few years of their marriage, before the advent of the convenient young men.

How she managed them was a subject of some interest to Max's older, non-dancing friends. Time and again, in the early evening, one of the numerous youths would put in a well-groomed, respectful appearance. Likely as not, he'd be a second-year law student from Fordham, and after a few minutes he'd whisk Nellie Jean off to whatever night club happened to figure most prominently in the columns that month. "Nice boy," said Max, invariably.

The one time I replied "Is he?" Max must have thought he detected a shade of reasonable doubt in my tone.

"You probably wonder why all this gadding about doesn't worry me in the least," he said. "You do, don't you?"

"Not at all."

"Sure you do. I would, if I didn't know her so well. Nellie Jean likes to dance. I don't, and that's all there is to it. She always gets in by one or at the latest two o'clock, and usually I don't even wait up for her. As for the boys, the way she keeps them in line is something marvellous. She meets them through each other, and at first I'm sure they all think they're going places. Then, if they get obstreperous, she hands them this utterly disarming line about our happy little home nestling on Murray Hill, and if that doesn't work, she brings them up here for a demonstration. Never fails. Wonderful boys, for the most part. I'd never have an evening to myself without them. Did you ever meet the one from Cornell?"

"No."

"A jitterbug. Used to take her to Café Society all the time. Last month he broke down and told Nell I'd been neglecting her shamefully and if she'd wait until his grandmother died, he'd marry her and buy some property along Waikiki Beach."

"Was he the blond boy who scowled at me two weeks ago?"

"He's blond all right. Maybe he took you for a rival. If he gets to be too much of a pest, she'll probably plead pregnancy and say dancing is against doctor's orders."

"Well," I said, "I don't know how it is up at Cornell, but where I come from they're pretty advanced at that age."

SHORTLY after that visit, Nellie Jean telephoned me at my home just as I was finishing dinner.

"Darling," she said, "can you take me dancing tonight? Max has to go out with some people all evening and I don't want to stay here alone."

"You must have the wrong number," I said. "I never went to Fordham. Or Cornell."

"Oh, please."

"Hell, no."

She turned away from the phone and I heard her say, "Max, make him."

Max got on the wire and talked to me at some length about a squash date. He also said, "Take her dancing, will you? Our cook is down with the flu and the kid's been slaving over a hot stove all week. She's really got it coming."

I waited for her in the lobby of their apartment house, and when she came down we went to a place off Lenox Avenue where the waiter knew her. She entertained me with bits of swing esoterica and did not make me dance until we had each finished a couple of Cuba Libres.

Halfway through the second round I said, "Whatever became of the nice blond boy?"

"Oh, he got too serious. I don't see why people get like that up here. Back in Missouri you could dance most of the night with a boy and it didn't necessarily mean him proposing right away or trying to run off with you."

"You were just nineteen in Missouri."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't have to put up with it now. I try right along to give them the idea I'm happily married. I always take them up to meet Max."

"Yes, he told me."

"After that it's their own lookout. All I want is a little fun, and if they won't understand that, they can go out with somebody else. Why should I take a chance on busting up what Max and I have? We're happy. Do you know what he said the other day about why he's happy with me? He said he loved me because I was the least annoying woman he'd ever known. Some girls wouldn't like that but I don't mind. Should I?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, let's dance. You'll like this number. It's slow and sneaky like."

If there had been a bouncer in the place, I'm sure we could not have got away with it. Nellie Jean danced the way I had once seen some girls dance in a sailors' café on the Embarcadero in San Francisco, only they weren't dancing.

Back at the table, I said, "Take it easy, Nell."

She looked more like a drum majorette than ever, and I was beginning to feel more and more as I had once felt about drum majorettes.

"I wish I could be with some girl like you and Max are with each other," she said. "Taking things for granted so frank and open like. Interests in common. But you can't do that with girls. They're so crooked and catty. I get on so much better with men. With girls you never know where you stand. I mean you always know—they're all out for what they can get and if they don't get it, they'll stick around and be sly and nasty. With men it's different. It's either or. You know where you stand."

"Yep, that's how it is," I said.

She looked at me suspiciously. "What are you trying to do—humor me?"

"I'm just trying to agree with you, Nellie Jean. It's easy."

"You think I'm not smart enough for Max, don't you?"

"I think you're the smartest girl in New York."

"Go on," she said. "There must be half a dozen smarter girls than me right in your office. But I think I'm quite smart enough for Max or any other man. There's more than one kind of brains."

We got up for a rumba, and as soon as it was under way Nellie Jean stopped dancing. "These guys can't play a rumba," she said. "Let's go to a Spanish place I know. That one'll be on me."

"I pretty much like it here."

"Come on. Those spicks got these guys beat all hollow." She reached up and kissed my ear.

"Fine," I said. "Let's go to the Spanish place."

We paid up. I didn't realize how stuffy the air had been until we came out into the open. She gave an address to the cabdriver.

This I can say without wondering whether or not it's true: I was not going to kiss her in that taxi, or any other taxi. But what happened was that Nellie Jean threw her arms around me and we kissed from 122nd Street to Columbus Circle. When it was over, I told the hackie to drive to my place instead.

"Oh, you mustn't," she said.

"The hell I mustn't," I said.

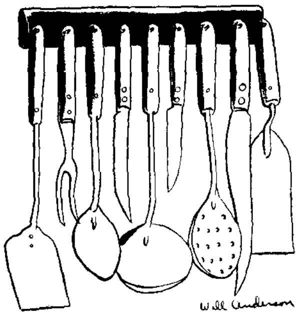
She leaned forward and gave him the night-club address again. We were waiting for a light to change when I said I would not go with her anywhere but my place or hers.

"Very well," she said. "Then you must take me home."

She was calm, even solicitous. In front of her house she simply took over.

"Max would be furious if I didn't bring you up. You nut, do you want him to get silly ideas?"

I went in. Max had not come home yet and Nellie Jean spent most of the interval between our arrival and his in straightening her face and hair. When he did come she left the room to make



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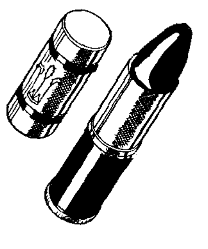

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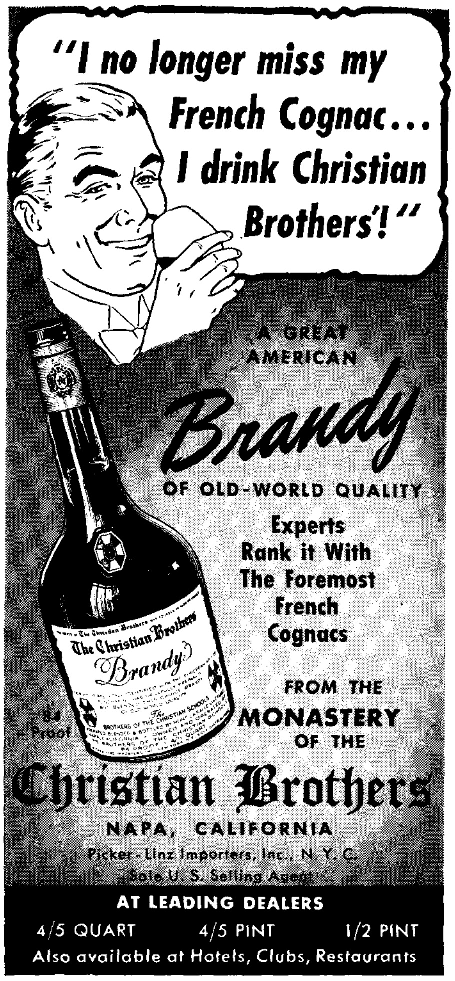
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Managing Dir.

us a highball. Then she returned and sat in Max's lap.

"Have you heard the latest about our friend from Cornell?" he asked me. "It seems his grandmother has passed away at last and he's all ready to set up little Nell in Hawaii."

"Waikiki," she said.

"You know," Max said, "I think it's sordid the way you lead those boys on. What do you do, anyway—neck with them? Don't tell me I'll have to take dancing lessons at my time of life just to meet the competition."

She got off Max's lap and assumed her familiar posture on the chaise longue. Pouting a little, she nestled sensuously among the silk cushions and sipped her drink. She was neither angry nor upset at what had happened in the taxi. That annoyed me as much as anything else. I think Nellie Jean expected all grown men to make passes at her as a matter of course. Secure in the knowledge that always there would be some male ministering to her special wants, the only kind of wants it was politic and natural for a nice girl from Missouri to have, she nursed her highball. The pouting gave way slowly to a smile. I got through my drink and left.

THE following week, Max phoned me and asked if I could recommend a good doctor. He was quite put out because Nellie Jean had gone dancing with one of the Fordham boys and got so tight it was four in the morning before she came home, and then she had a butterfly tattooed on her left leg just above the knee. Max thought he had a vague recollection of having read about some process which obliterated tattoo marks without leaving a scar, but naturally he wanted the advice of a reliable physician.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

DEATH OF A HERO

SCIENCE STILL CAN'T TELL WHY RUBBER BOUNCES—*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

It split the atom, sped the plane,
Conditioned air and deadened pain,

It lengthened life and streamlined wars,
It measured molecules and stars. . . .

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It didn't know why rubber bounced,

And science, dating right from then,
Just never seemed the same again.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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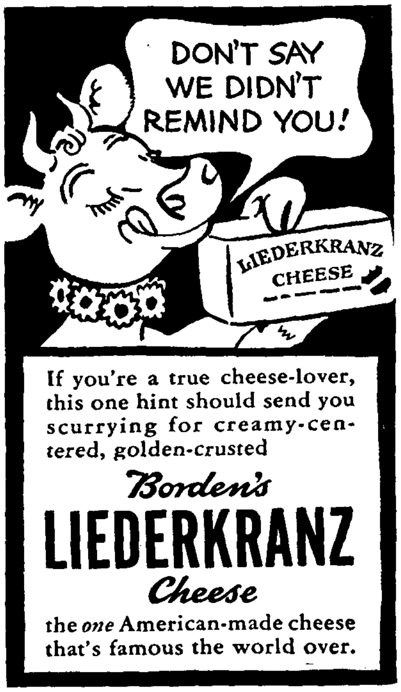
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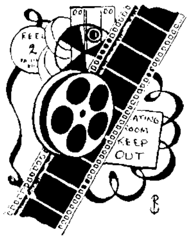
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rumpus Films


FEET
2
STAY
OUT
KEEP
OUT

AS nervous and agitated a spot as can be found in the Western Hemisphere, one of those border towns where our immigration authorities guard the gates to what refugees hope will be home, must surely seethe with excitement. A nice film, called "Hold Back the Dawn," has been contrived to inform us of life in such a place along the Mexican border. Aside from a kind of trickiness in the treatment and a tentative effort to be novel in the framework of the story, and aside from a conclusion which goes a little studio-mad with one of those old-fashioned convulsions of rush and fury and also of moral reformation, the sketch has quite a convincing and appealing tone.

The least average of a group of refugees awaiting visas to the United States is a certain Iscovescu, a depraved personage, one of those sinful, unscrupulous Rumanians who once haunted the Riviera and knew well how to manage ladies with cash to spare. His talent is useless now, he thinks, until he learns from an old ally (Paulette Goddard) that marriage with an American can insure him his visa. The part is a perfect one for Charles Boyer, with that accent of his and that hint of insidious foreign tricks, and the girl he is to victimize comes to life under the handling of Olivia de Havilland, who in this case, for the sake of art, makes the supreme sacrifice and wears spectacles. She is an itinerant schoolteacher, whom the product of the Riviera casinos can woo and win in a couple of hours, but, as he learns, the winning of this special type leads to peculiar problems one never had to face in Nice or Bucharest.

The romance of the sad, innocent American girl and the Continental scamp has its poignance, and her disillusionment, precipitated by his ancient ally, has its drama. This is the best element in the film, though there is some force, too, in the scenes of the various incidental characters waiting there at the gate for their chance, their one chance at living, the fateful permit.

SPASMS of moral reformation never weaken the course of Dashiell Hammett's plots. His "Maltese Falcon" now

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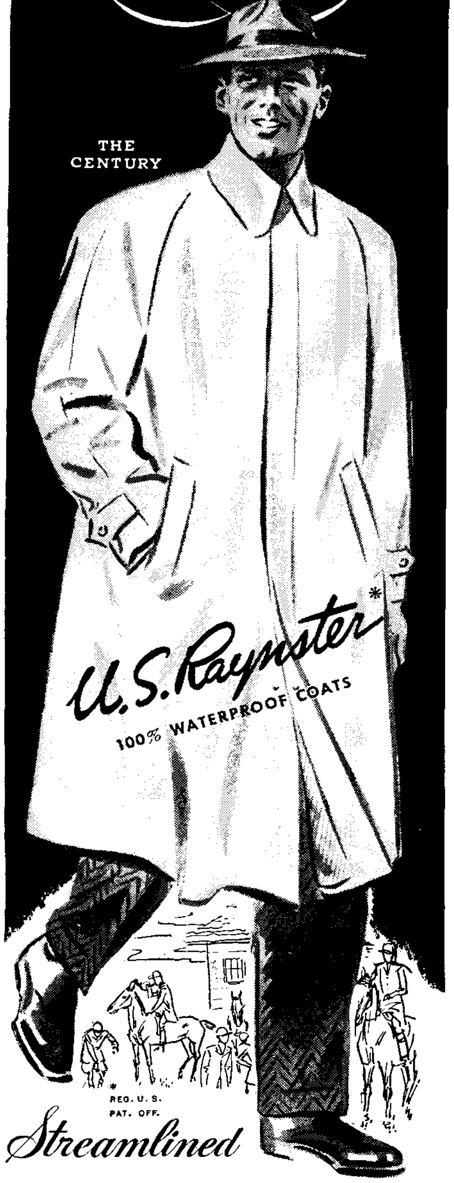

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turns up with a substantial cast of actors who can be tough on occasion (Mary Astor, Gladys George, Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, and that rotund expert in villainies, Sidney Greenstreet) and who here live up to the strictest Hammett standards. Such an airy release from the normal human hesitancies and repugnances as the Hammett stories provoke—the quick adjustment of nerves to murder at a moment's notice—gives something breezy and comical to all Hammett's works. You probably recall this particular novel of a few years back and remember how the mysterious porcelain image from the days of the Crusaders brought about a series of fast shootings and considerable intrigue in modern San Francisco. A beautiful Miss O'Shaughnessy calls upon Sam Spade, private detective, asks his aid, and begins to fib and fib. Then, quickly enough, come the shootings. There is, indeed, such a delirium of fibbing and killing and passion that we spectators, humdrum at heart after all, are never quite entirely sure what is happening, or that it makes any sense or is ever made tidy by logic. The delirium is sufficient, however, and somehow the effect is nicely refreshing, the wilder the better.

JUST a plain Western, with those views of pioneer towns—their dusty streets, where men are shot and reel to the gutters, their endless bars, with girls in net stockings and feather boas, and their cardsharpers and sheriffs—has been put together for Lana Turner, a popular young woman of the season, and for Clark Gable, and called "Honky Tonk." Miss Turner impersonates a New England lady out West to catch up with her father (Frank Morgan), and in a jiffy she is entangled with the town's bad man—Gable, of course. She shows some enterprise, I feel, as she promptly gets the villain drunk and marries him, which is a surprise to him when he comes to his senses. Their marriage has its frontier problems, which you can imagine if you happen ever to have seen a movie of frontier life before.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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—*From an adv. in the Omaha World-Herald.*

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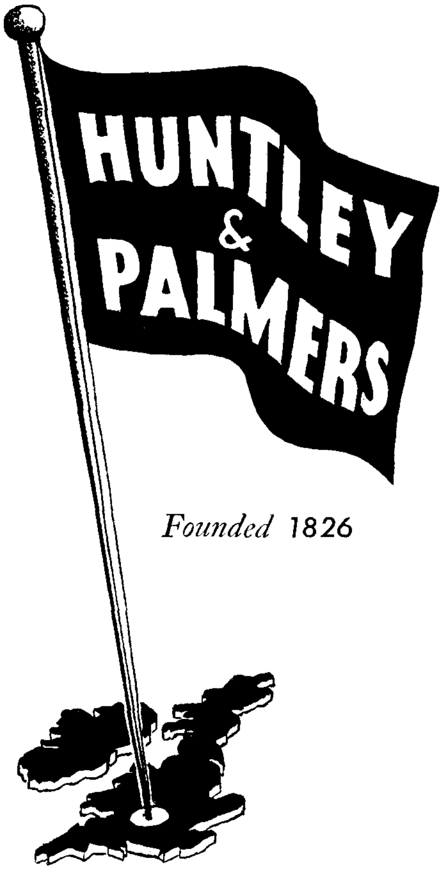

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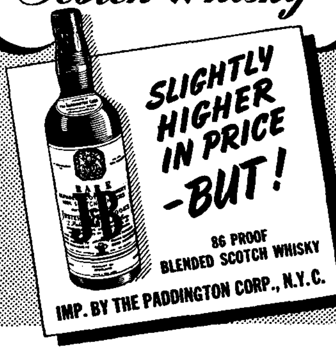
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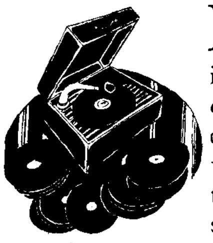
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



HERE, among recent recordings, is a cavalcade of conductors, including maestri who'll be on exhibition in town this semester and others who also may not be unfamiliar to local ticket-buyers. Leopold Stokowski, who will throw out the first downbeat of the orchestral season with the Philharmonic-Symphony this coming Thursday, is the director of the Philadelphia Orchestra in a recording of Harl McDonald's "The Legend of the Arkansas Traveler" (Victor 18069), an amusing skit in which Alexander Hilsberg, the solo violinist, does a practically unsymphonic hoedown. The "Legend" is coupled with Mr. Stokowski's own transcription of Novacek's "Moto Perpetuo," a tough tidbit for the strings, who zip it out as easily as if they were rolling off a largo.

Dmitri Mitropoulos and Bruno Walter, who, like Mr. Stokowski, will have their turns with the Philharmonic-Symphony, contribute symphonies by Tchaikovsky and Schumann, respectively. Conducting the Tchaikovsky fourth with the Minneapolis Symphony, Mr. Mitropoulos takes hold of a composition that benefits from his dramatic style, and if some of his doings aren't in the conventional Tchaikovsky groove, almost all of them are stimulating (Columbia M-468). Mr. Walter and Schumann always have been a good team, and the "Rhenish" symphony receives the best recording it has had so far (Columbia M-464). The Philharmonic-Symphony does the playing.

Artur Rodzinski, also on the Philharmonic-Symphony list for 1941-42, directs the Cleveland Symphony in a performance of Alban Berg's violin concerto; Louis Krasner, who introduced it here, is the soloist. If you listen to it simply as something to hear, rather than as a subject for erudite analysis, as some folks do, much of it becomes increasingly eloquent on repetition; the playing is superb (Columbia M-456).

Fritz Reiner, who will be with us as a conductor of the New York City Symphony Orchestra in the course of the season, continues his activities for Columbia with a vivacious presentation of the prelude to "Die Meistersinger"

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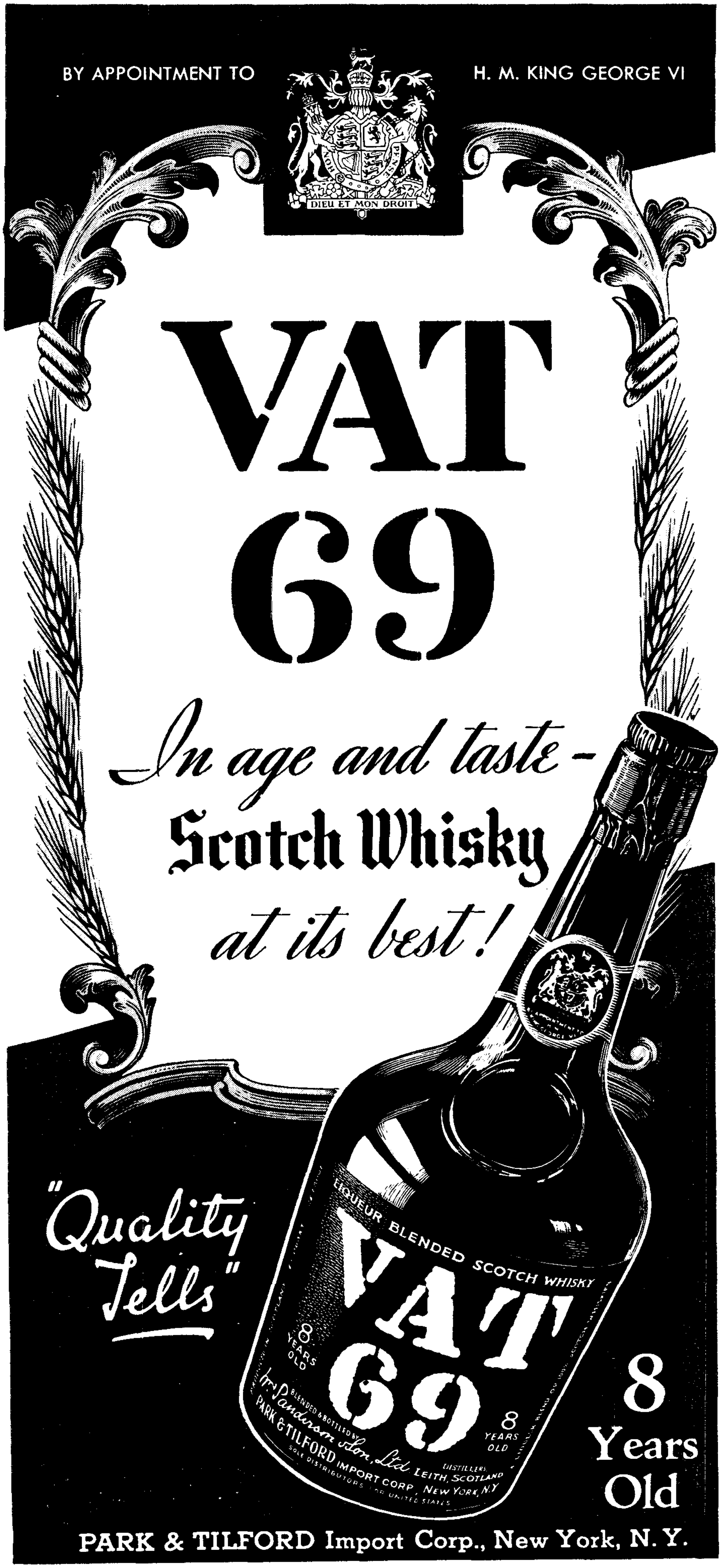
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(11580-D). It isn't an imperative replacement for some other versions of the music, but it's good, and the Pittsburgh Symphony plays crisply. Let's see; now we've heard from orchestras in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, New York, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. Well, the National Symphony of Washington also is with us, turning in two sturdy Dutch folk tunes simply and sonorously arranged by the orchestra's conductor, Hans Kindler (Victor 18071), and the Indianapolis Symphony, led by Fabian Sevitzky, does well with Otto Cesana's "Negro Heaven," which is something like what used to be known as "classical jazz" (Victor 18070).

Then Rochester has two representations in the roster: a set of four American works for solo wind instruments and string orchestra, played by the Eastman-Rochester Symphony under Howard Hanson's knowing guidance (Victor M-802), and Beethoven's third piano concerto, by the Rochester Philharmonic, with José Iturbi doubling as conductor and pianist (Victor M-801). Of the four American works, Bernard Rogers' "Soliloquy" and Burrill Phillips' "American Dance" are especially interesting. Mr. Iturbi is at his pianistic best in the concerto and the ensemble is smooth. Furthermore, the B.B.C. Symphony of London, with Sir Adrian Boult in charge, supplies two valuable Berlioz items—"Roi Lear" and "Les Francs-Juges" overtures, both handsomely performed (Victor M-803).

TO the conductors already named, we might add the Metropolitan's Erich Leinsdorf, who chaperones expert accompaniments for Salvatore Baccaloni's singing of "La Vendetta," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and "A un Dottor'," from "The Barber of Seville" (Columbia 71193-D). This disc is better vocally than Mr. Baccaloni's previous American recording, although Mr. Baccaloni is an artist who has to be seen as well as heard. Frieder Weissmann leads the "Carmen" habanera and "Connais-tu?" from "Mignon," for Miss Risë Stevens' disc début (Columbia 71192-D), and takes care of things like the experienced recorder that he is. Miss Stevens' habanera is original and effective. "Connais-tu?" is "Connais-tu?" and you can't blame Miss Stevens for that. —R. A. S.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WAR

[*Headline in the Houston* (*Texas*) *Press*]

SOVIET TROOPS FACE
ATTACK FROM REAR

BOOKS

Virginia Woolf's Last Words

THOUGH not finally revised, "Between the Acts" was finished by Virginia Woolf at the time of her death, and it has been made ready for the press by her husband, Leonard Woolf. To rate her books is as feasible as to rate the dartings of a butterfly, but perhaps we may say that while all her novels are strange, there is none other so strange and so sad as this last puzzling vagary of a temperament that voyaged always alone. Most over-subtle books are irritating. But though "Between the Acts" is irritating enough, one senses, beneath the mannerisms, the underbeat of a true emotion, rarefied and very near to heartbreak. For one of the central paradoxes of the art of Virginia Woolf is that, for all the Bloomsburyism, the fastidious scholarship, the absorption in effects, she is essentially a novelist of sentiment. Oblique and seemingly intellectual as are her methods, her call is to the heart. Her novels are neither narrative nor pictorial; they are more like cries, broken but never unmelodious.

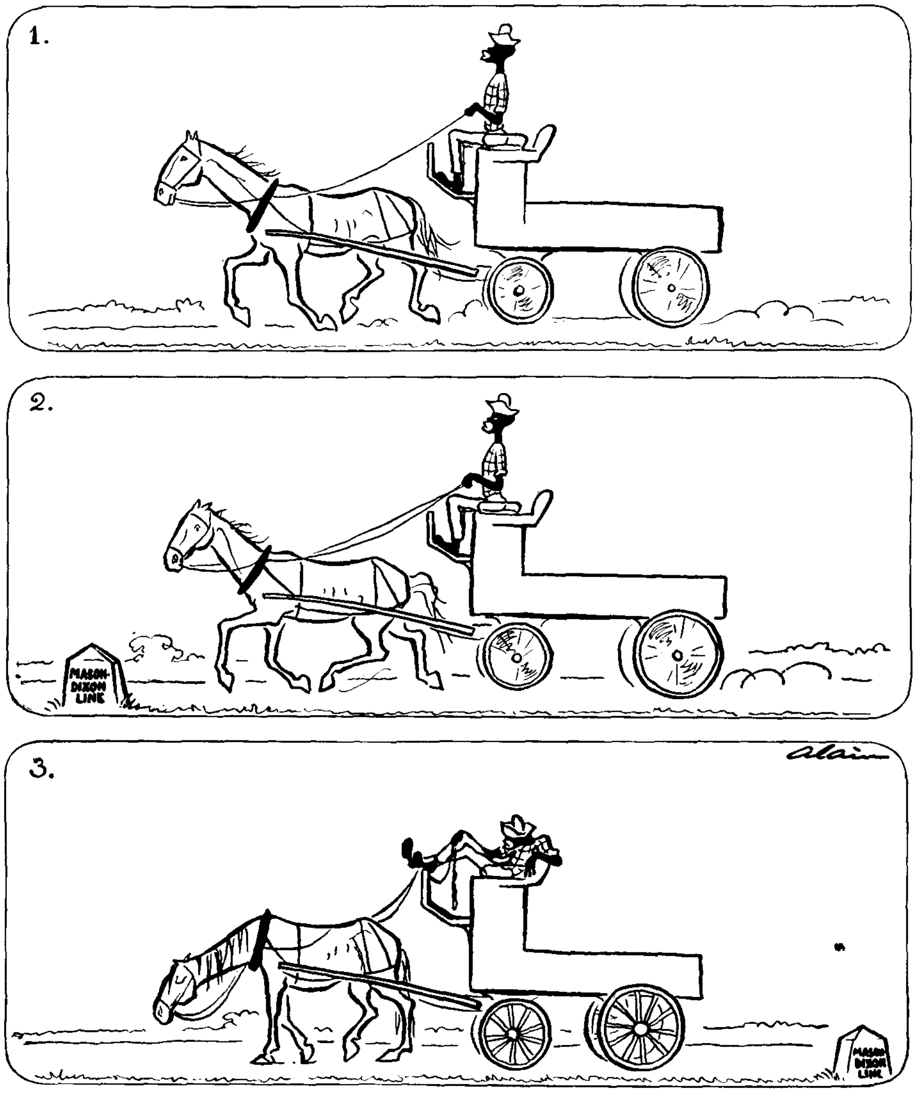
"Between the Acts" deals with a pageant produced by a group of English villagers in the summer of 1939, when the war, for most Englishmen, was still almost invisible, a far-off hawk circling imperceptibly nearer and nearer. The pageant is given on the grounds of an old, overbred county family, the Giles Olivers. Whatever form this short novel has is supplied by the counterpointing of the several episodes of the pageant against the between-the-acts conversation of the audience.

I may be misinterpreting Virginia Woolf, a perilously easy thing to do, but I gather that she intended to suggest by this method the dead end that county-family England had reached in the summer of 1939. The pageant offers a kind of glancing parody of the history and life of England. The audience, cultivated to the point of decadence, is full of that history but empty of the life. They themselves are the pageant's final episode. They peer into looking glasses held out to them by the mummers and they see uneasy, coarse, or unhappy faces, each islanded in its own sensibility: Mr. Oliver, successful and unconfident; Mrs. Oliver, murmuring fugitive bits of spontaneous verse, furtively in love with a gentleman-farmer neighbor; Mrs. Manresa, the libidinous "child of nature;" William Dodge, the half-man, caught in the coils of inversion; the ancient Mrs. Swithin, tiredly brimming with an overdeveloped ancestral sense. All these people seem almost but not quite dead, and it is one of the purposes of this odd book to suggest the limits of that almostness.

The unsubstantial pageant fades and the audience straggles home and England seems at a standstill, waiting, waiting—for what? Virginia Woolf would not tarry to see. By her own choice she removed herself from life, depriving us of one of the rarest if most intractable imaginations of our time.

ALDOUS HUXLEY's biography, "Grey Eminence," is an open avowal not merely of the author's deep interest in mysticism but of his commitment to it. The Huxleyan path has been trodden before. It is the classic pilgrimage from extreme worldliness to full absorption in the Godhead, the way of St. Augustine and St. Francis. Huxley, however, is more Buddhist than Christian and when he forsakes Hollywood it may be for a lamasery rather than a monastery.

"Grey Eminence" is an intense psychological study of the life and character of Father Joseph, the Capuchin friar who collaborated with Richelieu, identified the power of France with the will of God, and was largely responsible for creating and furthering the atrocities of the Thirty Years' War. What worries Huxley is the apparent contradiction between Father Joseph's rapt selflessness, his undoubted capacity for mystical communion, and his ruthless talent for power politics. (Perhaps Huxley is really, in this oblique manner, confronting his own skeptical past with his mystical present and trying to understand them both.) The explanation of Father Joseph's perverse psychology leads Huxley into an almost painfully involved discussion of the mystical method, its



history, and the way in which it is often seduced into losing sight of its divine goal. This will hardly attract the audience that waits eagerly for his novels, but it should interest those to whom Huxley's own personality, with its curious shifts and cold agonies, is more interesting than his books.

YOU may remember Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," the Dostoevskian novel that has come nearest to explaining the hellish logic behind the Soviet purges. If you do, you will know without my saying so that his autobiographical "Scum of the Earth" is no mere chapter of refugee horrors but the work of a highly thoughtful, balanced, and sensitive intelligence. Though it contains many grisly and heart-stopping episodes, it offers no Valtin shivers. But there is something inherently more trustworthy about Koestler than there seems to be about Valtin.

Koestler is a Hungarian journalist. When the war broke out he was living in France, where he had been working at his trade for ten years. The nervous, already defeatist-Fascist temper of the French bureaucracy was responsible for the immediate internment of Koestler and hundreds of other aliens, most of them with Left pasts. He spent some time, not too unpleasantly, cooped up in the Roland-Garros tennis stadium. Then he was transferred to the torture hole of Le Vernet, near the Pyrenees, where two thousand men like him, wanting nothing better than to be allowed to fight the Nazis, with whom France was supposed to be at war, were tormented into disintegration, degeneracy, and suicide. Most of these men are still in Le Vernet, for one of the first things the senile Pétain did, doubtless with alacrity, when he took over was to deliver these helpless "guests" of his country into the hands of Himmler.

Despite the darkness of the tale Koestler tells, he brings to it grateful qualities of humor, sympathy, and even gentleness. His book reminded me, though it is inferior in artistry and depth of feeling, of that now forgotten masterpiece, Aladar Kuncz's "Black Monastery," an internment-camp story of the first World War and one of the most extraordinary books of its kind ever written.

A GROWING, extremely sensible interest in the history and fortunes of Australia may help to popularize Eleanor Dark's novel, "The Timeless Land," though on its literary merits it hardly gets more than a passing

"Europe had reached the stage where a man could be told without irony that he should be thankful to be shot, and not strangled, or beat to death."

In August 1939, Arthur Koestler was on the Riviera, engaged in writing his notable "Darkness at Noon."

Nine months later he was in a French concentration camp for "political suspect aliens," along with many thousands of war refugees of every shade of political ideology. The flotsam and jetsam, the human debris ahead of Hitler's wave of conquest, they had been swept successively from Austria, Czecko-Slovakia, the Baltic and Lowlands, never more than one step ahead of relentless pursuers, into France and into a final prison.

Koestler experienced, as one of them, the utter inhumanities, the insensate cruelties which drove thousands to suicide. He escaped finally through Marseilles to Africa, and thence to England, where he enlisted as a private.

In "Scum of the Earth" he describes—in so far as they may be described—the common experiences of political suspect refugee, alien and native. Despite his own scars, his narrative is almost detached and impersonal in its incisive analysis. The result is probably the clearest and most convincing account of "why France fell," of the inner rottenness, the spiritual inertia of the Third Republic in its last days.

SCUM of the EARTH

By Arthur Koestler

"A hundred years from now his book will still be a major document."
—*Book-of-Month Club News*

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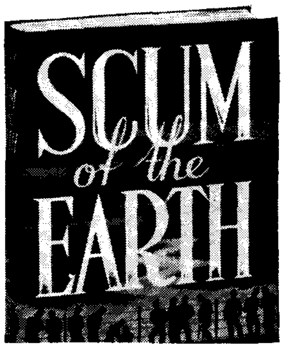
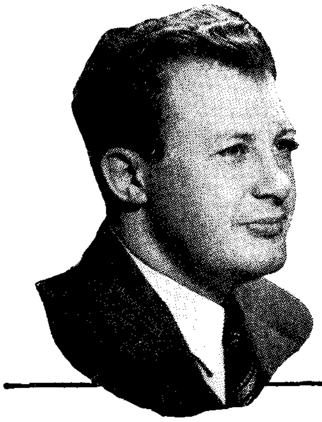




READING I'VE LIKED

EDITED BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

TREMENDOUS ADVANCE INTEREST For the last two months people (a large percentage of them undoubtedly *New Yorker* readers) have been asking booksellers when Clifton Fadiman's book would be ready. So many ordered it in advance that, although Reading I've Liked was published just this week, the first edition has been increased from 30,000 copies to 50,000.

HOW IS IT DIFFERENT? People who have heard that Clifton Fadiman was preparing an anthology of his favorite reading have naturally asked booksellers how this book differs from other anthologies. There are several answers:

Reading I've Liked is far more than just an anthology. Clifton Fadiman, book reviewer of *The New Yorker* and Master of Ceremonies of "Information, Please!" has contributed to it 60,000 words of his own original text. This includes his essay, "My Life is an Open Book," at the beginning of the volume. This is an autobiographical, witty and enormously readable section about writing and writers. And then, Mr. Fadiman has introduced his 51 selections with original essays — candidly personal commentaries that are often extended pieces of brilliant criticism.

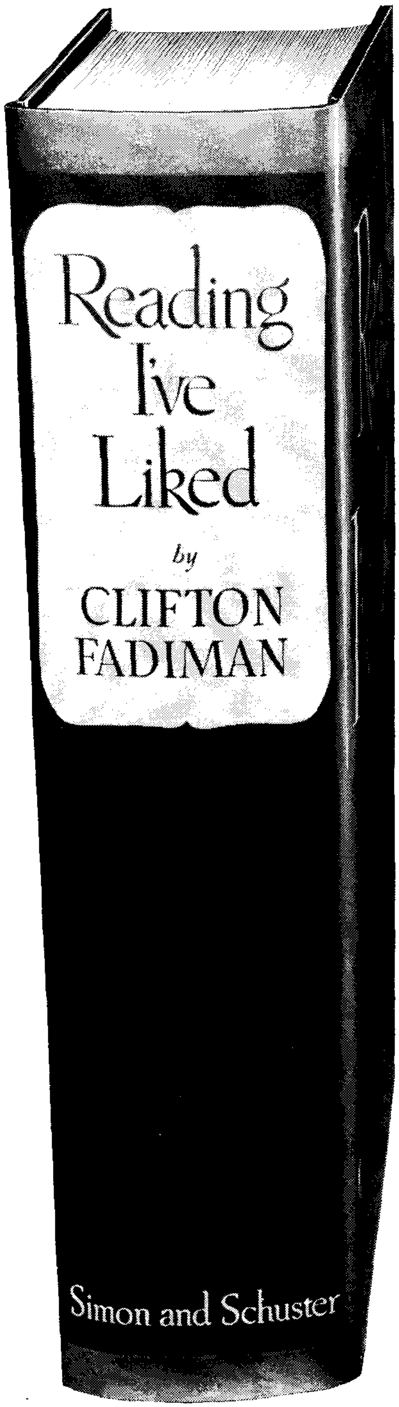
WHAT IT CONTAINS Reading I've Liked is thoroughly unconventional. The sole criterion of choice Clifton Fadiman has used throughout is his personal enthusiasm for each piece of writing. This makes for some strange literary bedfellows. In addition to Mr. Fadiman's text there is material by writers as famous as Thomas Mann and as neglected as Frank Moore Colby, as serious as George Santayana and as lunatic as S. J. Perelman, as cosmopolitan as Somerset Maugham and as homespun as Kin Hubbard, as old-fashioned as Sarah Orne Jewett and as contemporary as Ernest Hemingway.

There are some surprising things one would hardly expect to find in a collection of this sort. Mr. Fadiman has plucked the heart out of such works as Fowler's "Modern English Usage" and Peattie's "An Almanac for Moderns," and presented them to the reader. He has included the whole of James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times," a classic anecdote by Alexander Woollcott, a selection Mr. Fadiman calls "the best review I have ever read" and "the only successful piece of fiction ever written about an embryo."

A LIBRARY IN MINIATURE There are nearly 1,000 pages in Reading I've Liked, and nearly 400,000 words of text. Reading I've Liked is a true library in miniature, a treasure chest of excerpts from novels, autobiographies, short stories, complete novelettes, anecdotes, essays, literary criticism, humor, horror, fantasy, and satire.

And it is a treasure chest which yields greater riches the more it is rifled.

PUBLISHING DETAILS Reading I've Liked is published this week. It contains, as mentioned above, nearly 1,000 pages and nearly 400,000 words. The size is six inches by nine inches, bound in vellum-finish blue cloth and stamped in gold. The price is Three Dollars. It is published by Simon and Schuster, Rockefeller Center, New York City.



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SALLY BENSON
STARTED IT!

In a memorable article on Joseph Shearing she called particular attention to *The Strange Case of Lucile Cléry:* "A few years ago, when a book called 'All This, and Heaven Too,' by Rachel Field, was published, there was a threatening sound of off-stage noises made by a select group. Their complaint was that the story had been done before, and done superbly . . . by Joseph Shearing." The book is now reissued in the hope that it will reach the far larger audience it deserves.

THE STRANGE CASE OF
LUCILE CLĒRY
By Joseph Shearing
Author of "The Crime of Laura Sarelle"

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mark. In somewhat distended prose it tells the story of the settlement of Sydney Harbor in 1788 and the dreary, difficult early years of pioneer effort. Mrs. Dark devotes most of her attention to the obviously dramatic contrast between the English settlers (most of them convicts) and the innocent savagery of the black indigenes, who had first to be understood and then dominated. The author has gone to great pains to fashion a complex, full-length narrative whose details are carefully based on the existing records, but I still cling to my old-fashioned notion that the reader (at the risk of a little boredom, of course) can always learn more about any part of the past from one or two good histories—plus, in this case, some reading in primitive anthropology.

ONE hardly knows what to say of Maurice Hindus' fervent "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia." At this writing it appears one of the most ill-timed books in the annals of publishing, but perhaps in a year or two, or ten, it may seem a miracle of accurate prophecy. At any rate, one cannot doubt that Mr. Hindus knows the Russian land and the Russian people, and it is upon this knowledge that he bases his confidence. His argument is the familiar one: Hitler may take all the cities and disrupt the army, but in the end he will be defeated by the fanatical will to conquer-or-die of the ordinary Russian peasant, man or woman, who intends to carry on guerrilla warfare for years if need be. Mr. Hindus, of course, unlike the newspaper pundits, is writing not off the top of his head but out of intimate acquaintance with his subject. He may prove wrong, but his arguments are closely woven and not too obviously vitiated by wishful thinking. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JACOB, by Irving Fineman. Undaunted by the fact that Thomas Mann has already covered large areas of the story, Mr. Fineman lets Jacob, in the first person, tell the boy Joseph about his own boyhood, young manhood, marriage, and so on up to the death of Rachel. Mr. Fineman is a skillful novelist who can write with dignity and passion. He quotes long passages from the King James Bible that sound magnificent, and he has established a relationship between Jacob's story and the story of every man, yet he is obviously laboring under enormous handicaps: first, the

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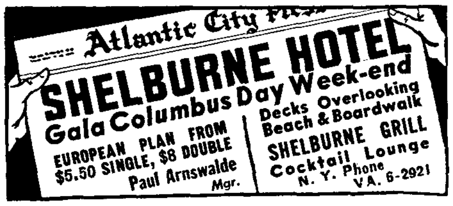

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Bible itself; second, Thomas Mann. Worth reading anyway.

Barometer Rising, by Hugh MacLennan. In December, 1917, a French freighter loaded with trinitrotoluol and picric acid blew up in Halifax harbor. The resulting catastrophe was, to put it mildly, epic. Mr. MacLennan describes very ably the death and destruction that shook the city, and around it all he has woven a plot: young soldier unjustly accused of cowardice, bad-tempered father who demands a court-martial, pretty girl who designs ships, and so forth. The novel is just average; the explosion is first-rate and not to be missed.

Women and Peter, by Elissa Landi. A fluent tale of theatrical life, about a young playwright and his involvements with several women, two of them mother and daughter. The sections dealing with the theatre are, as one might expect, authentic, and are handled with an agreeable lack of grease-paint romanticism.

Fling Out the Banner, by R. H. Newman. A year at a young gentlemen's boarding school. One boy has girl trouble, another has lost his religious faith, a new master is discovered to be homosexual. Mr. Newman tells all cleverly and seriously, with a decent respect for adolescent twinges and in good colloquial dialogue.

Salt of the Earth, by Joseph Wittlin, translated by Pauline De Chary. The first of three novels which are to constitute "an epic of the Unknown Soldier." This book covers the initial six weeks of the first World War. Mr. Wittlin is well known in his native Poland, and this novel has already been translated into nine languages. In English, in spite of its patent sincerity and high purpose, it is heavy going.

GENERAL

The Man on My Back, by Eric Linklater. Autobiography of a peripatetic British novelist who grew up in the Orkney Islands (he is now helping to guard them), fought with the Black Watch in 1918, and travelled much of the world. A fine, rich book, full of humor and good humor, sharp character study, and brilliant scene-painting. The author's account of his development as a novelist doesn't go very deep, however. The man on his back is evidently the profession of writing.

Brazil, by Stefan Zweig, translated by Andrew St. James. A man who regards Brazil as the "land of the

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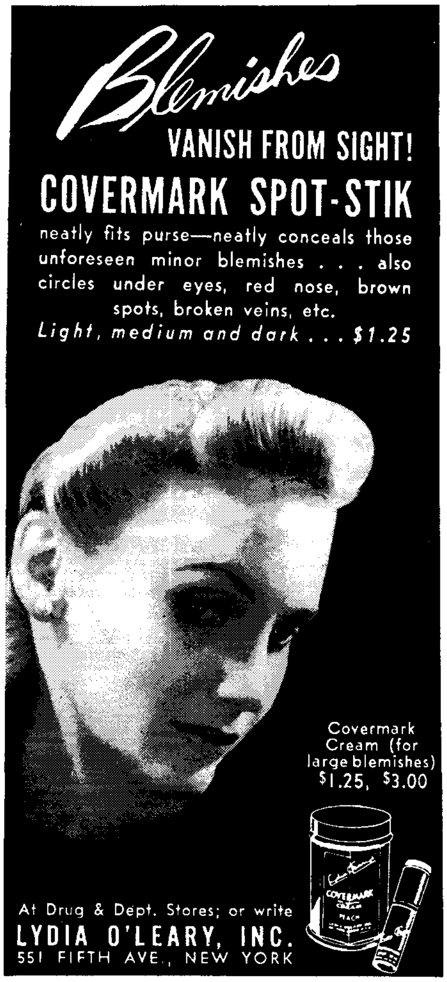
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future" gives us an intelligent summary of its history, economy, culture, prospects, etc., including what will probably be considered the classic dissertation on modern Rio de Janeiro. Superior writing, despite a tendency toward rhapsody. The translation is middling. End-leaf maps.

Tally-Ho!, by Arthur Gerald Donahue. Autobiographical story of a young Minnesota airplane pilot who was the first American to fight with the R.A.F. Shot down in one of the Nazi mass raids last year, he later took part in the first big British attack on Occupied France. The details are familiar by now, of course, but the book is noteworthy for its plain, emotional honesty. Photographs.

Reading I've Liked, edited, with an introduction and commentaries, by Clifton Fadiman. Nine hundred pages of miscellaneous reading matter your book-reviewer has enjoyed reading and rereading in the course of his professional labors.

Peter Arno's Cartoon Revue. A selection from this cartoonist's work in *The New Yorker* during the last five years, embellished with a courteous introduction by W. Somerset Maugham and even with a handsome photograph of the artist himself.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Small Town Murder, by Beatrice Jefferson. There is plenty of excitement in Concord, South Carolina, when Lee Fowler, the town's favorite doctor, is shot to death. Emma Ingram, one of his neighbors, takes up the scent and arrives at the solution. Pleasant local color and a nice plot in this first mystery.

Murder à la Mode, by Eleanore Kelly Sellars. A Red Badge Prize Mystery which explains how department-store executives and their wives get murdered. A lady copywriter tells the story in her own words, which are copywriters' words. Full of synthetic smartness, but may please ladies who hope a department store is more than just a place to buy nylons.

•

A80AX (CO DT AP)
KAU
PRESCOTT, ARK., SEPT. 8—(AP)—THE PRIZE CLAIM FOR DAMAGE DURING THE SECOND ARMY MANEUVERS HERE CAME FROM A FARMER.
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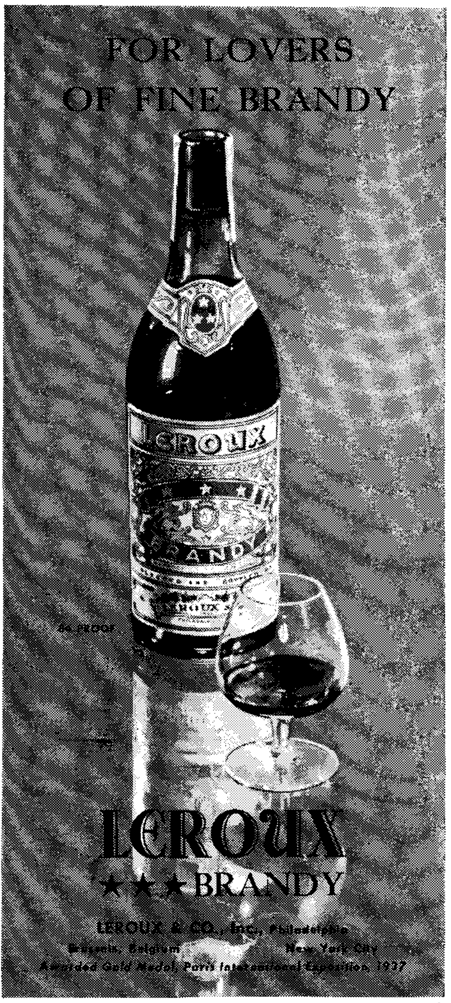
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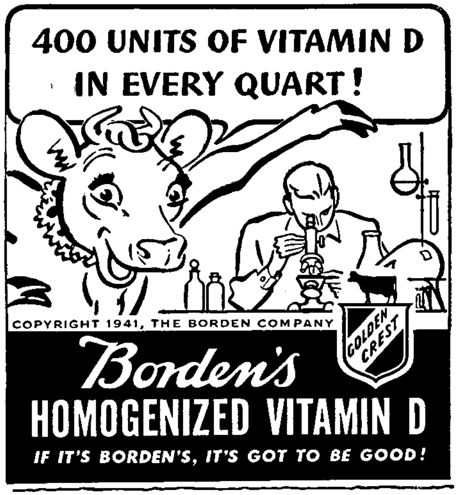
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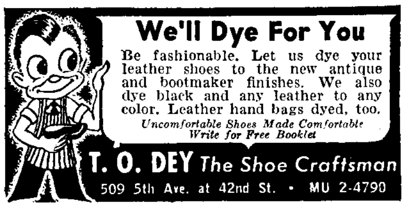
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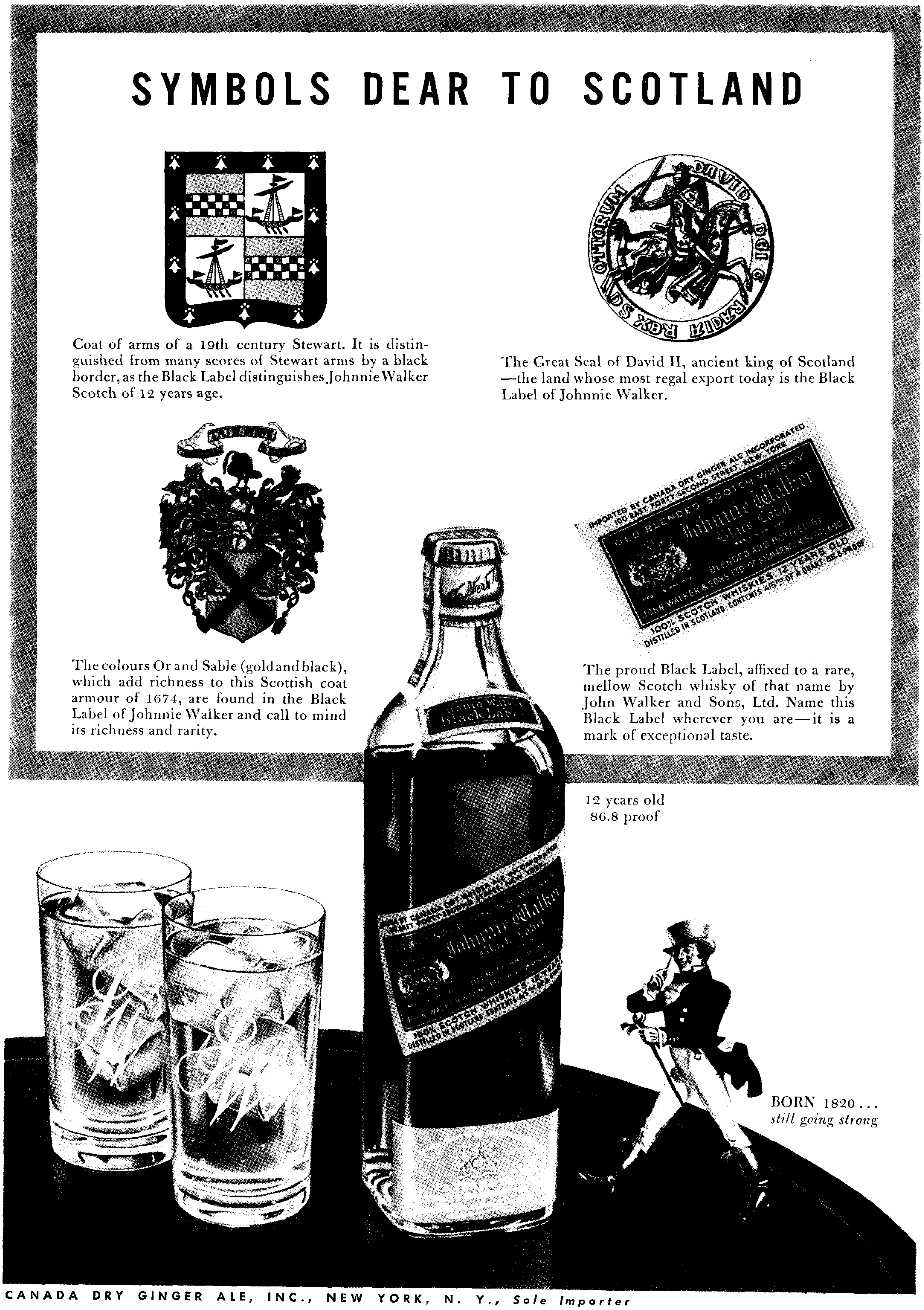
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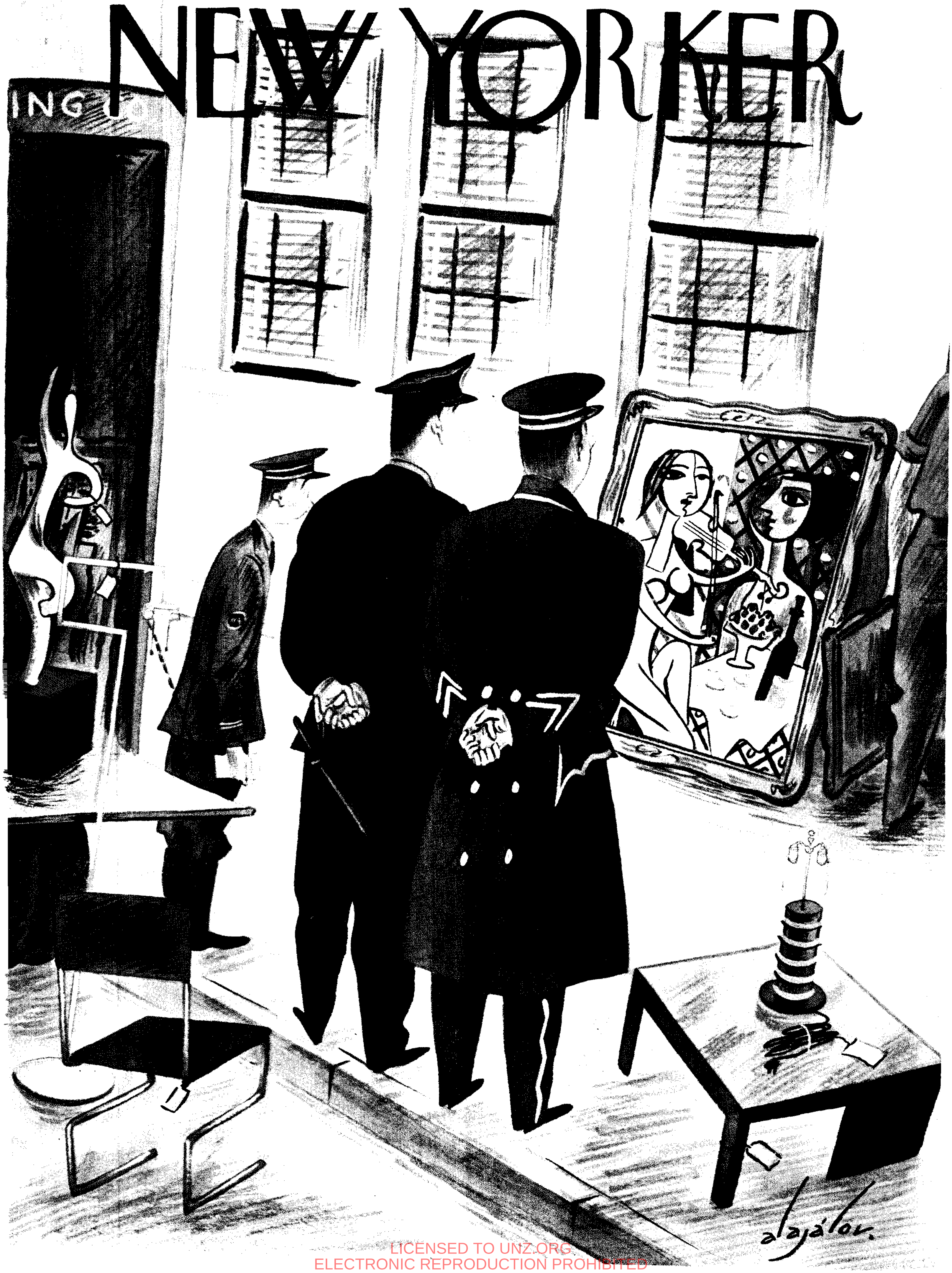
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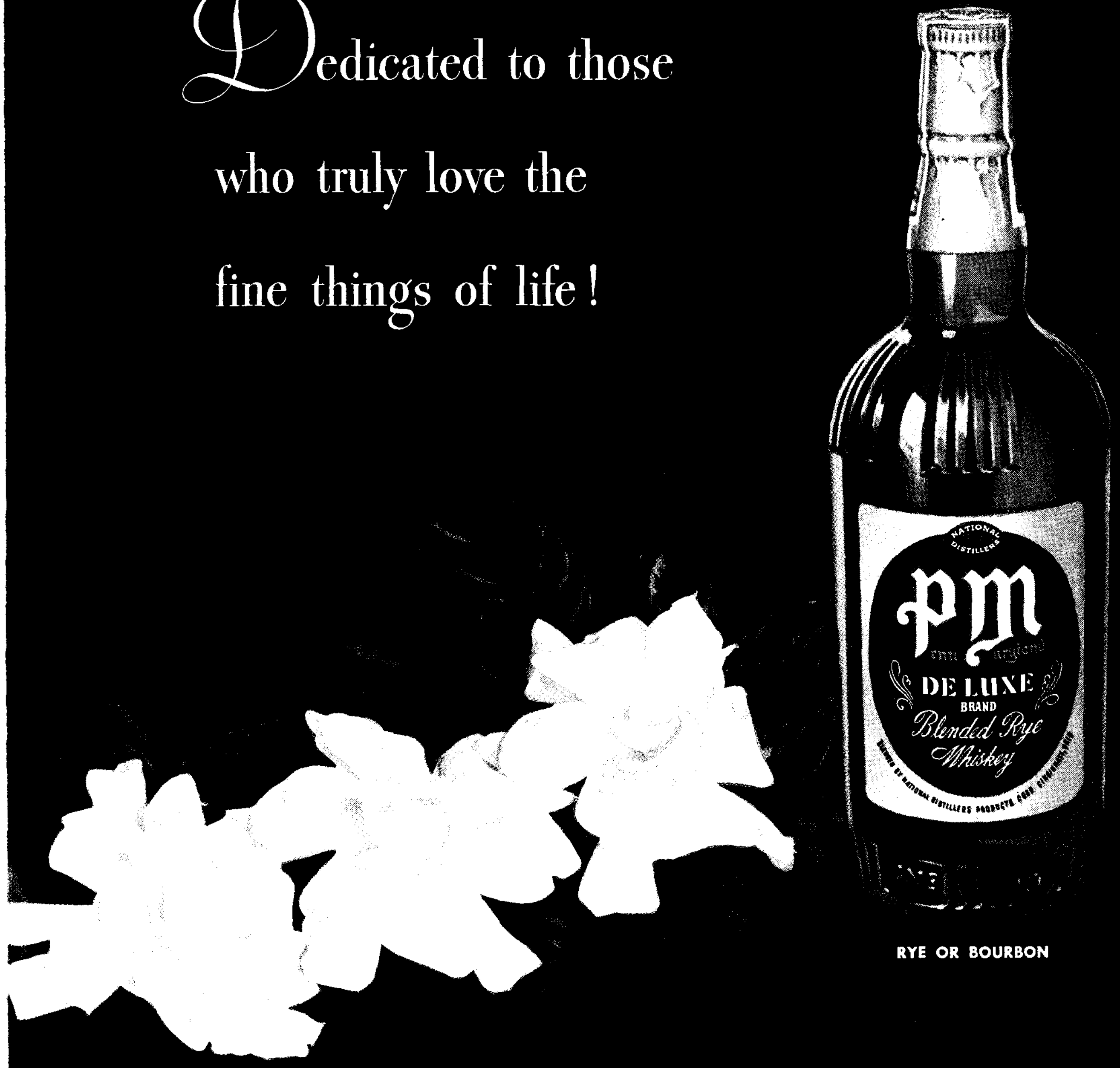
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just be their ramshackle old house. A little story, about people far away, but dark and terrible in its lesson for us all.

Incredible

LAST Friday a bottleneck developed in one of the local factories giving their all for defense, and the first thing the boss did was get out the telephone Red Book and begin calling up other plants in his line of business to see if any of them were in a position to accept a subcontract. The first place he called must have been a very small, or a very modest, one. When the manufacturer had explained the size of the contract he wished to place, the man at the other end gasped, swallowed, and finally piped, "Are you calling *us?*"

S-s-s-s-s!

OUR last peaceable encounter with the people of Japan came, as it happened, the day before the bombers flew over Honolulu. We called at the Japanese Consulate, in Radio City, and found four moody-looking Japs seated at desks in the outer office, reading the morning papers and hissing through their teeth. We observed things for a while from a bench. From time to time, one or more of the Japs would rise to attend to a visitor with a consular problem. Invariably, the visitor was a solid, middle-aged Jap applying for a visa back to Japan. We finally introduced ourself to one of the attachés, and he said that about a hundred applications had come in during the week and he expected several hundred more in the next few days. It's an absolute cinch he didn't know what was going to happen next day. One of the senior attachés, an elderly Japanese with a scraggly beard, who had been reading the *Times'* editorial page, suddenly stuffed it into his wastebasket and retired to a private office, in high Japanese dudgeon; before he left the outer office, however, he bowed to his colleagues, and they bowed back. An Occidental young lady showed up, identified herself as a student at Teachers College, and requested information about the principal rivers of Japan and their tributaries. "Also the major volcanoes," she said. She was

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when he finally turı
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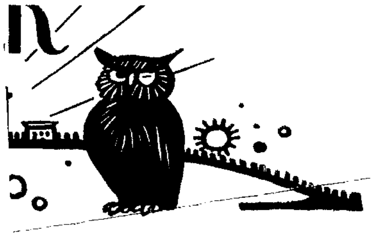
hands, contained th
unminced accusatioı
campus politics dictates the select
the girls in the Daisy Chain.

Athlete and Aesthete

THE Miró-Dali show at the
seum of Modern Art affoı
an opportunity to remark that in
the most cultivated circles one
persons to whom the truth is a de:
ter. For years, painters, collector



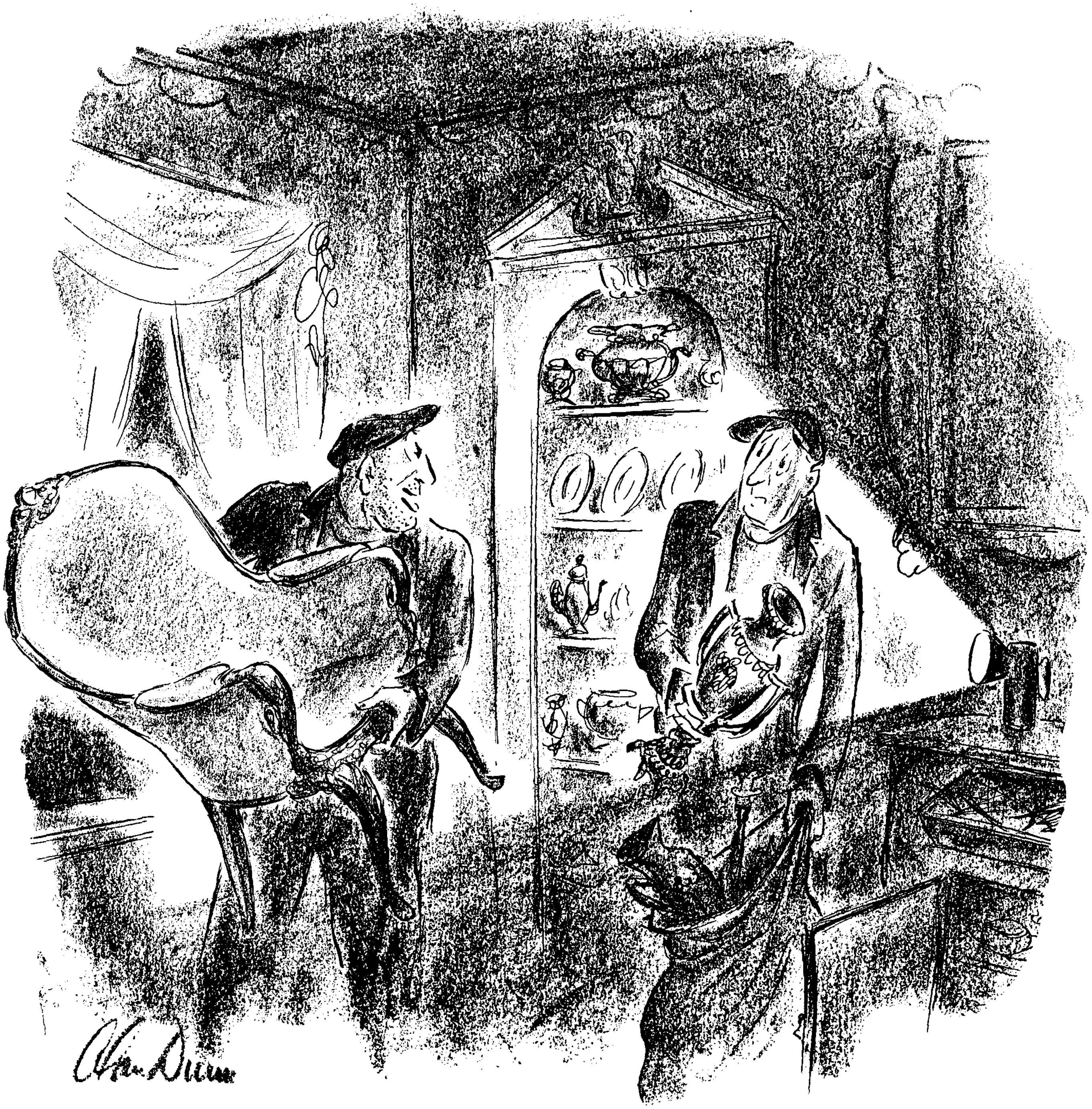
TOWN

PLUCKING through one of the Sunday book sections during the last few hours of peace, we innocently noted that of the ten best-selling works of fiction, seven were written by women, two of them named Mary, and that Gypsy Rose Lee seems to be nosing out Olive Higgins Prouty. Of the ten best-selling books in the non-fiction field, nine were written or edited by males, the most alluring first names among these being Bellamy and Deems.

Literarily, it looks like a nasty, drafty winter ahead. On the publishers' lists are "Storm" by George Stewart and "A Leaf in the Storm" by Lin Yutang, "Windswept" by Mary Ellen Chase and "The Winds of God" by Irving Bacheller, "Blow High, Blow Low" by Edward A. Wilson and "Wild Is the River" by Louis Bromfield, "The Days Grow Cold" by Barbara Tunnell Anderson and "The Three Sneezes" by Roger Duvoisin. However, there is "Don't Be Afraid!" by Edward Spencer Cowles, M.D.

This concludes our book-and-author notes for the duration.

PERHAPS you might like a little fable we've just run across about a California family who wished to sell their house and get another. Looking through the want ads, they found what sounded like a perfect place to move into, phoned the real-estate agent, and discovered that it was their own home. We think that this is just about the final word on the American dream. The gradually ncreasing frustration and the slow crust growing over domestic pride—the water pipes that greeted each morning with a thin, rusty trickle, the furnace that ate its weight in coal and gave no heat, the rude and disreputable neighbors, the sagging floors, the immovable windows, and the weedy lawn. Then suddenly the glorious vision of a flawless home in a quiet neighborhood, its lawn like the flat green top of a pool table, its internal machinery running silent and smooth. And then at last the bitter realization that this lovely dream of a house was just their ramshackle old house and the



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THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy which turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Jo Ann Sayers, Shirley Booth, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Village Green—Frank Craven in a clean and rather aimless little piece about a New Hampshire politician who gets mixed up with modern art. John Craven, Matt Briggs, Perry Wilson, and Laura Pierpont represent some of the local types. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:50. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's conception of the behavior of a typical cockney family under the bombs. You may not believe a word of it, but you will certainly admire the performances given by Edmund Gwenn, Heather Angel, and all the rest. The sound effects, actually recorded in London, are remarkable. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

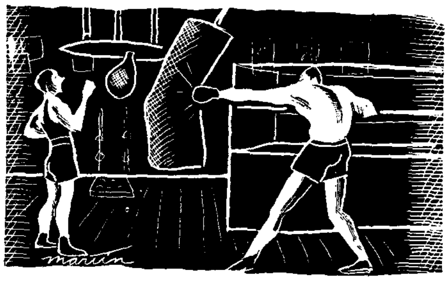
The Distant City—Gladys George in a play by Edwin B. Self, produced by John Tuerk. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now going into its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton in the original Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

Pal Joey—The most intelligent of the past season's musicals is now apparently on its last legs. The cast has undergone many replacements, none for the better. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mr. Big—A comedy by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, with Fay Wray, Hume Cronyn, and Betty Furness. Staged and produced by George S. Kaufman. Opens Tues., Sept. 30. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Best Foot Forward—Rosemary Lane in a musical comedy by John Cecil Holm, Hugh Martin, and Ralph Blane. Produced by George Abbott. Opens Wed., Oct. 1. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Ah, Wilderness!—The O'Neill play brought back as the first production in the Theatre Guild's revival series, with Harry Carey heading the cast. Staged by Eva Le Gallienne. Opens Thurs., Oct. 2. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

BALLET

Jooss Ballet—This group, making its first appearance here in several years, is presenting "A Spring Tale" and "The Prodigal Son," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 25-27, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 28; "The Green Table," "The Heroes," "The Big City," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, and Sun. Eve., Sept. 28; "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "Ballade," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Tues. through Thurs. Eves., Sept. 30-Oct. 2, and Sat. Eve., Oct. 4; "Chronica," "The Big City," "Pavane," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Fri. Eve., Oct. 3, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 4. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, where Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Off to another season, and pretty much the same as it's always been. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This was opened as a summer hideout, but now Felix Ferry is planning to keep it going all winter. John Kirby's orchestra will stay on.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has just reopened, with Jean Sablon, Gower and Jeanne, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—José Fernandez heads the show way up there in the clouds and Ozzie Caswell's orchestra plays for customers who feel like dancing. A rumba band helps out.... Russ Smith's orchestra is in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band provide the music on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor. Closes Sat., Oct. 4.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt is in the gay Café Lounge, getting off those satirical sketches of his. Music by Howard Lally's orchestra.

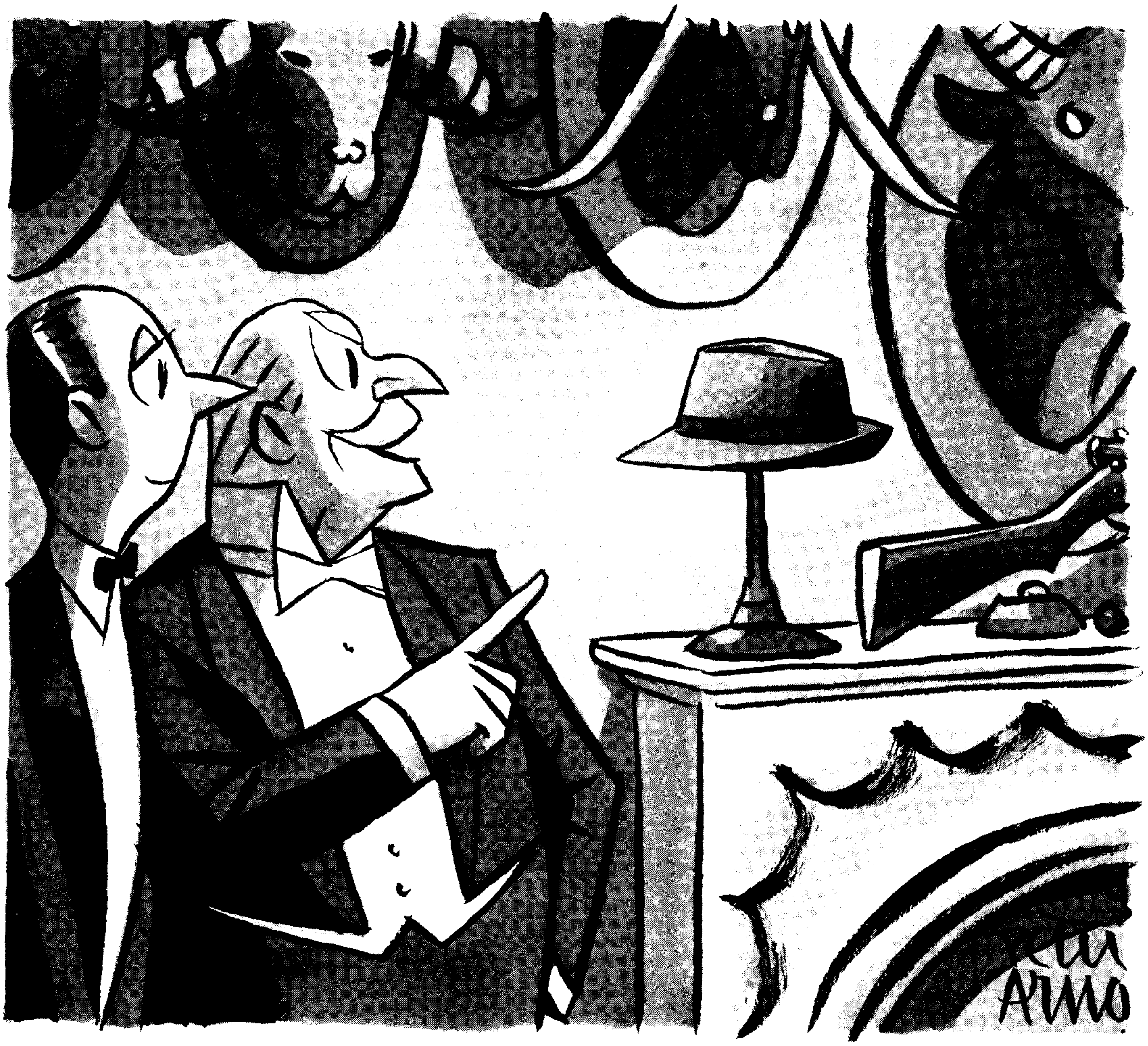
Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and songs by Kitty Carlisle.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra will play for dancing on the Starlight Roof until it closes on Thurs., Oct. 2. The Wedgwood Room, formerly the Empire Room, will open the following night, with Eddy Duchin's orchestra.

Miscellaneous—At **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): this quiet little supper club reopened recently with Carrie Finnell, once of burlesque, heading the entertainment. No dancing.... **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): all redecorated for the season, and with a show headed by Joe Frisco and Adelaide Moffett; music by Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band.... **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time; Joseph C. Smith's orchestra.... **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, heads the list of entertainers.... **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such expert Negro specialists as Hazel Scott and Count Basie's band.... **penthouse club**, 30 Central

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVII, No. 33, September 27, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $5.00; Pan-America and Spain, $5.50; Canada, $6.00; Other Foreign, $7.00.



"I bagged that Stetson during the lunch-hour rush in The Waldorf-Astoria Men's Bar!"

AFTER you've worn a Stetson "Vita-Felt" for a while, you feel a little different about hats. Maybe the "Vita-Felt" *is* just a hat... but it's so lively, the felt is so springy and soft, the shape is so becoming, the quality is so evident...by George, you get sort of attached to it. And then you think how it's made by American workmen, at American hours and American wages...And is there anything wrong about that?...and if there is, do you want to make anything out of it?

STETSON VITA-FELT

TEN DOLLARS

STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra will be replaced by Art Jarrett's on Fri., Sept. 26. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Art Barker's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but likable. No dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you may find the Calypso singers diverting. Closed Mon. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of spot. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with accomplished Negro entertainment, which includes Helena Horne, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown one, with a reputation for swing currently being upheld by Joe Marsala's band. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his quartet. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no crystal chandeliers, but there's Art Tatum and Red Allen's band.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): the show includes Harry Richman and Phil Baker, and the music is by Pancho's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Claude Thornhill's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Charlie Murray's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Benny Goodman's orchestra. Closed Mon.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some agreeable objectives for weekend wanderers (dancing only when indicated)—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . STONY BROOK, L.I.: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 1749); and Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 978). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . LIME ROCK, CONN.: Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899). . . . SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.: Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898). . . . SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

ART

AMERICANS—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: solid talent, mainly youthful, in a show of paintings and sculptures by artists now serving in the Army and Navy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 30. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: a show of paintings and sculptures, mixed in style as well as appeal, mostly by foreign-born Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 6.

BAER—Fluent oils and gouaches of Mexico, very lively and colorful: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 30.

DAVIES—Water colors of Italian scenes, for the most part, rather thin but attractive: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27.

EUROPEANS—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding the greater part of the interest. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Braque, Lehmbruck, Maillol, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27.

FOLK ART—Remarkably spirited eighteenth- and nineteenth-century weather vanes, plus other early Americana: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 1.

GROUPS—At the A.C.A., 26 W. 8: paintings by contemporary women artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: oils and water colors by Doris Rosenthal, Isabel Bishop, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of two hundred contemporary American water colors, selected by the Section of Fine Arts of the Treasury Department, and including a few really excellent pieces. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 2.

HERE AND THERE—At the RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings, sculptures, and prints by members of the New York Society of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 28. . . . ARGENT, 42 W. 57: paintings by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: water colors and drawings by this gallery's group and a collection of drawings by Augustus John. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Final games of the regular season—YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., Sept. 26, at 1:30 (doubleheader), Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 28, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun. Afts., Sept. 27-28, at 2:30.

World Series games will start at the Yankee Stadium on Wed. Aft., Oct. 1, at 1:30.

BOXING—Polo Grounds: Joe Louis vs. Lou Nova, for the heavyweight title, 15 rounds, Mon., Sept. 29; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M. (The championship fight will be broadcast over WOR.)

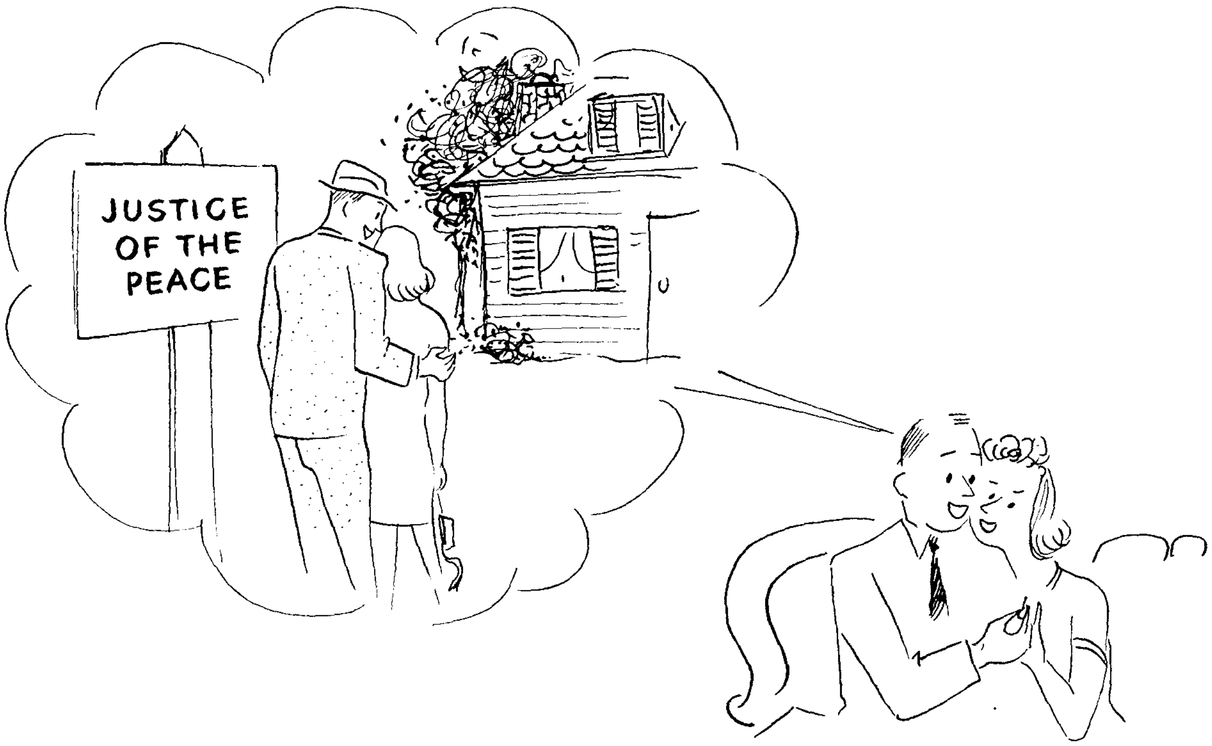
DOG SHOWS—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sat., Sept. 27, at 10 A.M. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, Sun., Sept. 28, at 10 A.M.

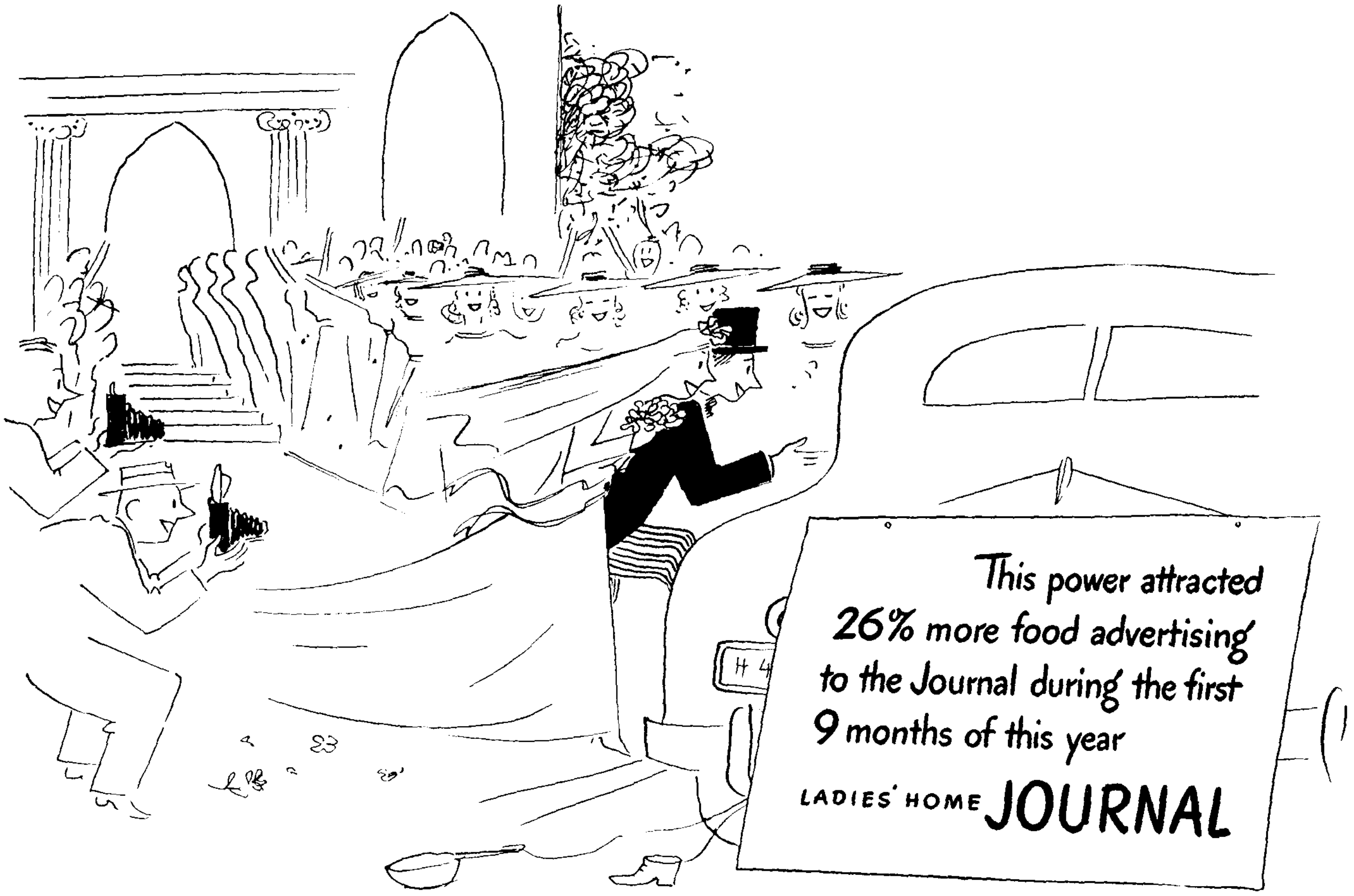
FOOTBALL—On SAT. AFT., SEPT. 27: N.Y.U. vs. Penn. Military College, Ohio Field, at 2; Manhattan vs. St. Bonaventure, Randalls Island, at 2:30.

SAT. AFT., OCT. 4: Columbia vs. Brown, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. Southern Methodist, Polo Grounds, at 2; Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Williams, Princeton, at 2:30.

GOLF—New Jersey Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, daily through Sat., Sept. 27, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament,

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





This power attracted 26% more food advertising to the Journal during the first 9 months of this year

LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL**

THE LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD—CURRENTLY 3,800,000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 26-28, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 26-28, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4-5, at 10 A.M.

Horse Shows—North Shore, Stony Brook, Thurs., Sept. 25, at 9 A.M.; Fri., Sept. 26, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 27, at 2 and 8 P.M. . . . Montclair, West Orange, Fri., Sept. 26, at 1:30 P.M. and Sat., Sept. 27, at 9 A.M. . . . Brookville Charity Show, Brookville, L.I., Sun., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M. . . . Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 2 and 4, at 9 A.M., and Fri., Oct. 3, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Rock Spring, West Orange, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 4-5, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Races—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sat., Sept. 27, at 11:30 A.M. . . . Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club, Jenkintown, Pa., Sat., Oct. 4, at 2:30 P.M.

Polo—Monty Waterbury Cup Tournament, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: Sun., Sept. 28, at 3 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4. (The Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 27; the Ladies' Handicap, Sept. 30; the Champagne Stakes and the New York Handicap, Oct. 4.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 27, at 1:45 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

National Defence Exposition—A comprehensive show of Army and Navy tanks, mosquito boats, dive-bombers, anti-aircraft devices, etc., as well as civilian air-raid defence equipment, planned as a benefit for the U.S.O. and the Office of Civilian Defence: Grand Central Palace. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; through Oct. 18.

Photographic Exhibitions—About forty prints by David Octavius Hill, showing some of the earliest work of this nineteenth-century master: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . A hundred and fifty or so pictures by some of the leading photographers of the country, assembled by the British War Relief Society and the Manhattan Camera Club: 6 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 9 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 30.

Historical Documents—An exhibition of original correspondence and other papers relating to the development of the American Navy from 1775 to 1900, including the first orders to the United States Fleet: Rosenbach Company, 15 E. 51. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Benefits—R.A.F. Military Ball and block party, for the British American Ambulance Corps: Roxy Theatre, 7 Ave. at 50, Fri. Eve., Sept. 26, at about midnight. For tickets, call MU 3-4383. . . . Waldorf-Astoria Tenth Anniversary Ball, for the U.S.O.: Waldorf-Astoria, Wed. Eve., Oct. 1, at 10. . . . Dinner for the Americas, a benefit for Bundles for Britain: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 2, at 8.

Police Show—The Police Department's annual dramatization of its daily life: Madison Square Garden. Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 25-27, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and English furniture, Tiffany and Lalique glass, Wedgwood ware, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs, owned by Mrs. Ethel G. Douglas, Mrs. H. C. Lytton, and Frederick Housman: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 26-27, at 2. . . . English and French furniture, and tapestries and decorations, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John Walter Cross, Mrs. Lawrence Eyre, Mrs. Harold S. Munroe, and others: Fri. Aft., Oct. 3, at 2. . . . Early American furniture and hooked rugs, from the estate of the late Wallace Nutting: Sat. Aft., Oct. 4, at 2.

Note—The Aquarium at the Battery will close for good on Wed., Oct. 1, after which the fish and penguins there will be moved to the Bronx Zoo.

MOTION PICTURES

The Big Store—The Marx Brothers again, and as young as ever. See Harpo on roller skates, let loose in the toy department. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Sept. 29. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 1-4.)

Citizen Kane—A startling, truly remarkable, and original film about a millionaire and his magnificence. Produced and directed by Orson Welles, who also plays the title rôle. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Wed., Oct. 1.)

Dive Bomber—First-rate flying scenes and interesting sidelights on the education of young pilots. With Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Wed., Oct. 1.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—A disappointing, pretentious, and not very horrifying retelling of the story. With Spencer Tracy, and much helped by Ingrid Bergman. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Fantasia—The Disney film, which is standing up better than a lot of music-lovers thought it would. The one with Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and people like that in it. Also with Mickey Mouse. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Girl in the News—A British murder-and-mystery picture that is being a comfort to many. Directed by Carol Reed of "Night Train," and featuring Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Sept. 25.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—Robert Montgomery, who isn't afraid of experiment, rings the bell with this one about a deceased prizefighter with a lot of mundane worries. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Sept. 29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 26-28.)

KuKan—The bombing of Chungking and life on the Burma Road as Rey Scott happened upon them in his travels. Colorful, extensive, and dramatic. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Oct. 1.)

Pépé le Moko—The French picture, with Jean Gabin, from which came our "Algiers." A little worn and faded around the edges, but still effective. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Wed., Oct. 1.)

Sergeant York—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on the diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Shepherd of the Hills—A corny but entertaining Technicolor version of the Harold Bell Wright novel, with a top-notch cast including Betty Field, Harry Carey, James Barton, and Marjorie Main. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 27. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 27-29. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Tues., Sept. 30.)

They Met in Bombay—Somewhat minor dramatics having to do with smart jewel thieves in the Far East and their tricks. Arranged especially for the admirers of Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 1-2.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry—Miss Ginger Rogers and escorts, among them George Murphy and Burgess Meredith, in an airy, nice little item which has a witty turn or two. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Sept. 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 27-30.)

Unfinished Business—Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery very much at ease throughout a lot of nonsense that at times is quite funny indeed. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

Angels Over Broadway (1940)—Ben Hecht's film of low-life high jinks. Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Art, 3 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 26-27.)

Arise, My Love (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 25.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 25.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Very French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 27-30.)

Escape (1940)—The Ethel Vance story of flight from the Nazis. Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 1-3.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 1-4.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 1-3.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 27-30.)

Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 26-27.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 26.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 26.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 1-3.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 1-2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS., SEPT. 25:** "The Salvation Hunters" (1925). **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 26-27:** "Variety" (1925), with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti. **SUN. AND MON., SEPT. 28-29:** "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett. **TUES. AND WED., SEPT. 30-OCT. 1:** "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang. **THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 2-3:** "Moana" (1926), a Robert Flaherty documentary film. **SAT., OCT. 4:** "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks.

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE
NEW YORKER

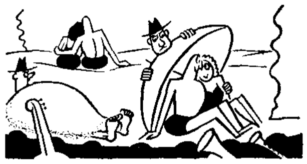
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

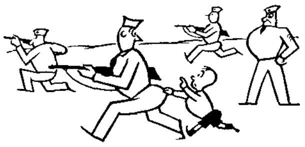
WE suspect that politics entered into a new period of vigor with Robert Moses' endorsement of Mayor LaGuardia for the Republican primaries. The Little Flower, Moses said, has no political manners; he is ungrateful, frivolous, and contemptuous of his party; he is used by the New Dealers and is always running down to Washington, where he gets only "husks and leavings;" he takes up space at fires that might better be occupied by a hook and ladder; and, generally speaking, he is a comic character all around. Nevertheless, Moses added, he is my candidate and I want every Republican to go to the polls and vote for him. We admire this amiable tirade because it introduces a note that has been absent from politics for a long time, a note of honest, nonpartisan malice that rejects the easy doctrine that all the sheep are on our team and all the goats among the opposition. Some of our boys are pretty terrible, it says in effect, but just look at their opponents! In an obituary of Jim Carney, a hero of boxing's bare-knuckle days who died a few weeks ago, we ran into a criticism of modern boxers that is our definitive comment on most modern politicians. "They're not villainous enough," Carney once said. "They haven't the jaws and ears for it."

IF we were trying to tell someone how to write the book of a musical comedy (an idea that never entered our head before the Federal Bureau of Investigation put it there a week or two ago), we suppose it might just as well start off like this: There is this little blonde from Ohio who wants to be an opera singer, and she shares an apartment with a tall, beautiful model in a building where they run across some clean-cut but interesting young men engaged in a romantic and even hazardous line of work. G-men, for instance, would be O.K. Well, there they all are, living in the Beaux Arts Apartments, keeping their chins up, throwing parties, going to beaches, and all that sort of stuff. Everything, in fact, is much too easy, so obviously you have to trot out your menace—a female spy would probably be about as good as anything. You could make her a night-club singer, and then you could spot a couple of hot numbers for her. These other two girls know her, only for some reason *they* think she's just a singing lawyer from the University of Michigan. She doesn't fool the Department of Justice long, though, and when she runs off to Saratoga Springs, they track her down and arrest her. Next thing you know, a bunch of very tough G-men from the home office are up snooping around East Forty-fourth Street, only to find that all the young G-men from the Beaux Arts are off with the girls at Jones Beach, talking shop.

Now, this next part may be a bit complicated, what with the F.B.I. investigating the F.B.I. as well as the girls and the girls' girl friends, but the thing's got suspense, and you ought to be able to make something fine out of that scene where the investigator throws some very dirty insinuations at the model and she comes right back and says, "I won't even pose in lingerie." You end the first act with everybody in an awful fix, of course—the lady spy is in the cooler, the boys have been drummed out of the F.B.I., and the girls have taken their leave of the Beaux Arts and its tender memories forever. The model has the curtain line. "I had so many ideas about glamour when I came to New York!" she says. "The F.B.I. was glamorous, modelling was glamorous, and now nothing, *nothing* is glamorous." That's your first act. The rest ought to be a cinch.



WHAT pleased us most about the story of five-year-old Johnny Schierenbeck, who ran away from home fifteen times to be with the soldiers at a Brooklyn Army base, were the accounts of what he did there. Johnny spent most of his time, the soldiers agreed, grabbing anyone he could catch and bothering him with questions about the treatment, the food served, and all the strange minutiae of Army life. We read that statement over three times before we could recall what it reminded us of. It is a perfect description of the behavior of a congressman we could name, one considerably older than Johnny and theoretically possessed of more sense, who spends all his spare moments snooping around the Army camps in the line of public duty, making even more of a nuisance of himself and probably learning less of value. Even Johnny's final comment on the Army was completely in character. "I want to help my country," he said. "Also, I want a nice uniform and an Army hat."



SERIOUS crime, according to a nasty little survey called "Uniform Crime Reports for the United States and Its Possessions," is on the increase, with murder, rape, manslaughter, and assault on their way up. For all we know, this may be true, but our own impression, gathered from a casual reading of the papers, is that it is just getting more whimsical. One man was arrested for swallowing his policy slips in gelatin capsules while the police charged down on him, another for swallowing a friend's hundred-dollar bill as part of a barroom trick and humorously refusing to disgorge it. In Harlem, an imaginative citizen was caught selling catnip cigarettes as marijuana, and another visionary was picked up on the East River Drive for stealing pigeons and selling them to Chinese, for purposes not noted. An unidentified comic sent the members of a lower East Side firehouse out on a false alarm and stole their badges while they were gone. Two bandits in Virginia held up a man and escaped on a ten-ton steam roller they found lying around; a commuter, not apprehended as yet, stole a twenty-six-passenger bus in Jersey City and drove it to Newark, where he parked it and skipped; and another Jersey character, wearing only trousers, stole a New York City flushing truck and drove it to Hartford, stopping over in White Plains just long enough to flush the streets. We don't know for sure whether things like these are due to the heat, the war tension, or a general laxness and lowering of standards owing to our high state of civilization, but we incline to the last theory. The thing which finally sold us was the news that L. C. Barrow, the sole survivor of the notorious Barrow gang that terrorized the Southwest during the last decade, is currently being hunted by Missouri police on a charge of stealing a dozen tins of caviar from a grocery store.

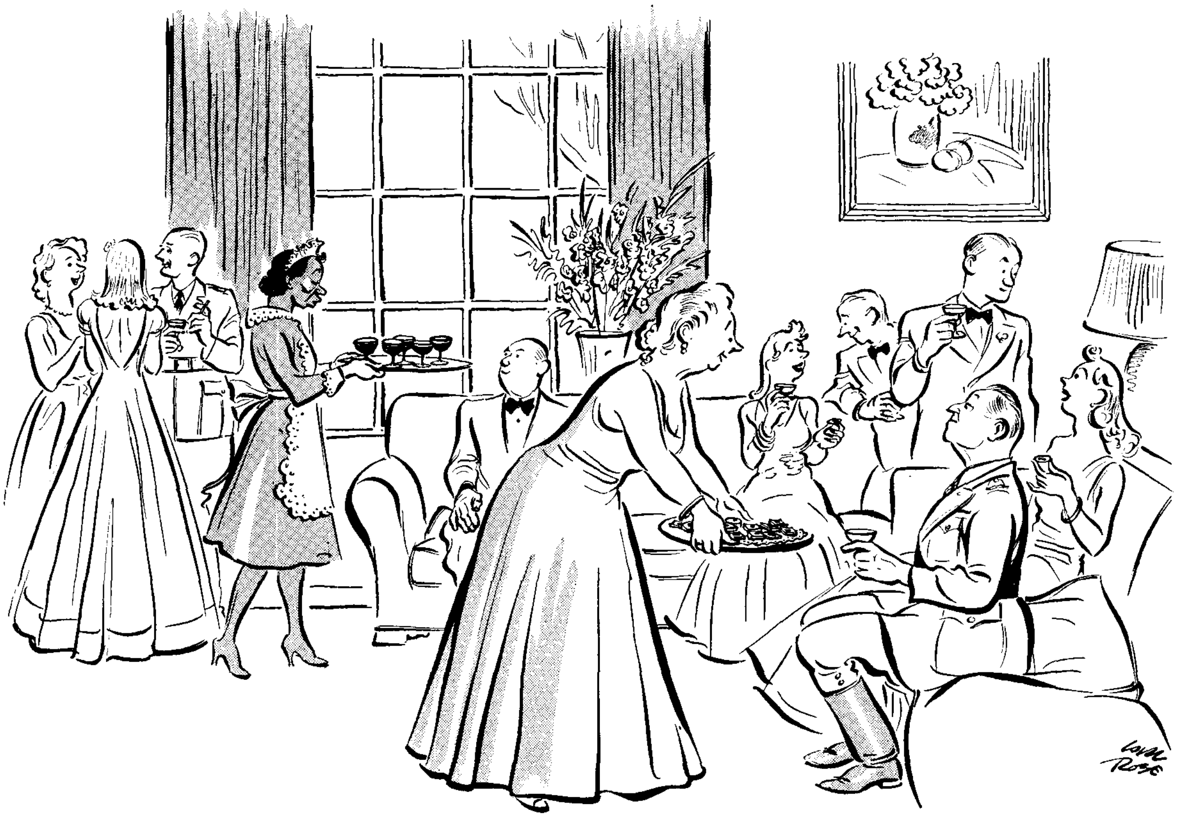
Fertility

HERE'S another of those things that made us laugh, even though it was perfectly sound, grammatically and logically. One of the big moments in a fashion show, you know, is the appearance of the mannequin dressed in the latest style for brides. Well, at a big opening held last week, an elegant lady who was commenting on the fine points of the new clothes announced that she had a surprise for the audience. "Our designers have been so fertile that we are going to have *two* brides," she gurgled.

Teeny-Weeny

THIS week's defence story concerns a local gentleman, Mr. Alfred McEwen, an elderly and prosperous manufacturer who has perfected a device which he believes could be of great use to spies—American spies, it goes without saying. Not to beat about the bush, this is a micro-engraver, a machine with which Mr. McEwen, writing at normal speed and size, can engrave many words on a small surface. Many, *many* words on a teeny-*weeny* surface. Many, many, *many* words—look, Mr. McEwen can write (and has written, as certified by the United States Bureau of Standards) the Lord's Prayer in the space of 1/781,250 of a square inch. Everybody knows how some jerks go around boasting about engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. Well, Mr. McEwen calculates that he can engrave half the Book of Genesis on the head of a pin. It's his idea that spies could carry even the longest and most rambling of communications engraved on the edge of their watch crystal, on a boot nail, or on a button. The enemy could spend a week looking over a spy's effects and clothing and wouldn't find the message. The War Department knows about the micro-engraver but so far has made no advances. Mr. McEwen is merely amused at the excitement of the newspapers over evidence brought out in the recent trial of one Frederick Duquesne, accused of being a German agent. The reporters considered it rather romantic that his instructions were sent from abroad on a piece of microfilm the size of a postage stamp. Mr. McEwen points out that with his device, he could write the same instructions on a surface one-forty-thousandth as big.

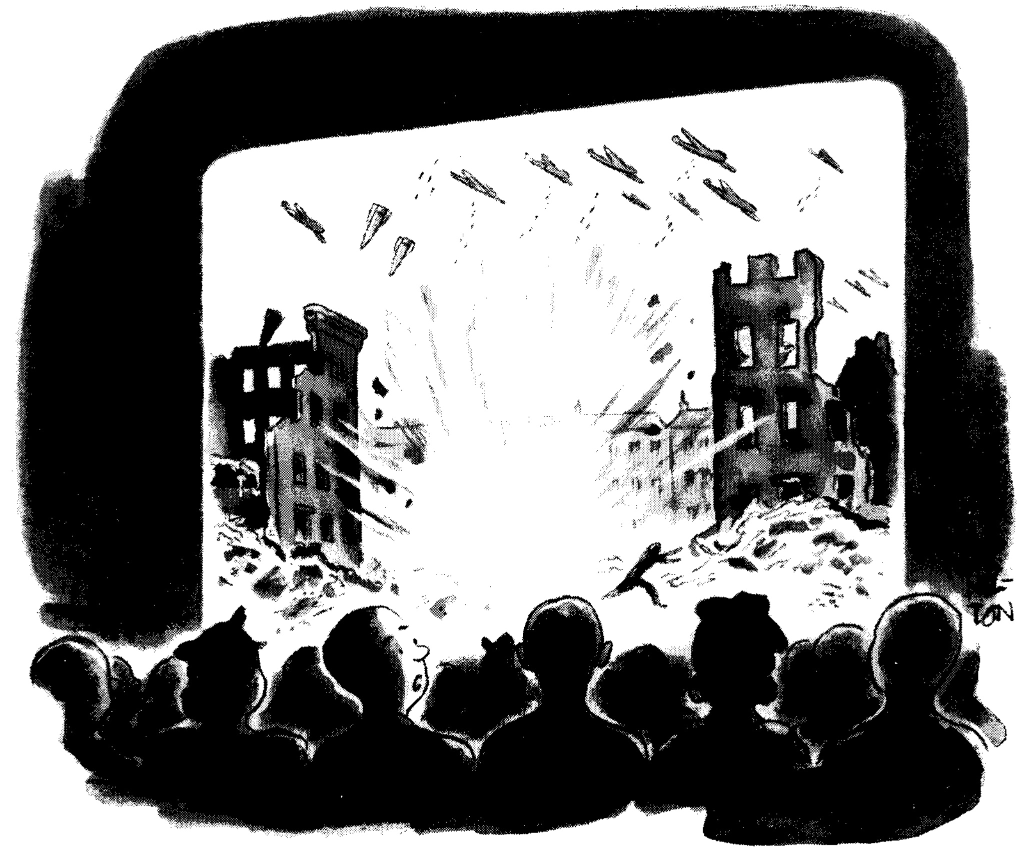
Mr. McEwen is no nut inventor. He's a distinguished-looking man of seventy-two and is president of the Ox Fibre Brush Company, which turns out eighteen million brushes a year, from eyebrow brushes to whitewings' brooms. He lives in a big stone house in Tarrytown and commutes to and from his office in New York in a club car. He worked out his invention as the result of a long-standing interest in microscopy, and as to his getting into this, he remembers exactly how he started. When he was a little boy in Chicago sixty years ago, his best friend was a small boy named Burton Holmes. One day Burton said that he intended to spend his life travelling and asked Alfred what *he* intended to do. It happened that Alfred had just been given a toy microscope, so, more or less at random, he said that he was go-



"Chow, Major?"

ing to experiment with microscopes. This he has done ever since, although only as a hobby. Fairly early, he strayed down the byway of micro-engraving and, exploring the subject, got track of six inventors who had experimented in the field in the nineteenth century. Five had died without leaving notes of any value, but a sixth had left a pretty decent description of a machine he had worked out. With the help of a friend, a clergyman, Mr. McEwen built his first micro-engraver in 1919, and has since improved on it. The device works on the principle of the pantograph, with which a child (or an artist or an architect) can trace a picture and make a reduction or an enlargement of it. Mr. McEwen's pantograph scales things down terrifically, of course. The actual engraving is done with a tiny diamond. When he operates his apparatus at his home in Tarrytown, everybody in the room has to keep silent and not walk around.

One point that came to our mind in a recent conversation with Mr. McEwen—namely, why it is always the Lord's Prayer that is tinily engraved—he was able to clear up instantly. Microscopy was practiced in the Middle Ages, in a haphazard sort of way, with a suspended drop of water serving as a lens. Most people couldn't read or write then, but they did go to church and they knew how long it takes to read the Lord's Prayer. If you engraved the Lord's Prayer on a pinhead, it meant something to them. Also, the holiness of the reading matter removed the ever-present suspicion of witchcraft that attached itself to everything scientific in those days.



"Outright propaganda!"

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Français

ONE of our far-flung observers has sent us, somewhat belatedly, the news that on September 8th the main course served at dinner in the Hotel Bonneville, Idaho Falls, Idaho, was announced on the menu as "Red Snapper, Maître d'Butter."

078-05-1120

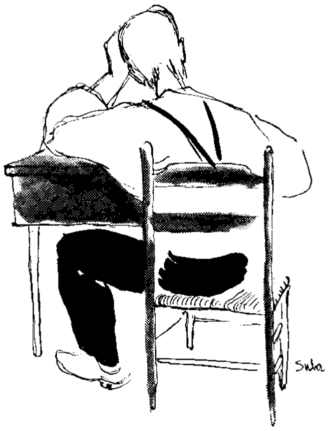
IF the Social Security program continues to make headway in this nation, it will be in spite of the activities of the prospective beneficiaries. We base this statement, confidently, on a situation that has arisen lately with regard to Social Security number 078-05-1120. This number is legally held, if we're correctly informed, by a girl in Buffalo, but it also turns up on the payroll reports of employers all over the country; thousands of employees are giving 078-05-1120 as their number. The explanation is fascinating. Some manufacturer put out a line of inexpensive billfolds with a special little pocket for a Social Security card. In order to demonstrate the use of the pocket, he inserted in each billfold a facsimile card bearing the number 078-05-1120. It may be that some dreamy folk thought the number became theirs by right of purchase. Possibly, also, some people getting new jobs as the result of the defence boom had never before had a Social Security number (farm workers don't, for instance, nor do domestic servants), and they may have been afraid they wouldn't get the job if they didn't have a number. This mistaken idea may have led them to give the first number that popped into their heads, or out of their billfolds.

We have been assured that this simple deception, whether conscious or otherwise, is inevitably caught by the accounting division of the Social Security Board when it enters on its books the quarterly report of payments made by employers. Whenever an obviously erroneous number is spotted, the new employee's name is looked up, to see what the right number is; if—as would be the case with our 078-05-1120 people—his name isn't listed, because he has no number, his employer is advised that the man must immediately register. There's no penalty; nobody even gets mad. The Social Security Board, in an effort to prevent the billfold number from becoming too popular, some time ago asked the manufacturer to use instead an obvious dummy number, 000-00-0000. When they began to get employers' reports listing several workers with the number 000-00-0000, they sighed and resigned themselves to coping with a permanent problem.

A pamphlet recently issued by the Board itself, showing in simple cartoon form the workings and benefits of the plan, had in one picture a Social Security card bearing the number 325-17-9999. This number, too, began to bob up fairly regularly in the reports, so now the Board, in its second edition of the pamphlet, will show a card with no number at all. They'd like to see somebody stupid enough to get around *that.*

Service

WESTERN UNION was hoist with its own petard, or at least entangled in its own tune, one day recently. One of three nurses who are on day duty at Columbia Medical Centre and who share an apartment in the West Seventies had a birthday last Thursday. On the evening before, when the birthday-to-be girl was taking a bath, her two roommates surreptitiously phoned Western Union and requested them to call the apartment the next morning at 5:45, ask for Miss L., and sing "Happy Birthday" to her. Western Union accepted the order with its usual crisp courtesy and the two conspirators regarded the matter as closed. It seems, however, that some high official in the "Happy Birthday" choral service, in looking over the request, became alarmed at the early hour set for the call. "What woman," he said to himself, "would be getting up at that ungodly hour?" Calling in the man who had taken the request over the phone, he advised that the order be rechecked. Thus it was that a half-hour after the order had been put in, the phone rang at the nurses' apartment and who should answer but Miss L., who was nearest. "Did you ask for a 'Happy Birthday' call tomorrow at 5:45 A.M.?" the Western Union man asked. "Why, I don't know—why, yes," she said, after a glimpse of the faces of her two friends, and the cat was out of the bag. She O.K'd the order for the song and hung up, and then diplomatically avoided mentioning the subject. After dinner, the three nurses talked about things in general and then retired. Miss L. saw to it that the little table holding the phone was placed near her bed and went to sleep. The next morning, promptly at 5:45, the phone rang. Miss L. reached over a sleepy hand, held the receiver to her ear, and said, "All right." Western Union sang to her its "Happy Birthday" song; she said, "Thank you," and hung up. Everybody was satisfied, or pretty well satisfied. Anyhow, Western Union was.



Walk, Don't Run

EVER wonder about theatre firemen? Theatre firemen in New York date back to 1877, after two hundred and eighty-nine people died in the Brooklyn Theatre fire. As the result of legislation passed soon afterward, every vaudeville and dramatic performance given in New York City in the past sixty-four years has been attended by a uniformed fireman. (Motion-picture houses are subject to a number of precautionary rules and regulations, but they don't have to have flesh-and-blood protection.) Offhand, you might say that being a theatre fireman sounds like a soft snap, but it isn't. We were set right on this point by Michael J. O'Donohue, who by virtue of his position as Acting Deputy Chief in Command of the Division of Licenced Places of Public Assembly, directs all the theatre firemen in the city. Firemen, clear-headed fellows that they are, remain practically untouched by the glamour of the stage.

The big catch is that each theatre in town is assigned to a certain engine company for protection, and that the members of that company go only to that theatre. Assignments are rotated, so in an average company a fireman is on theatre duty once a week. Thus, some firemen see a lot of one play, but none of them get a comprehensive idea of the current theatrical season, such as you get from a John Mason Brown lecture. The fireman shows up at the theatre an hour before curtain time, wearing a badge identifying him as an "Inspector, Division of Licenced Places of Public Assembly." Incidentally, he arrives alone. Accepting a seat for the use of his wife or a friend would be a serious offence against Department rules. First of all, he has the stage crew raise and lower the asbestos curtain, to make sure it's in working order. Then he looks over the axes, sand buckets, fire hooks, and fire extinguishers, tries the emergency-exit doors, sees that the fire escapes are unobstructed, and looks at the programs, to make sure that they contain printed diagrams of the orchestra and balcony and instructions to WALK, not run, to the nearest exit. Then he sends out a test signal over the fire alarm and listens for an answer. After this, the curtain can go up, for all the fireman cares.

The fireman is forbidden to sit down during the performance, or even to stand still in one place. Generally he drifts about, backstage and in the front of the house, looking for people smoking cigarettes where they shouldn't be. Also, if he's not familiar with the play, he keeps an eye on the stage for violations of the rules concerning flame and firearms. A candle flame is permissible onstage, but nothing larger, not even an oil lamp. No firearms larger than a .22-calibre blank-cartridge pistol can be fired, onstage or off. Theatre firemen always investigate magicians with special care, just on general principles.

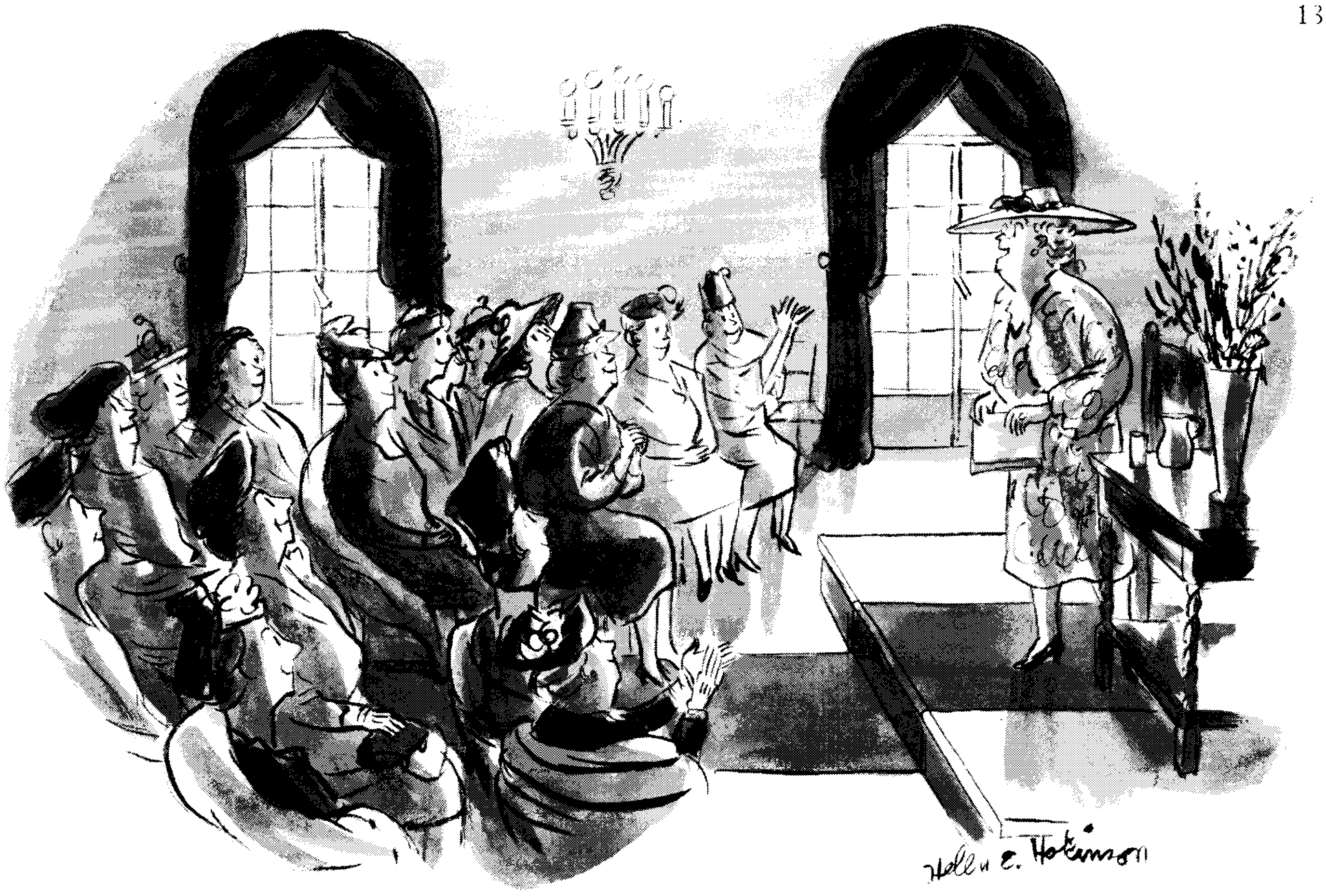
When a play closes, the Fire Commissioner sends the Commissioner of Licences a little note recommending that the theatre's licence be discontinued. This is purely a formality, to insure a checkup by the Division of Licenced Places, Etc., when the theatre is reopened. If the checkup shows nothing wrong, the Commissioner of Licences ignores the Fire Department's advice and continues the licence.

Address

A CRISP young executive attached to the National Resources Planning Board in Washington had to come to New York on business last Wednesday. His tickets were supposed to arrive at his office by messenger, but they didn't get there until too late. The messenger had been wandering around town looking for the National Race Horses' Planning Board.

For Old Japan

DEEP into the heart of Brooklyn we journeyed of a recent bright autumn morning for a chat with Clarence Edward Heller, known across the river, on the nomination of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* as the Poet Laureate of Brooklyn, or the Sage of Flatbush, because of the number of poems and letters he writes and sends to newspapers all over the country. He has written 4,000 poems in his lifetime and 3,300 of them have been published, a phenomenal record. What interested us about him, though, was the fact that he is probably the warmest American friend the Japanese have at the moment. We had just read a letter from him in the Brooklyn *Eagle,* advocating friendship with Japan; also, we had heard that he used to exchange poems, a peculiarly Japanese amenity, with the late Ambassador Hirosi Saito. We met up with the Sage in the offices of the Flatbush Chamber of Commerce, for which he works, and observed immediately that his only noticeable Oriental



"It gives me great pleasure to announce that the rummage sale will definitely result in John Charles Thomas."

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feature is a punctilious politeness. For the rest, he's a benign-appearing fellow in his middle fifties, with a gray pompadour, two gold teeth, and two diamond rings, or reasonably accurate facsimiles.

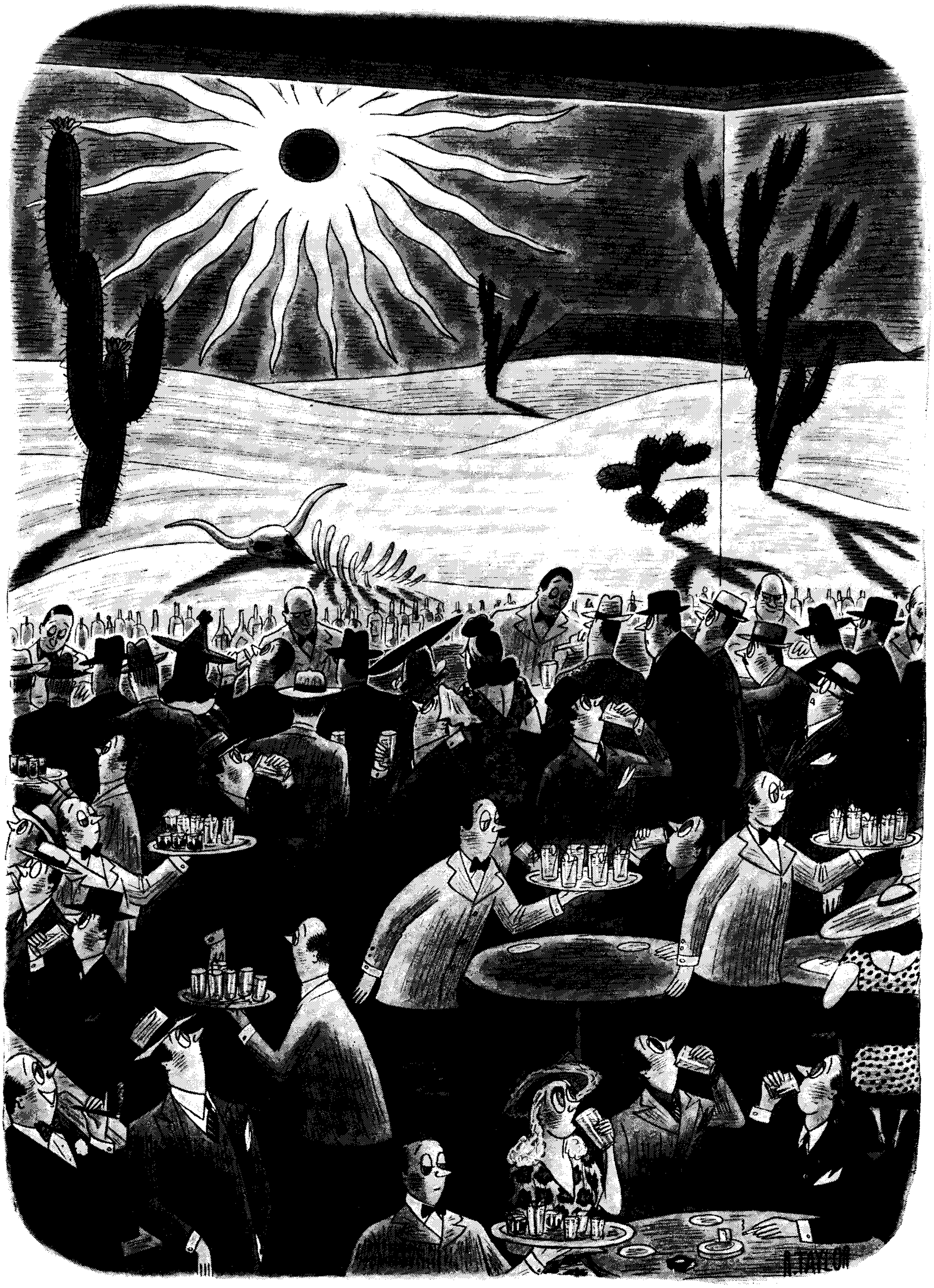
As to his liking for the Japanese, Mr. Heller told us that although he has never been to Japan, he became interested in the country at the age of three, when an uncle brought him a batch of Japanese carvings, porcelains, and bric-a-brac. Even at that tender age, he thought the work was exquisite, and as he grew older other things about the Japanese began to appeal to him. Being such a devilishly prolific poet himself, he admired the poetic in their nature. "Fundamentally," Mr. Heller exclaimed in our presence, "I admire them for their artistry—their poetry, their literature, and their quaint little porcelains. Then, too, they are so courteous, though they may not show this in their politics."

A constant reader of the Japanese-American press, such as the *Japanese American Review*, of New York, and *Japan Newsweek*, of Tokio, Mr. Heller knew that nothing so pleases a Japanese as to receive a poem from a friend, so in 1935 he sent Ambassador Saito a poem about the cherry blossoms in Prospect Park. Saito courteously whipped back a poem about the cherry blossoms in Potomac Park, whereupon the Sage bombarded him with some thirty more poems, in fairly rapid succession. Saito gamely tried to keep up, but it was a losing fight. He kept at it to the day of his death, though. Mr. Heller showed us one of his letters. "As promised, I am sending you my scribblings," it said. "They are submitted for your improvements and emendations." Mr. Heller published some of Saito's poems, which had such titles as "A Dewdrop" and "Mother's Day," in *Flatbush*, a magazine put out by the Flatbush Chamber of Commerce. During this period, relations between Japan and Flatbush were about perfect.

As a political thinker, Mr. Heller inclines to the belief (which we seem to have heard elsewhere, too) that Japan is concerned only with avoiding its Axis entanglements without loss of face. For this reason, he thinks any hostile passes on our part would be bad policy, and he now writes President Roosevelt constantly to that effect. Roosevelt always replies, saying that he got the letter. Mr. Heller says his letters go straight to the President, because he marks them "Personal." Meanwhile he's trying to win the general public over by circulating winsome tidbits of information about the Japanese, such as the fact that they are fond of spongecake. "I've just got to keep carrying the torch for old Japan," he says, summing it all up.

Small Talk

AN elegant friend of ours was standing on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street on a warm afternoon last week, wondering which way to turn to avoid monetary inflation and overproduction of non-essentials, when he was approached by a shabby-looking fellow who quite evidently had it in mind to accost him. Our friend reached into his pocket and handed over a quarter before a word was spoken. The shabby fellow accepted the quarter, but remarked, "What I was really going to ask you was how'd the Dodgers make out?"



"Best idea I ever had, those murals."

THESE TRAGIC YEARS

KENNETH SHATTUCK was eight years older than his brother Harry. The brothers had nothing in common and they saw one another only once or twice a year. There had been a month or two after the death of their mother when Kenneth had felt genuinely solicitous and responsible, but Harry, who was in college at the time, had not responded to his brother's attentions. Again, when Harry left college, Kenneth offered to use his connections as a lawyer to find work for him, but Harry had thanked him and found a position for himself. Kenneth and his wife spent the summer and early fall on a small farm they owned in Pennsylvania. Harry had never been asked to visit them and he might never have seen that part of the country if he had not been drafted into the Army. They invited him to spend his last three days with them.

Harry accepted the invitation. As it turned out, he spent a good deal of his time with Anna Powitski, the Shattucks' Polish maid, and drank up a lot of their whiskey. He was twenty-four, thin, earnest, with an overgrown crew haircut that took the light like plush. He was incautious and inconsiderate and he made Kenneth nervous. He drove too fast, drank too much, and swam across the Delaware. On Saturday night, his last night there, Lucy, Kenneth's wife, gave a party. Fifteen people were invited, neighbors, people Harry did not know, but they were pleasant people, Kenneth thought, people anyone would enjoy meeting. At the party, Harry drank as though he never expected to see whiskey again and insulted an old actress. He walked out on the gathering at about ten o'clock. Kenneth did not feel free to reprimand him for his bad manners, but he hoped that he would have to suffer a punishing hangover. This was not the case. Harry was down in the kitchen at nine in the morning, snapping a wet dish towel at Anna's bottom, and it was the snapping of the towel and Anna's protests that woke Kenneth.

Lucy was still sleeping, and in her sleep, he noticed, she looked very homely. He went to the window and the sun on the grass sent a sharp pain through his eyes, straight to the back of his head. The country needed rain and the brick-pink dust of the roads lay over everything, but it was still beautiful country, country that took its dignity from the presence of a great river gathering breadth and might on its way to the Atlantic, country that Kenneth would choose to spend his last day in if there should ever come a time when he had to give up civilian life.

From his bedroom window he could see down into the valley, where the Lehigh Canal ran parallel to the river. Weeping willows touched the water. The trunks of the willows were whitewashed. Kenneth liked to think of what the canal must have been in the past, the barges taking coal from Mauch Chunk to Bristol, the rough voices of the towmen, the music of mule bells. He liked to feel that he deserved to be a resident of that corner of the country, upon which the early German settlers had put such a stamp of contrition and industry. "Stop it, Harry," he could hear Anna asking. "Stop it, Harry." There was no impatience in her voice. She sounded happy.

The eggs at breakfast were cooked with herbs and there was hot bread. This was because of Anna's interest in Harry. "I'm sorry about the party last night, Ken," Harry said, "but I've never seen many people like that before. I didn't mean to insult that old woman. I didn't know she was an actress. No one told me."

"I suppose you took Anna out for a walk," Kenneth said.

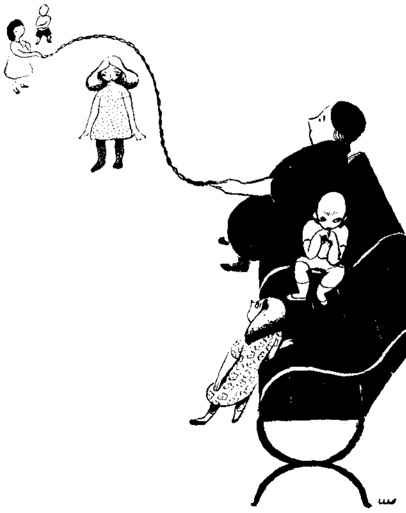
"Sure. I took Anna out for a walk and told her the names of the stars."

Lucy came down, dressed in white and smelling so strongly of eau de cologne that Kenneth, who suffered from hay fever, began to sneeze violently. After breakfast he suggested that he and Harry go down to the swimming hole together. They went upstairs and put on their trunks.

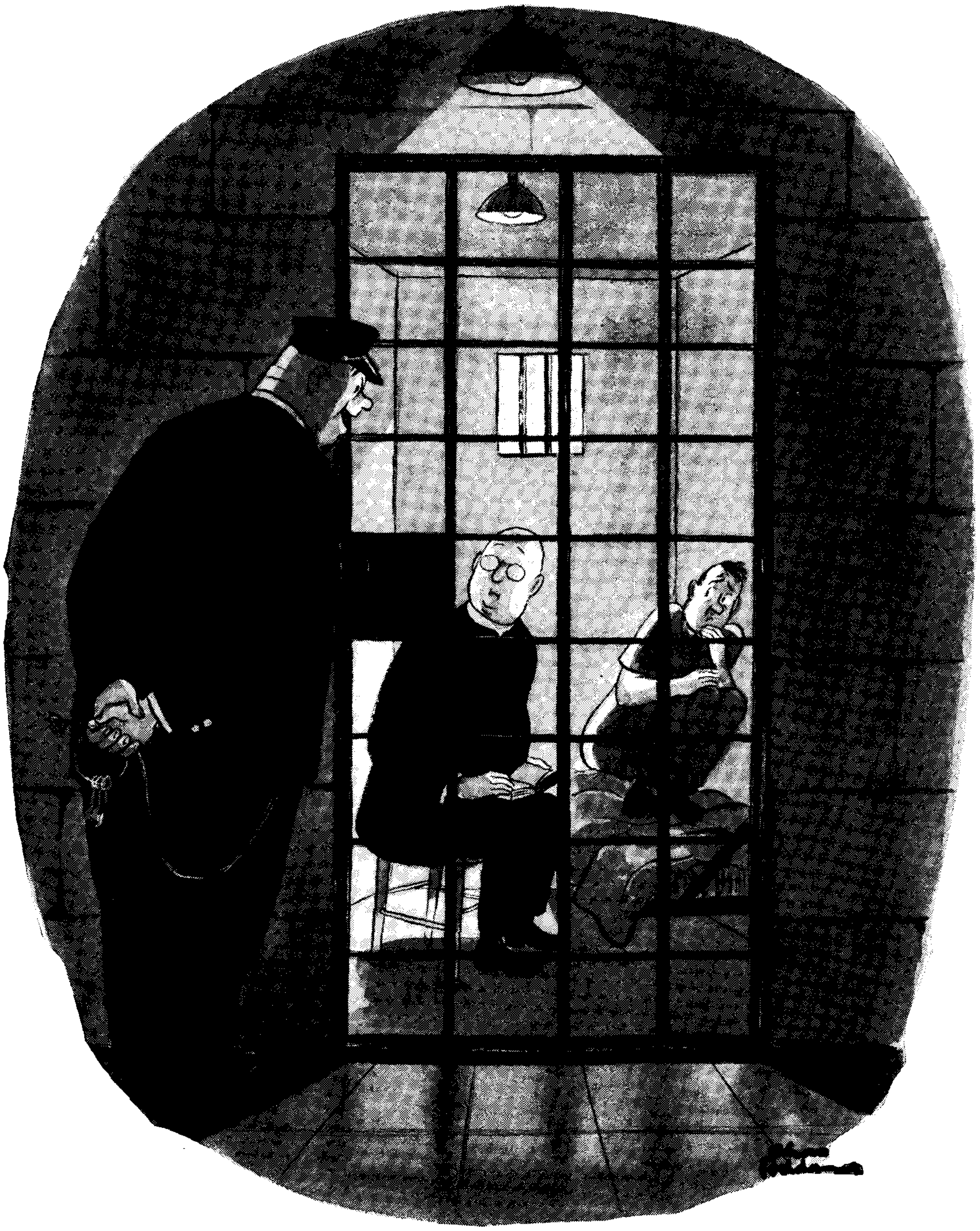
Lucy heard them talking as they crossed the lawn. She took her aching head in her hands. She tried to remember what she had done on the evening before, but two lines from a song called "The Bastard King of England" kept running through her mind and she could not find the strength to order her thoughts. She was sure she had invited some people over for Sunday evening, but she couldn't remember how many and for what time.

Before her marriage, Lucy had worked as a photographer's model. John Powers had handled a few of her assignments and people still referred to her occasionally as a Powers girl, a reference that was intended to reflect on her intelligence, but she never chose to take it that way. She had the conventional looks of a photographer's model of three or four years back: the yellow hair, the deathly pallor, and a prominent, nearly hydrocephalic forehead. She wore her clothes well, but without clothes she was thin enough to be ugly. She was too vain to wear glasses and eyestrain gave her a slight frown. Her family had moved from Georgia to Flushing when she was ten, but she still thought of herself as a Southern woman with a Southern woman's prerogatives and tempers, and she sometimes spoke with a threadbare Southern accent. When she finished her coffee she went into the kitchen to talk over dinner with Anna. The night's whiskey had made her voice unusually hoarse. "We'll have dinner at four," she said. "I guess that's time enough. Mr. Shattuck is driving Mr. Harry to Frenchtown for the seven-thirty-nine train."

Anna was standing by the sink. She did not look around. Lucy watched her broad back suspiciously and wondered if Harry had done anything to her. If he had, she wouldn't be the first one. It must have been a cinch for Harry, she thought, a soldier going off to the war. She would feel sorry for the girl if she were in trouble and equally sorry for herself, because it was hard to get good help to stay in the country. It relieved Lucy to realize that it would be a month or so before she could be sure. By that time she would be living in the city again, and she'd simply send the girl back to the agency and tell them about it.



"IN these tragic years," Kenneth said, sitting at the edge of the swimming hole, "no one of us can call our life our own." He noticed that garters had left red welts on his legs and that, compared with Harry's, his skin looked very



"You have the wrong cell, Chaplain. He's just serving a short term for a traffic violation."

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white. "Of course you're the one who's doing it, you're the soldier, but you're still a lot younger than I am and I think there are some things I can say that may help you. I wish I were young enough to go myself. As soon as we get back into town I'm going to sign up as an air-raid warden. But even if men of my age are called again, I don't think they'll take me, with a wife and all. Lucy depends on me so. Last year I paid her doctor fifteen hundred dollars!" He lost track for a moment of what he had started to say. "What I want to do," he went on, "is to remind you of some of the things you're fighting for. This is my land. This house belongs to me. I have everything I need, everything I could reasonably want, but in order that we should sit here in the sun, Ezekiel Shattuck, the first man of our family to settle in this country, crossed the Atlantic in midwinter in a boat no longer than from here to that tree and cleared a farm in the woods outside of Boston. He started teaching school when he was fifty-eight and taught until he was ninety-one. They worked themselves to death, those people, so that we could sit here in the sun. You have to remember them, Harry, when you think about fighting. We owe them a good fight."

"Yes," Harry said.

"I wish I'd had more of a chance to talk with you," Kenneth said. "Three days isn't very much time and Lucy made a lot of plans before we knew you were coming out. It's nice out here, isn't it? I don't know what we'd do without this place, as far as peace of mind goes. If they bomb New York, we'll have someplace to come to. If there's a famine, we'll have food to eat. Did you see our vegetable garden? We can live off the land."

"Yes," Harry said, "I saw your vegetable garden."

"It isn't going to be easy on Lucy, but we're all going to have to make adjustments, sacrifices, the civilian as well as the soldier. In England the civilian population has had to carry much of the burden of the war. Going off to the Army is more or less like going off to school, I suppose. You'll only be there a year or so. After all, you were in Dartmouth four years."

When Kenneth had finished his speech, they picked up their towels and cigarettes and returned to the house.

AFTER dinner Kenneth and Harry and Lucy took their drinks onto the terrace. They had been there only a short while when a car came up the road. It turned out to be Elizabeth and Peter Atwater. The Atwaters sat down and accepted drinks with the authority of people who have been invited, and so Lucy supposed that she must have invited them. Then Eva and Dave Lieber came.

Kenneth explained that it was Harry's last evening; his last evening as a civilian, that is. This put a damper on the talk. Harry's imminent departure for the Army made them feel that what they said should be memorable and solemn, and so whole minutes passed in which no one said anything.

"Will you have a choice of service?" Dave Lieber asked Harry. He was quite hard of hearing, and because of this had developed a weighty and stentorian way of speaking. "I mean will you be allowed to choose between the cavalry and the artillery, for instance?"

"I'm going to camouflage airplanes to look like birds," Harry said pleasantly. Dave did not catch what Harry said, but he smiled and nodded.

"We drove up to Tinicum," Eva Lieber said, "and we ran into quite a thunderstorm."

"Really?" Lucy said. "There hasn't been a drop of rain here."

"Has anyone seen a paper?" Harry asked.

"No."

"Not I."

"I wonder if the Giants won."

"They'll never win," Lieber said, "until Chiang makes his peace with the Fourth Route Army."

"The Giants, dear," Eva said. "The Giants, not the Chinese."

"An ant just bit me," Elizabeth Atwater said, and scratched her leg vigorously.

"An ant-about-town," Peter said. He sat up to laugh. The Atwaters spent much of their time collecting and relating obscene stories. He was a large and untidy man whose fat face showed none of the strain you might expect of someone who seemed to stay so close to sex. Elizabeth was a thin, flat-breasted woman. She never got tired of being pinched, smacked, and grabbed. They called the hollow they lived in Venery Valley, and their house and the curiously curved road that led up to it had similar names.

"Starlight, starbright, first star I've seen tonight," Lucy said.

"I always wish for a gold watch and chain," Eva said. "That's something my grandfather taught me. Whenever I wish on a turkey bone, a load of hay, or a falling star, I always wish for a gold watch and chain. I suppose in his time a gold watch and chain were considered the insignia of respectability and success. What an era! Those hotels in Saratoga!"

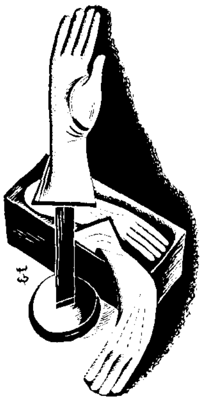
"Grandmother used to go up to Saratoga," Lucy said.

"What time have you got, Kenneth?" Harry asked.

"It's seven o'clock. You better get ready."

"I'm all ready. My bag's in the car. I'm going in and tip Anna."

LUCY and her guests stood on the terrace calling goodbye to Harry like people on a pier, and when the car had gone down the drive and started up the road they waved and cheered again before the trees and then the hill cut them off. Neither Harry nor Kenneth spoke. "If there are river gods," Kenneth said suddenly, when they came to the Delaware, "if there are river gods, I've always thought they must be just. To me, river gods would be preferable to, let's say, mountain gods or wood gods or the gods of the weather. They would be constant, inexorable, firm. They would be very old. If I should have to come up for judgment when I die," he said, "I would pick river gods." Kenneth's words sounded foolish, considering the fact that nobody knew where Harry was going—whether it might be Upton or Yaphank or Devens or the bottom of the ocean.



The iron plates of the bridge rumbled as they drove over the Delaware into Frenchtown. At the station there was a ten-minute wait. Harry sat down on his suitcase. There was nothing to say. The train hooted in the distance and came in, raining particles of coal down onto their heads and shoulders, and the evening wind blew such a cloud of gas into their faces that they were both coughing when they said goodbye. The train pulled out and left Kenneth alone on the platform, and apparently alone in that quarter of the town except for the station agent.

He drove slowly back up the river road. Other people had come, he saw when he brought the car to the barn. The Meyers' station wagon, the Harveys' old Plymouth, and the Wrights' coupé were standing up to their hubs in the deep grass. The terrace was lighted. A high wind was blowing in the tops of the trees and above the noise of the wind he could hear his guests shouting, "Horse! Dog! Mule! Lion! Centaur!" They had divided up into teams and were playing The Game. Peter Atwater was holding a stopwatch and Elizabeth was crawling around the terrace on her hands and knees.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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THE VILLAGE

Here are the faces, old and seamed and wise,
or young and grave, of all the towns of time;
the eternal boy who in the schoolyard plays,
teasing a girl eternally the same.

Calcium of the bone and cellulose
of tree and building, stuff of man and dwelling,
form and go forth in flux that does not cease,
in vigor rising full and overfilling

to flow beyond the keeping of the breath,
so that the skeleton, so small in the womb,
spills in the end to shadow, sleeps beneath
the gravestone where the morbid weepers come;

so that the church and farmhouse, joyfully built
and whitened like a memory of Greece,
grieve in their beams and dwindle, fault by fault,
to ruin and the records of the place.

And the sun rises and the moon goes under,
and Eben dies and little Saul is born;
the church bells riot in their tower of tinder;
the corn is gathered and the planets turn.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

5135 KENSINGTON

SEPTEMBER, 1903

AGNES SMITH ran along the sidewalk under the maple trees. Even in her excitement she did not forget to hit each tree as she passed with a small, leafy branch that she held in her hand. Her face was flushed, and her hair, which was parted in the middle and braided into two pigtails caught up and tied together by a wide plaid ribbon, swayed from side to side as she ran. She was too big to wear socks, her mother thought, and now the seams of her black ribbed stockings were crooked on her slim legs. Her movements were swift and graceful. When she came to the terrace of 5135 Kensington Avenue, she turned and climbed up the slippery, dry grass and, speeding up now that she was near her goal, she cut across the lawn to the back porch. As her foot hit the first step, she cried out, "Mamma! Mamma!"

The kitchen of the Smiths' house was very hot. The air was pungent and sweet with the smell from a large kettle of chili sauce that simmered on the back of the old coal stove. As Agnes called, Mrs. Smith lifted a wooden spoon to her lips and tasted the mixture judicially. "I think I've got it a little too sweet," she said to Katie.

"I hear Agnes," Katie said.

Agnes opened the screen door and stood looking at the two women. Her gray eyes shone and she wiped her forehead daintily with one hand. "Mamma!" she repeated. "Guess what."

"Your mother has no time for guessing," Katie said sternly. She walked across the kitchen and pulled the bow tighter on Agnes' braids.

"You'll *never* guess," Agnes said.

Mrs. Smith put down the spoon so that it rested across the sides of the kettle. "Well, tell me and get it over with, then. But if you're going to tattle on your sisters—"

"I'm not interested in my sisters," Agnes said. "What I was going to say was merely that I *almost* saw Mrs. Johnson."

"No!" her mother exclaimed.

"You're sure you're telling the truth, now?" Katie asked, eying her suspiciously.

"Cross my heart and hope to die on the spot," Agnes said. She sat down in the big rocking chair and rocked back and forth solemnly. "I'd been to the corner to see if the mud puddle was as big as it was yesterday, and it wasn't. So then I was coming back home, just walking and not doing anything particular. And when I got in front of the Johnsons' house I looked up, and that's when I almost saw Mrs. Johnson."

"What was she doing?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"I don't know," Agnes said. "The lace curtains sort of moved and I could see part of her hand. So I thought I'd better tell you."

"I'd like to see the inside of that house," Katie said, "with her always sitting in front of that window with her eyes peeled on the street. It's a month since she moved in; the place must be an inch thick with dust."

"Oh, it's neat enough," Mrs. Smith said. "By that I mean that the furniture in the hall looks all right. Of course, I only saw it out of the corner of my eye when Mr. Johnson let himself in with his key."

"You can be neat and not clean," Katie said flatly.

"Well, he's a wonderful man," Mrs. Smith said. "I don't know how he puts up with her. Every night I see him coming down the street with a parcel in his hand. I must say it puzzled me until one time I saw the brown paper was stained with blood, so I assumed it must be a small steak for their dinner."

"Can you beat that, now?" Katie murmured.

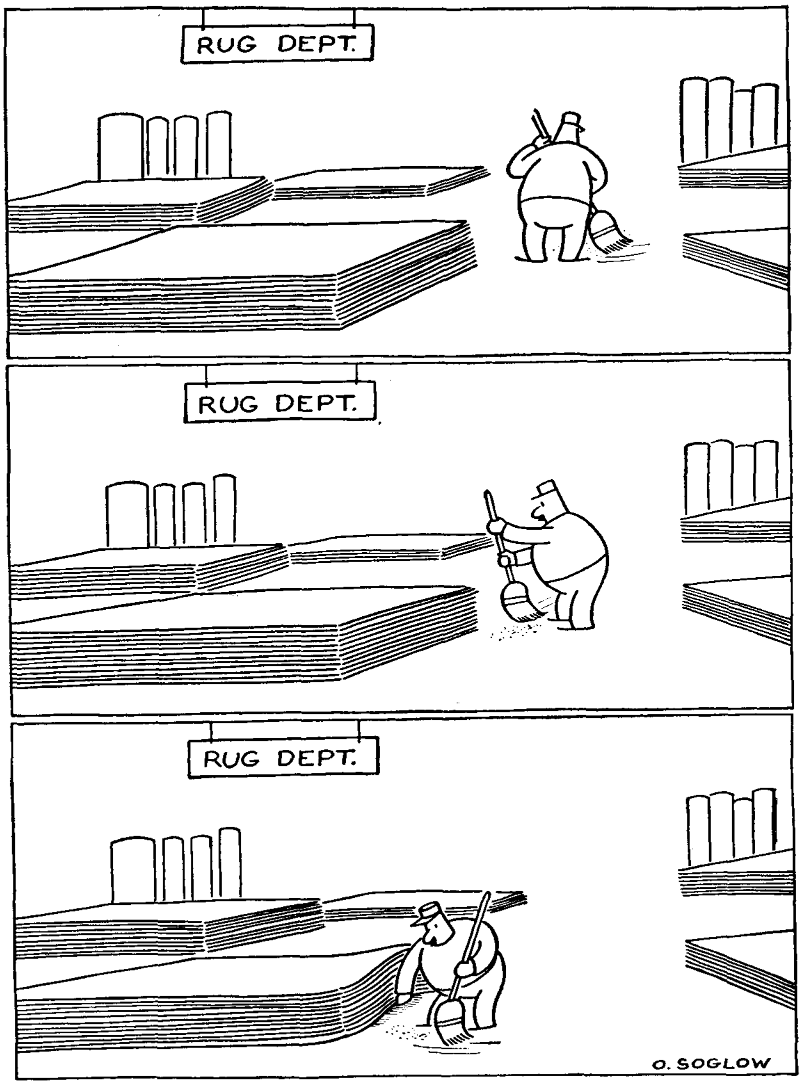
Mrs. Smith smoothed her apron and looked more brisk and efficient than usual. "Well, everyone to his taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow, so for all I know, Mr. Johnson doesn't mind. But I must say that a woman can't be much of a woman when she's too lazy to do her own marketing."

Katie looked at her shrewdly. "And it may be that he's too stingy," she said. "The sort that watches things."

"Never!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed. "Never in this world! Why, look at the shape of his mouth. You never saw a man with a mouth shaped like that who was stingy, did you? And look at the way their lawn is kept. Perfect! You don't get a lawn like that without spending some money on it."

"He's a nice-looking man," Katie said.

Mrs. Smith took out her back comb and caught up the fine curls that had worked themselves loose. "He's a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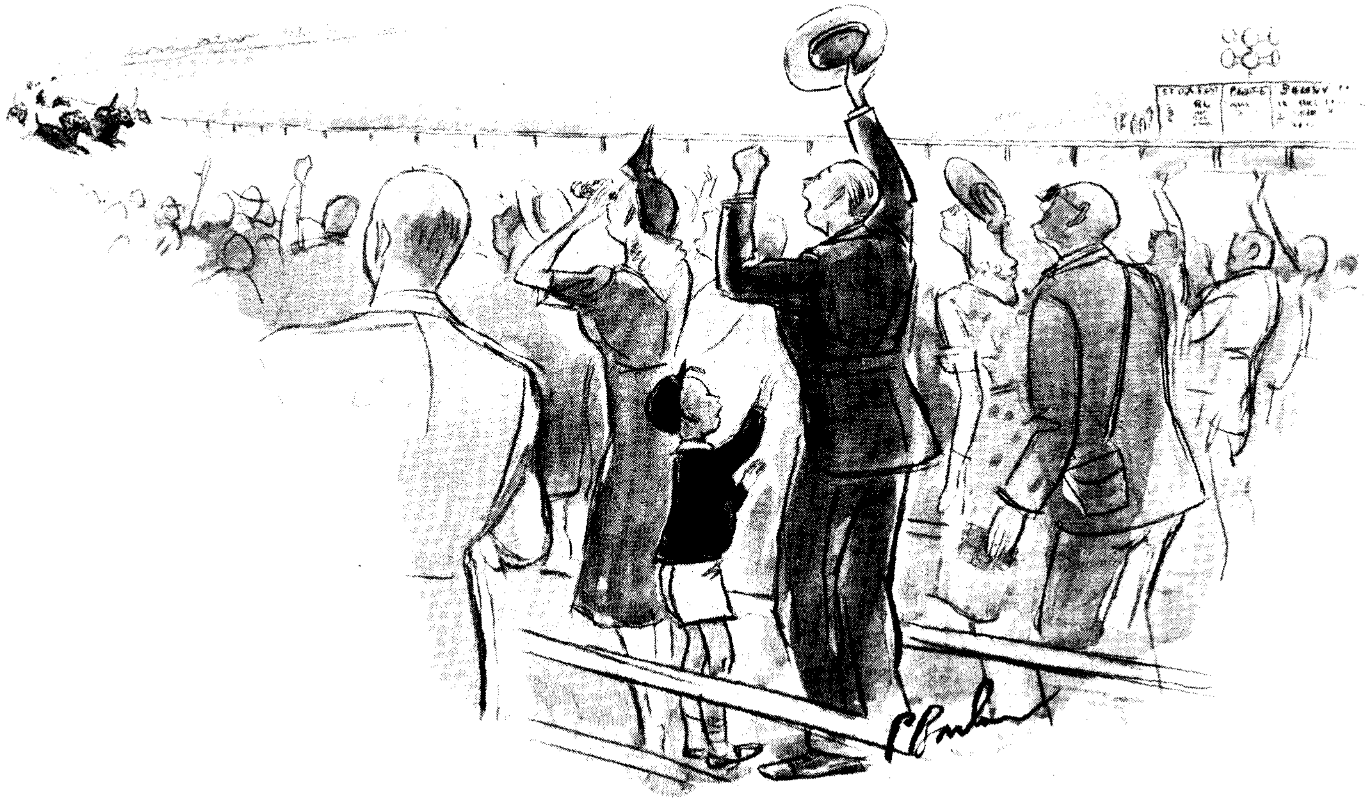

"Daddy, can I have the tickets to tear up?"

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very handsome man," she said. "I don't think I ever saw such a *black* mustache."

THE door from the back hall opened and Rose came into the kitchen. "Oh," she said. "I thought you'd be through. I thought I'd make some coconut haystacks to send to Lon. Who has a black mustache?"

"Mr. Johnson," Katie answered.

Rose leaned languidly against the door of the kitchen closet and looked down at her nails, which were pink and shining. "I don't believe I could be civil to anyone with a mustache," she said.

"No one's asked you to," her mother said. "What have you been doing to your nails?"

"Esther and I bought a lot of manicure articles and we fixed our nails. While I did mine, Ess read to me. And when she did hers, I read to her. We were reading 'Wanted, a Matchmaker.' "

Katie snorted. "Reading!" she said. "And your mother worn to the bone making preserves. And neither of you helping. And not once did you offer to help mark your own brother's clothes before he went away."

"We did offer to," Rose said, "but Mamma didn't want us fooling with the indelible ink. We made him a big box of fudge and stuffed a lot of apples in his trunk so that he'd be sure to have something to eat his first day there."

"Yes, I can imagine!" Katie said. "I can imagine that in a big place like Princeton they haven't a crust of bread to hand out to their students. I can imagine that he would have starved to death by now if it hadn't been for the fudge."

"And we weren't only reading," Rose went on, unperturbed. "We were trying to decide something. We weren't going to tell you, Mamma, but I'm afraid we're going to have to."

Mrs. Smith lifted Agnes up from the rocker and sat down on it herself, pulling Agnes onto her lap. Agnes' head drooped toward her mother's cheek. Slight as the movement was, Mrs. Smith felt it and held Agnes closer in her arms. She noticed that Agnes was wearing another one of the Peter Thomson suits that had once belonged to Esther. It was hard to be twelve, she thought, and have a sister whose clothes had to be made to fit because they were too good to be thrown away.

"We're going to have to," Rose repeated.

"What's happened now?" her mother asked sharply. She rocked the chair vigorously.

"It's Lon," Rose said.

"Lon?"

"Yes," Rose went on. "I got a letter from him on the four-o'clock delivery. It wasn't a letter exactly; it was more of a note. He simply wants us to speak to Papa. He enclosed his weekly account."

"Well," Mrs. Smith said, "give it to your father when he comes home."

Rose polished her nails against her blouse. "I don't think we'd better. You see, practically the minute he left town, Lon spent his whole allowance. All of it."

"But he's only been there a week and that money was to last him through October," Mrs. Smith said.

"I know," Rose said calmly. "Esther and I went over it time after time. We couldn't think of anything to do, so we simply began to read Paul Leicester Ford out loud. Of course, we wouldn't have said anything about it to you, but we didn't have any money to send him ourselves. Not enough, anyway. You see, we'd bought the manicure articles *before* we got the letter."

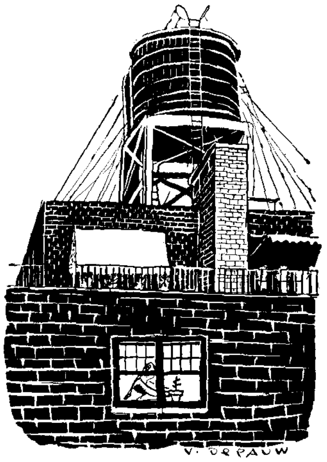
Mrs. Smith stopped rocking and stared out through the screen door to the back porch. From where she sat, she could see the patch on the screen and the pool on the porch floor where the icebox leaked. The water, standing all summer on the floor, had blistered the paint. She reached up and smoothed Agnes' hair with her hand. Her fingers were rough and caught in the fine hair. Her shoulders ached, and she remembered that she and Katie had scalded and peeled three bushels of tomatoes that day, besides peeling and chopping dozens of onions and green peppers. She looked up at the kitchen clock, saw that it was after half past five, and was dimly aware that Katie had just started to prepare dinner. And then her mind wandered unaccountably to Mrs. Johnson, a woman she had never seen, a woman who apparently sat all day in her parlor, one pale hand resting on her expensive lace curtains so that she could pull them aside an inch or so when she heard footsteps on the street. She thought of Mr. Johnson and the way he looked as he walked by the Smith house every evening, and it seemed to her that he carried his brown paper bundle almost proudly home to a wife who was too fine and too beloved to be annoyed with the everyday things of life. She jumped up from the chair and Agnes slid to the floor. "I've had all the nonsense I'm going to stand!" she cried. "Where's that letter? Go get me that letter! What did he spend all that money on?"

Rose's eyes were frightened. "On a smoking and shaving outfit," she answered.

"A smoking and shaving outfit! When he knows your father has your school bill and Esther's school bill to worry him!"

"I should say so!" Agnes said from the floor. "All those school bills. I must say I'm glad I go to public school."

"That'll be enough from you, Miss!" her mother said. "Your time is coming. It'll be private school next year for you too. And take the smug look off your face before I box your ears! And you, Katie, stop standing there and get busy with that dinner!" She flounced past Rose, who followed her meekly out of the room.



Katie turned to Agnes, who still lay on the floor. "Your mother can sure make the fur fly when she sets her mind to it," she said proudly. "I don't think I ever knew a woman with as quick a temper."

Agnes picked herself up with dignity. "I think I'll listen to the fight," she said. She walked slowly out of the kitchen and up the back stairs. The door to the room that Esther and Rose shared was closed, but she could hear voices plainly, her mother's loudest of all. She sat down on the top step and took a hard gumdrop from her pocket and put it in her mouth. Then she settled her chin comfortably in the palms of her hands.

IN the bedroom, Mrs. Smith stood with her back to the window, facing the two girls. The manicure set lay upset on the floor, where she had kicked it. Esther's black eyes were defiant. "If you'll let us get a word in—" she said.

"Get a word in! I'd like to know the time when either of you ever had trouble getting a word in! No, Rose! And I'll say it to your face. You've made a fool of your brother with your talk over the telephone to your friends. '*Mon frère à* Princeton!' " She snorted. "No wonder he's gone hog-wild and spent all his money. He probably thinks nothing's too good for him now. And the way you came home from the station, your eyes as red as beets."

At the thought of the parting scene at the Union Station, Esther's eyes filled dramatically with tears. "If you could have *seen* him when he got on the train," she said. "With his little cap, and his long overcoat, and his grand, baggy pants."

"He looked absolutely keen," Rose said. "And he went with a whole lot of Princeton men who were going back. Seniors! They said they were going to show him all over Princeton."

"And I suppose your hearts were broken," Mrs. Smith said. "But they weren't so broken that you couldn't find your way to Plow's and eat two sundaes apiece." She turned and stared out of the window. The sun was low and the huge maple trees in front of the house cast dark shadows across the street, which was damp where the water wagon had sprinkled it lightly.

"Lon wrote that he got a cinder in his eye, too," Rose said. "It stayed in three days and the pain was excruciating."

"It's too bad it didn't blind him," Mrs. Smith answered shortly. "Then he wouldn't have been able to pick out a fine shaving and smoking outfit."

"*I'll* tell Papa," Rose said.

Mrs. Smith turned to face the two girls again. "You'll do nothing of the sort. Heaven only knows what your father will do. Do you want your brother brought home from college in disgrace?"

"We could take the manicure articles back," Esther said. "But the buffer shows where it's been used."

The two girls looked at their mother anxiously. She was calmer, and their eyes were hopeful.

"I mean I'd just as soon eat fish all week if that would help," Esther said. "I mean it isn't utterly necessary to have roast beef for Sunday."

"Well," Mrs. Smith said. "You see, it's like this. For one thing, there's no use talking to your father. Not about Lon. I can handle him when it comes to you girls, but I can't do a thing with him about Lon. Now, if we could get a little money together this week, and a little next week, and so on until his next allowance is due, we might patch it up without your father getting wind of it."

From down the street there was the sound of footsteps. Mrs. Smith stepped back from the window and peered out through the curtains. "It's Mr. Johnson," she said. "And he's got his package the same as usual. Now, *there's* a woman who leads the life of Riley."

Rose walked over to the window. "He *is* handsome," she said. "Even with that mustache. I wonder what he's got in that bag."

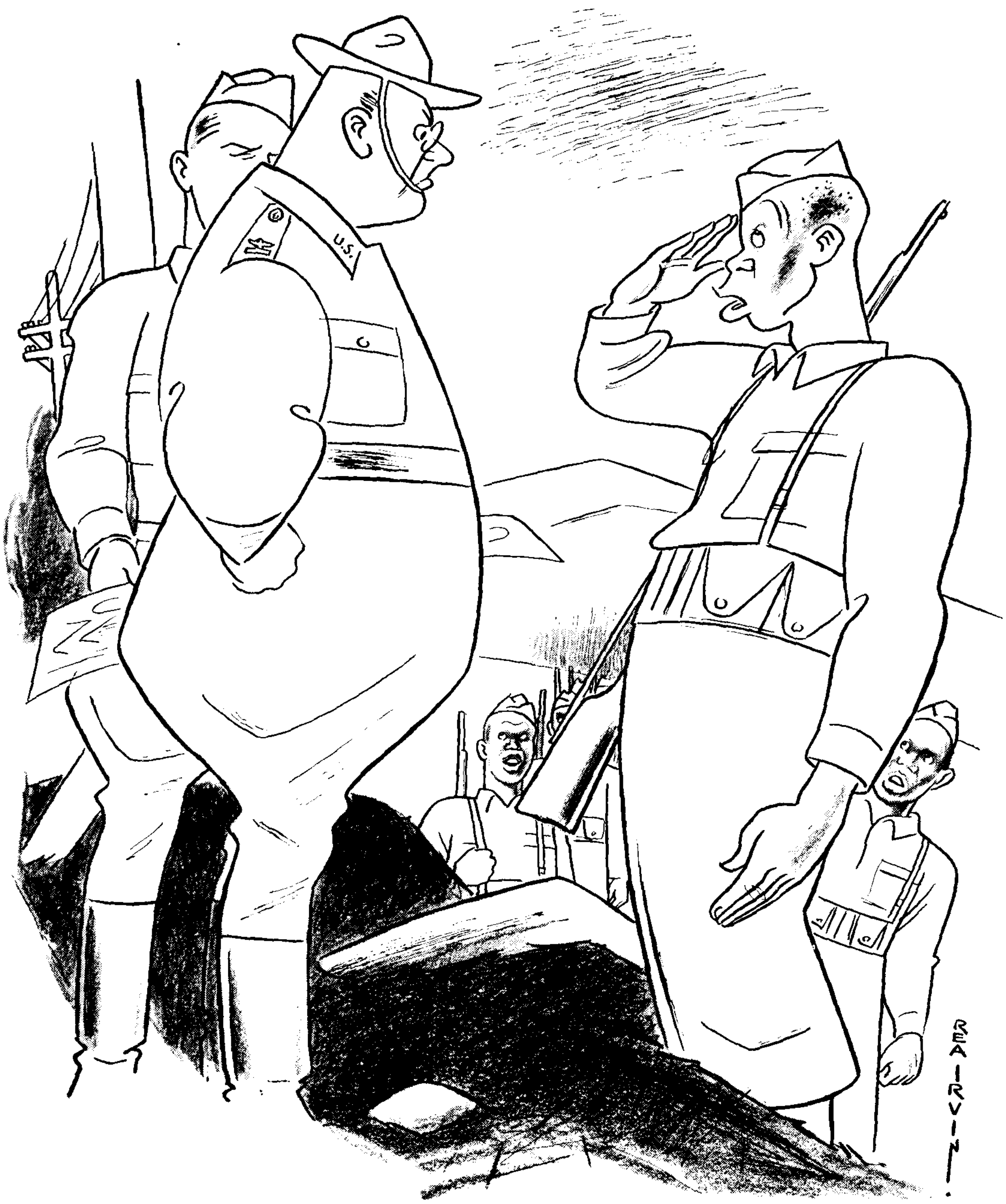
"His dinner, poor soul," her mother answered. "He brings it home with him every night so that *she* won't have to soil her hands carrying it. It wouldn't surprise me if he cooked it for her, too."

Esther's eyes grew round with amazement. "Oh, she couldn't let him do *that!*"

"I wouldn't put it past her," Mrs. Smith said. "I've been watching him every night since we came home from vacation. And it's a well-known fact that she never turns a wheel. Mrs. Wagner saw her once, and she told me that she's never seen anything to beat her. Went along the street as though she were walking on eggs."

"Maybe they're poor and he markets downtown because it's cheaper," Esther said. "After all, they don't own that house. Just rent it. I certainly would hate to live in a rented house."

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "He's



"We's the Red Army, suh, an' we's lost."

probably living in it a while to see how he likes it. It would be the sensible thing to do. Your father and I rented this house for two months before we bought it." She watched Mr. Johnson's back until he turned to walk up the steps of his house, and then she sighed. "I don't know when I've ever seen a man with such a kind, understanding face," she said. "I should imagine everyone who knows him goes to him with their troubles."

"A man like that would be nice," Rose said.

"Yes," her mother agreed. "A man like that would be a great change. A great change. Well, my mother always told me never to marry a man I had to handle, but I didn't heed her advice. I thought I knew it all, just as you, Rose, think you know it all." She walked over and opened the door. "Well, Big Ears," she said. "I suppose you've heard every word."

Agnes got up from the top step and smoothed her skirts. "I have a dollar," she said. "I've been saving it, but you can have it for a while. Then when Lon gets caught up, he can send it back to me." She frowned thoughtfully. "With some interest."

"I wonder if your grandfather has a little tucked away somewhere," Mrs. Smith said.

"I'm not sure," Agnes said. "But Tootie has a quarter. At least, she had a quarter when she started out this afternoon."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what," Mrs. Smith said. "We'll get as much together as we can *now*. And we'll eat light for a while. If there are any questions from your father or Grandpa, we'll say we think it's too hot for big, heavy meals." She began to smile and, turning to Agnes, she winked slightly.

THERE was tension at the dinner table that night and an undercurrent of excitement. Tootie, who sat at the foot of the table next to her mother, pushed her food thoughtfully around her plate. "That man on the water sprinkler is *little*," she said. "He's about as big as a dwarf. I rode as far as Delmar with him, and he brought me all the way back."

Rose lifted her eyebrows. "It's mean to remark on the imperfections in the looks of others. It is just like telling or hinting to the Lord that you could have done the job up better if it had been left to you."

Grandpa Prophater gave her a quick, keen glance. His eyes were like jet. "The Queen," he said. "The Queen speaks."

"Lonnie," Mrs. Smith said, "did you go down to work on the same trolley as Mr. Johnson? I noticed he left the house just after you. So I wondered if you happened to catch the same trolley."

"Johnson?" Mr. Smith asked. "The fellow who's just moved in down the street?"

"The Johnsons have lived there over a month," his wife told him, and her voice was patient.

"Mamma thinks Mr. Johnson is a fine-looking man," Agnes said. "So do I."

"I don't like Mrs. Johnson." Tootie shook her head so violently that her chair creaked. "She told me not to run across their lawn. When Halloween comes, I'm going to get even with her."

Mrs. Smith turned toward Tootie and stared at her in amazement. "You mean you've actually talked to her?

Why didn't you say so? What does she look like? And what did she say?"

"I've talked to her a thousand times," Tootie answered. "Every time I run over her lawn I talk to her. She has a daughter named Mamie, and she's away at college. Mrs. Johnson says that she wishes I wouldn't run over her lawn, and I don't say anything much. I just say the lawn isn't hers, it belongs to Mr. Yule, and she only rents it from Mr. Yule. So then once she said she had the care of it. She doesn't like me. She practically told me so. She called me a hoodlum."

"You *are* a hoodlum," her mother said. "Did you hear that, Lonnie? Mr. Johnson has a daughter who is away at college. I just know that girl has *everything*. Probably clothes like a princess and spending money galore." She cut the crust of her pie. "There's a great deal to be said for having only *one* child."

Tootie's fork clattered to the floor and Agnes pushed back her chair and ran from the room. Rose and Esther looked at their mother as though she were demented.

"Anna!" Grandpa Prophater said sternly.

Mr. Smith pushed back his plate and folded his napkin. "Why, Anna!" he said.

Mrs. Smith's eyes filled with tears. "Well, there is," she insisted. "When you have *one* child, you can do something for it. You don't have to wonder and wonder and wonder all the time."

Rose got up from the table and stood with her hand on her father's shoulder. "Just the same, Mamma, it's a dreadful thing to say. You can imagine how *we* feel with you wishing we were all dead."

Mr. Smith took Rose's hand and put it gently aside. "Agnes!" he called. "Come back here! Rose, sit down in your chair, where you belong. I have a few words to say."

The portières that hung in the doorway that led into the living room parted and Agnes came silently back to her place at the table. Mr. Smith looked around at the faces of his daughters and then at the flushed face of his wife. He cleared his throat. "Your mother," he said to the girls, "does not wish you were dead. What worries your mother is that she wants to give you heaven and earth. If she had the earth in her hands, she would divide it amongst you. Your mother was an only child, and the prettiest girl I ever saw. She could sing, too. Now she doesn't sing much any more, but she's the best damned cook in the state."

"Lonnie," Mrs. Smith murmured, "you don't have to swear."

"She could dance too," Mr. Smith went on. "Why, when I first married your mother, she could kick my hat off."

The girls turned and stared at their mother. She was smiling. "That was the time Corinne Archambault and I had the sherry," she said.

"Now," Mr. Smith said, "something's happened to upset your mother. I don't know what it is, but something's upset her."

"It's nothing," Mrs. Smith interrupted hurriedly. "It's nothing at all, is it, girls? I suppose it was foolish of me, but I got to thinking that if any emergency did arise, why, do you know, the most money I could raise would be about five dollars? And that's even counting in some of the house money."

The door to the kitchen opened and Katie came into the room. She coughed and held up three fingers. "Eight dollars," she said.

Grandpa Prophater looked at his daughter from under his eyebrows. His hand slid into his pocket and he brought out a five-dollar bill. "Thirteen," he said.

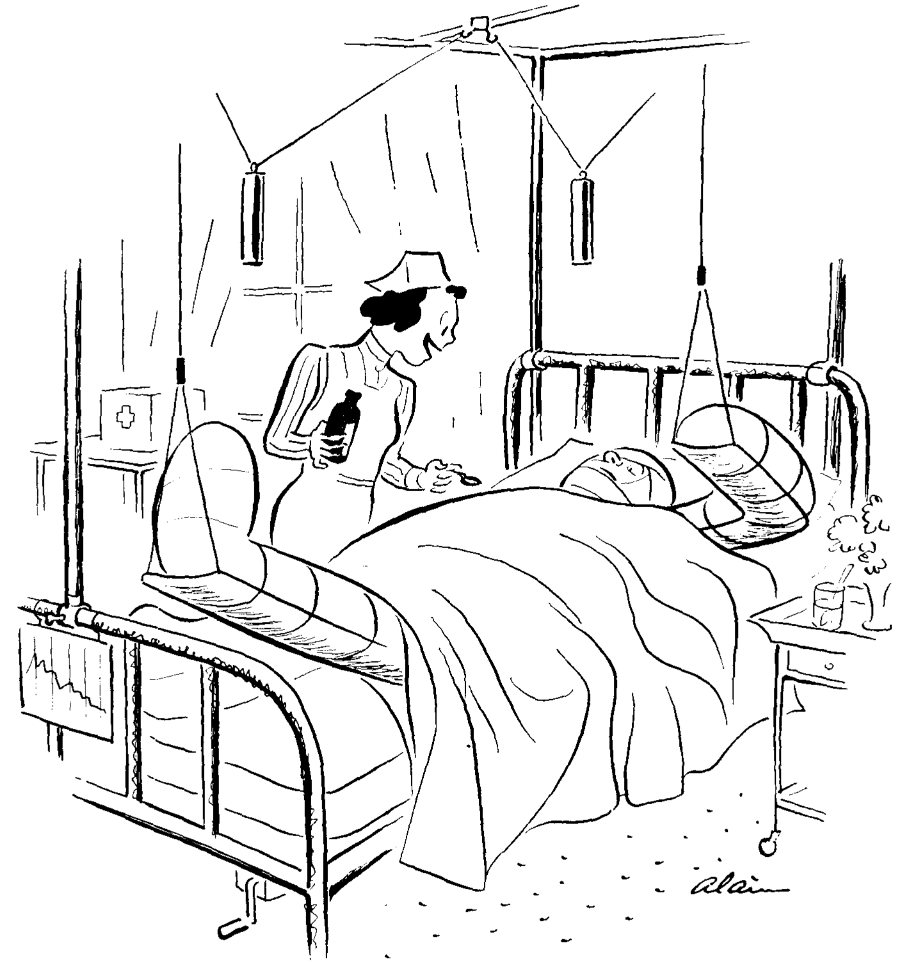
Mr. Smith fumbled in his coat and took out his wallet. He placed a ten-dollar bill on the table. "Twenty-three," he said.

Tootie began to laugh wildly. "Twenty-three, skiddoo!" she screamed. "Twenty-three, skiddoo!"

Mr. Smith pulled his chair closer to the table, unfolded his napkin, and began to eat his pie again. "Now that *that's* over," he said, "what were we talking about?"

"We were talking about the Johnsons," Agnes said.

"Oh, yes." Mr. Smith chewed his mouthful of pie slowly. "I did get on the same trolley with Johnson this morning. As a matter of fact, I sat in the same seat with him." He wiped his mouth and pushed his plate back on the table. "Johnson," he said, "dyes his mustache." —SALLY BENSON



"It contains Vitamin B—the pep vitamin."

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Wearing a short chinchilla cape and a spritely smile, Lady Mendl was the center of a great deal of attention.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

She would command *ours.*

PROFILES

CENTRAL PARK

III—WHAT A NICE MUNICIPAL PARK!

YOU may not stroll in Central Park carrying a bouquet or wearing a boutonnière, an obscure ordinance says, because the presence of visitors with innocently acquired flowers might confuse the Park police and so thwart the detection of lawless pickers of Park blossoms; on the other hand, you may, with little prospect of official interference, conduct a love affair in the shelter of the Park shrubbery (provided you can find an unoccupied space), this being judged to be nobody's business but your own. Somewhere in this contrast, waiting for a philosopher to dig it out, lies the essential theory of our municipal park administration.

The mechanics of the administration of Central Park are fairly intricate, involving no less than six governmental bodies: the United States Department of Commerce, the city Fire Department, the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, the Borough President of Manhattan (not the man, but the department), the Police Department, and the Department of Parks. The Department of Commerce is concerned only with the meteorological observatory housed in the Belvedere, the miniature Gothic castle overlooking the Great Lawn.

For the past twenty-one years this pretty little aerie has served as the office of David R. Morris, who has the title of Meteorologist in Charge (he is in charge of one assistant). Mr. Morris is a tall, graying Texan with a reflective turn of mind and a love of nature. He is still grieving for several trees that were uprooted in the hurricane of 1938, particularly a fine old elm. "I used to watch that elm," he says wistfully. He works from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon, and after a night snowfall his footprints are the first to be seen approaching the Belvedere. Usually he carries his lunch, there being no restaurant handy to the observatory. In addition to gathering the regular daily information about temperature, humidity, and the like, which is forwarded to the Weather Bureau in Washington, Mr. Morris conducts a couple of other investigations of peculiar interest to New Yorkers. From the first of July to the first of October, he issues a daily bulletin giving the pollen count of the air hereabouts; this information is sent to hospitals and is also given out over the telephone to anxious relatives of those exiled by their allergies. Throughout the year a general air-pollution measurement is also made at the Belvedere, by means of a little pump which draws air through filter paper; the paper is then compared with a set of master smudges of known density. The air of New York is cleanest at two o'clock in the afternoon of an April day, when there is only one and three-eighths of a ton of foreign matter in a cubic mile; it is dirtiest around eight o'clock in the morning in December, when the measurement rises to something like two and a half tons.

The Fire Department is an important but rather aloof dweller in the Park. In a long, one-story building of white concrete, set in the rock on the south side of the Seventy-ninth Street transverse, in the middle of the Park, is the nerve centre of the Manhattan fire-alarm system, the Manhattan Central Office of the Bureau of Fire Alarm Telegraph. At this station alarms are received from the forty-two hundred fireboxes of Manhattan Island and transmitted to the firehouses. All told, thirty-four firemen monitor the signals, and they have little interest in the greenery that lies around them; they enter and leave by the transverse road and do not appear to think they are fortunate in working in the Park. Of course, they are there for a very practical reason—that if all of Manhattan were in flames, the Park would still be safe. This, at least, gives LaGuardia one thing less to worry about in his air-raid defence program. (Ideal, if rather expensive, bomb shelters could be blasted out of the rock underlying the Park, but so far this hasn't been officially considered.)

The Borough President of Manhattan has the responsibility of paving and maintaining the four transverse roads; the other roads in the Park are left to the Parks Department. Because the transverse roads have few wires and pipes beneath them, they don't have to be dug up as often as the other streets in the city and will go twenty years without resurfacing.

Nine employees of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity take care of the Reservoir, which receives water from the Croton system and supplies it to the low-lying land of Manhattan's periphery. Three crews of two men each, working in eight-hour shifts, operate the pumping station in the South Gatehouse, near Eighty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. The North Gatehouse has a daytime shift of two boatmen and a laborer, who devote themselves to fishing extraneous matter out of the water—revolvers, dead sea gulls, wastepaper. Once they dredged up a fairly complete set of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The nearer the country gets to war, the more important becomes the job of tending the Reservoir, because it is a likely place for sabotage. A new crew of young and alert men was put on duty this year, and they expect to be joined by armed guards before very long. Someday, when present plans mature, the city will be supplied direct from upstate reservoirs; then the Reservoir will not be needed in the city's system of water supply. When this comes about, Commissioner Moses intends, if he is still in office, to turn it into a stupendous swimming pool.

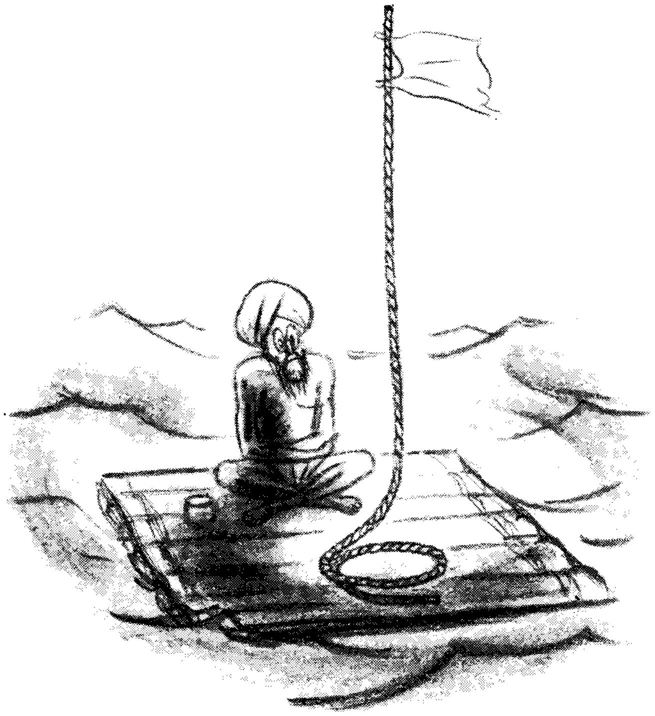
WORKING out of the Twenty-second Precinct station house, on the Eighty-fifth Street transverse, a police detail of a captain, three lieutenants, seven sergeants, and a hundred and eleven patrolmen devotes its time exclusively to the Park. This little army is augmented by a mounted squad of two sergeants and fifteen men from Troop A, who patrol the bridle paths; a couple of cops attached to the Motorcycle Division; twelve plainclothesmen; three prowl cars; and, in summer, a couple of policewomen. Under the Greater City Charter of 1897, the city police took over the job of policing all the parks, but under the present municipal regime the final direction of the Park police is in the hands of the Parks Commissioner. Moses and Commissioner Valentine have an enlightened arrangement whereby all Parks Department orders for the Park police are handled by a liaison man, Inspector Joseph Bannon, who has offices in the Arsenal.

Acre for acre, the Park is a somewhat less disorderly place than the rest of the city. The Park police make about twelve hundred arrests a year, most of them in the summer. The usual offences are disorderly conduct, intoxication, vagrancy, and damage to property. Violations of Park rules bring some four thousand people to Magistrates' Court every year to pay fines for peddling, unleashing their dogs, trespassing, picking flowers, or annoying the animals in the Zoo. You can also be arrested simply for being in Central Park between midnight and dawn, and many arrests for this are made. Patrolmen are lenient toward harmless-looking strollers and even toward mannerly vagrants, and of course almost anyone can sleep all night in the Park during a hot spell.

The activity popularly known as plain, old-fashioned sex normally brings nothing more than a reproof from the Park police; indeed, the only charge that could be brought is the stock catchall, disorderly conduct. The police would be very happy if this was all they had to worry about; actually, many of the people who haunt the Park have somewhat more bizarre inclinations. The children's playgrounds must be heavily policed. They are so well policed, in fact, that any citizen is in imminent danger of being dragged off to the station house if he so much as offers a child a lollipop.

In pre-Fusion days, the cops couldn't get the law against peddling in the Park enforced by the courts; the Tammany magistrates, who liked to be thought good fellows, simply dismissed every prisoner who gave his occupation as "vender in Central Park." The cops kept trying, though. One of the sagas of the Twenty-second Precinct station house is that of Patrolman Abraham De Klade, who, in the face of complete indifference on the part of the city's magistrates, kept hauling in a park peddler named Abraham Goldstein. Sometimes De Klade arrested Goldstein four or five times a week, and one year the officer appeared in court against him more than fifty times. Goldstein, however, was never fined, though of course he spent a lot of time in court. Another of De Klade's exploits was to round up in a single day twenty-five people who had somehow misconducted themselves in the Park, their offences ranging from catching fish to having unleashed dogs.

The Park has seen crimes of violence, too. One of the worst was a homicidal attack a few years ago by a crazed taxi-driver named Charles Sanfilippo, who, with a recklessness extraordinary even for a lunatic, fired into a group of several thousand patrolmen gathered in the Park for the annual memorial services for policemen killed in line of duty. Wearing homemade armor and carrying two repeating shotguns, Sanfilippo wounded a lieutenant, a patrolman, and three civilians before the police could bring him down.

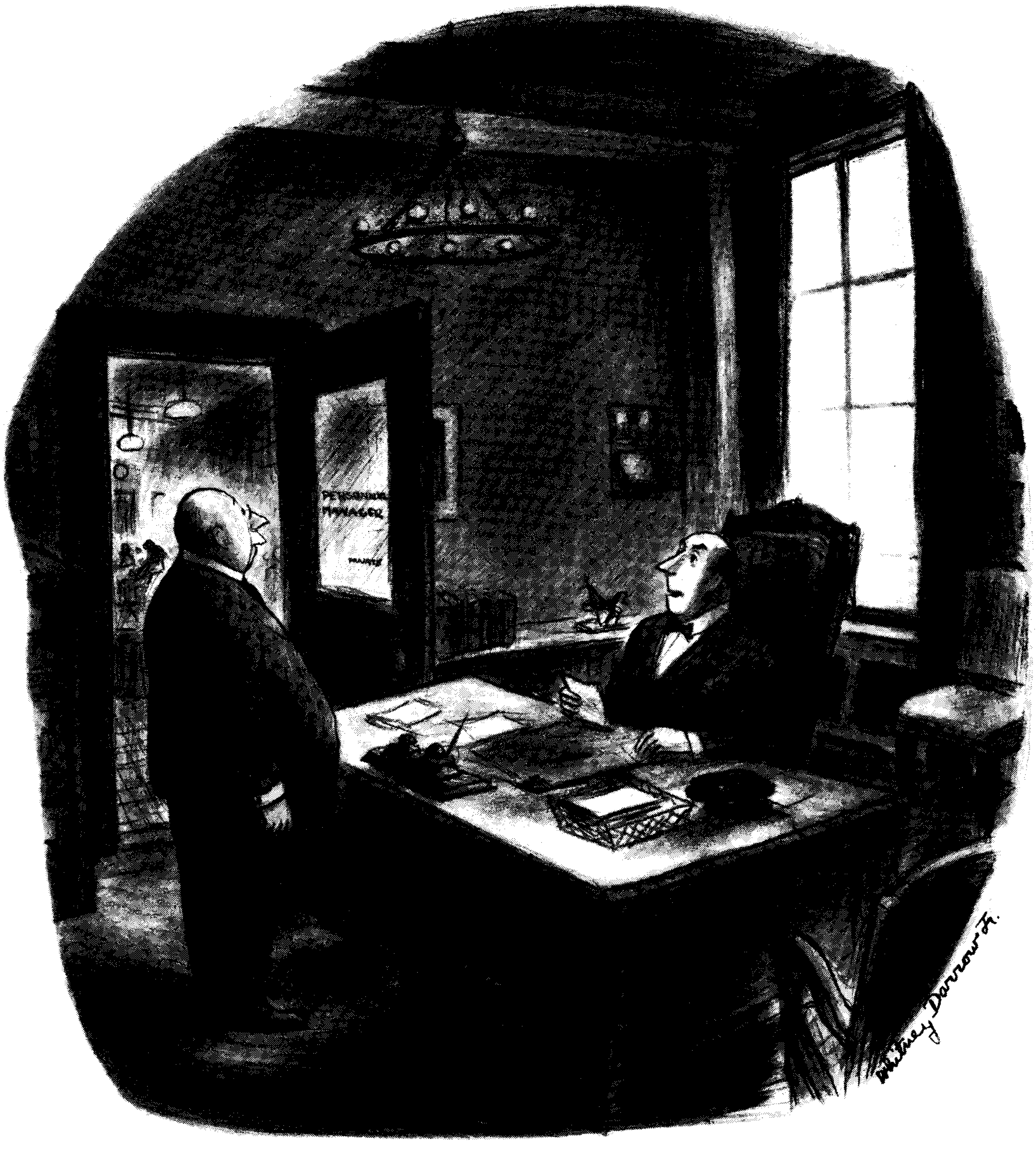


WHEN Moses took office he cancelled all concession permits and started from scratch. The Parks Department demands a percentage of each concessionaire's gross receipts, partly for the sake of the money it brings in and partly for the chance it provides to supervise the way the concession is run. The Department inspects all the equipment used by its concessionaires and keeps an eye on the quality of food products and the behavior of the employees.

The oldest concession in the Park is the Carrousel, which has been revolving, by one means or another, since 1872. In its early days it was turned by a pair of mules trudging round and round in a pit beneath it; now it has an electric motor. Six rides for a quarter and, of course, a free ride if you catch the brass ring. In summer, if the weather is fine, the Carrousel runs from ten in the morning till eleven at night, and it stays open in the winter too, though not so long. The Parks Department collects fifteen per cent of its gross earnings.

The Cafeteria, one of the successes of the rejuvenated Park, is operated at the Zoo by a man named John Kelly, who is also licenced to operate refreshment stands near the Carrousel and at Conservatory Lake, a couple of refreshment-bearing carrettinas which ply in the neighborhood of the Zoo, and Kelly's Rocket, a fearsomely modernistic device with which a vender blows up helium balloons for children. Kelly employs fifty men, and pays the city something between five and ten per cent of his gross. On the terrace of the Cafeteria, well-to-do refugees sit in the afternoon sunshine, drinking beer and watching the seals. You hear French, German, and Yiddish spoken almost as often as you hear English. The Zoo is like something these people have left behind in another country. It is *gemütlich.*

Peter Pappas, in addition to operating rowboat and lunchroom concessions at



"As you know, Collins, this national-defence situation has left us a bit shorthanded. Can you ride a bicycle?"

• •

the Lake and the Harlem Meer, is also licenced to serve refreshments and check clothing whenever there is skating in the winter. He employs about forty-five men winter and summer and pays the stiffest percentage to the city; it's a flat twenty-five per cent on his rowboat rentals. The Union News Company, which operates restaurant concessions in railroad stations over most of the country, has thirty-six carrettinas roaming the Park in summer, as well as six men with shoulder boxes. It also runs the little restaurant in the passage under the Seventy-second Street drive near the Terrace. It pays the city ten per cent on the food and beverages it sells and five per cent on candies and tobacco. The pony ride, on the south side of the Zoo, has for the past thirty-seven years been operated by one family. The present manager is Rita Maier, a young lady who used to be a steady patron of the ride when her parents were in charge. Rides are ten cents (a penny of which goes to Commissioner Moses), and the small patrons have, over the years, included such exalted folk as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Gloria Vanderbilt, and the younger

Jesse Livermore. There is a concessionaire attached to the Park's tennis courts who gives lessons and strings racquets. The Tavern-on-the-Green keeps a hundred and sixty people busy in the summer. This, incidentally, is the only place in the Park that serves liquor. All in all, the city's interest in the Park's concessions brings in around fifty thousand dollars a year; this is enough to pay the expenses of maintenance, planning, and supervision of the concessions, with a tidy profit left over.

IF a film company wants to take motion pictures in Central Park, it applies at the Arsenal for a permit, which costs five dollars. This is the minimum charge for using a motion-picture camera professionally in the Park. There is also a minimum charge of ten dollars for a cast of ten or less, and a charge of one dollar is levied for each additional actor. Horses, automobiles, and other large props are licenced at five dollars each. These permits cover a single day's shooting. Generally speaking, professionally produced movies make use of "production background" photographed in the Park and shipped to Hollywood; the actors are then pasted in front of the scenery by magic. "Shall We Dance?," "Strawberry Blonde," "Little Nellie Kelly," "The Scoundrel," "Come Live with Me," "My Man Godfrey," and (naturally) "Central Park" are some of the recent movies which have made use of five-dollar production-background shots made in the Park. Commercial photographers can get a free permit to pose models within the Park for still photographs; they are supposed to give the Park a credit line, but this rule is overlooked more often than not.

Using the "sampling" method—i.e., taking counts at a number of places and times and striking an average, as the Gallup Poll, for instance, does—the Parks Department has put the figure for the annual attendance at the Zoo at six million; the Department does not mean, of course, that six million people each go to the Zoo once a year, but that six million visits are paid, including those of repeaters. More than half a million people, by the same method of figuring, are players or spectators in the play area reserved for adult softball and football. The playground attendants last year counted a total of 3,044,283 visitors. All in all, taking due consideration of the pedestrians, equestrians, motorists, cyclists, roller-skaters, coasters, skiers, concert audiences, and the attendance at big "special events" like this spring's "I Am an American" Day, it is safe to say that the annual attendance is twenty million, or just less than three visits for each New Yorker.

The cost of maintaining the roads, paths, trees, shrubbery, lawns, playgrounds, ponds, and buildings of Central Park and of supervising the activities of the visitors comes to about a thousand dollars a day. The minimum annual expenditure of the Parks Department for Central Park is $360,000, and perhaps another $40,000 goes for the extra work involved in special events—putting up stands, employees' overtime, and so on. If you divide the maximum operating cost, $400,000, by the estimated number of visitors in a year—twenty million—you will get the modest figure of two cents as the cost to the city each time someone enters Central Park.

The Park's Supervisor of Recreation, Charles H. Stark, who oversees the recreational activities of all the municipal parks in Manhattan, is assisted in Central Park by a staff of thirty-one men and women. They are the earnest promoters of a myriad activities for adults and children—folk dancing, social dancing, chess, kite-flying, ping-pong, model-boat racing, bicycling, roller-skating, ice-skating, baseball, softball, basketball, field hockey, football, horseshoe-pitching, paddle tennis, shuffleboard, volleyball, skiing, lawn bowls, tennis, and croquet. Indefatigably, they promote all sorts of festivals, carnivals, tournaments, and contests. There is always something doing—a snow-sculpture and architecture contest, an ice-skating carnival, a one-act play contest, a soccer tournament, a chess tournament, a stunt week, an amateur-photography contest, a pet show, a marble-shooting contest, a model-airplane contest, a jacks contest, a harmonica contest, a magic show, a harvest festival, or a celebration of a national holiday.

THE gardening staff of Central Park is an impressive hierarchy: at the top, a general foreman; below him, in descending rank, eight foremen, twelve climbers and pruners, twenty gardeners, twenty assistant gardeners, thirty-five temporary assistant gardeners for summer work, ninety-three laborers, twenty-five attendants, male and female, eight watchmen, and three special patrolmen.

There are in Central Park some seventy thousand trees and more than four hundred thousand shrubs. The Park's total fruit yield is thirty bushels of crab apples and three crates of currants a year; these are plucked green by the Park gardeners so that small boys will not be tempted. This fruit is fed to the an-

"To—wit, to—whoo! To—wit, to—whoo!"

Elizabeth

"Never is a woman
so supreme as
when she is sure
of her loveliness".

ELIZABETH ARDEN

ARDENA FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA VELVA CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA SKIN LOTION
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM
ARDENA ASTRINGENT CREAM
ARDENA
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

imals or thrown away. Oddly enough, there are only two flower gardens, both obscurely located—the Conservatory Garden, facing upper Fifth Avenue, and the Shakespeare Garden, near the Great Lawn. You can be in and out of the Park all summer without seeing a flower. Moses is redesigning the Park for hard use by great numbers of people, and there is little place in this scheme for beds of posies.

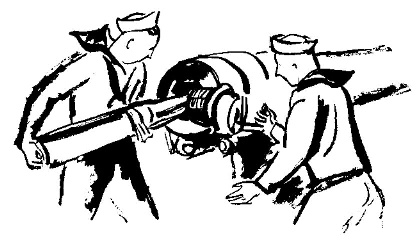
In the spring and summer the gardening force cultivates, fertilizes, and waters the lawns, trees, and shrubbery; in the fall and winter it sprays, prunes, and transplants, and makes major alterations wherever they are necessary. Alterations in landscaping are diplomatic problems, since every nook and cranny in the Park has its special friends among the public; David Schweitzer, now the Parks Department Forester, remembers that he was once one of a squad that got up before dawn to secretly chop down an influential old gingko tree. The ninety-three Park laborers trudge through the four seasons, spearing scrap paper and sweeping paths.

The Director of the Zoo is a veterinary named Harry F. Nimphius. Dr. Nimphius is somewhat more conservative than his predecessor, Captain Ronald Cheyne-Stout, a young man who habitually wore riding pants and a small mustache and liked to take his friends at night to the lion house, where he would go into the lions' cages and wake the lions up. Dr. Nimphius's job keeps him on call twenty-four hours a day, animals being as inconsiderate as humans when it comes to beginning labor pains or breaking a leg. He maintains an efficient sick bay, where he can administer to an *enceinte* hippopotamus, give a chimpanzee sun-lamp treatments for a cold in the nose, or help a yak get rid of a rubber band it has swallowed. Dr. Nimphius is grieved but no longer surprised by the things that visitors, apparently with the best good will in the world, toss into the animals' cages. His charges have eaten, or been barely saved from eating, such foreign bodies as cigars, stones, rubber balls, beanbags, newspapers, safety pins, lollipop sticks, razor blades, wire, broken glass, paper cups, corks, hand mirrors, matches, toothpicks, coins, marbles, and handkerchiefs. A proletarian lady caught trying to feed her patent-leather handbag to Dick, a hyena, who is, at twenty-three, the Zoo's oldest mammal, voiced the popular sentiment. "Whatsamatta?" she exclaimed. "He eats everything, don't he?"

The weekly diet of the Zoo animals includes twenty-five hundred pounds of beef, nine hundred of fish, three hundred of bananas, two hundred of sweet potatoes, two hundred of carrots, a hundred and fifty of apples, a hundred and twenty-five of cabbage, sixty of lettuce, fifty of oranges and onions, thirty of grapes, twenty of prunes, and two hundred and ten quarts of milk, in addition to the usual Zoo staples of hay, seed, and grain. Antonio Sclafani, an elderly Italian rooming-house keeper who walks the city streets summer and winter in shorts and the top of a bathing suit, has long been trying to convert the entire Zoo to vegetarianism. Six years ago he was caught feeding grapes to the yak and got a suspended sentence for disorderly conduct in Yorkville Magistrates' Court. He was back again in two weeks with peanuts for the bears. This time he spent a day in jail. He no longer tries to feed the animals but comes around every once in a while to argue with the keepers against the eating of flesh, even by the tigers.

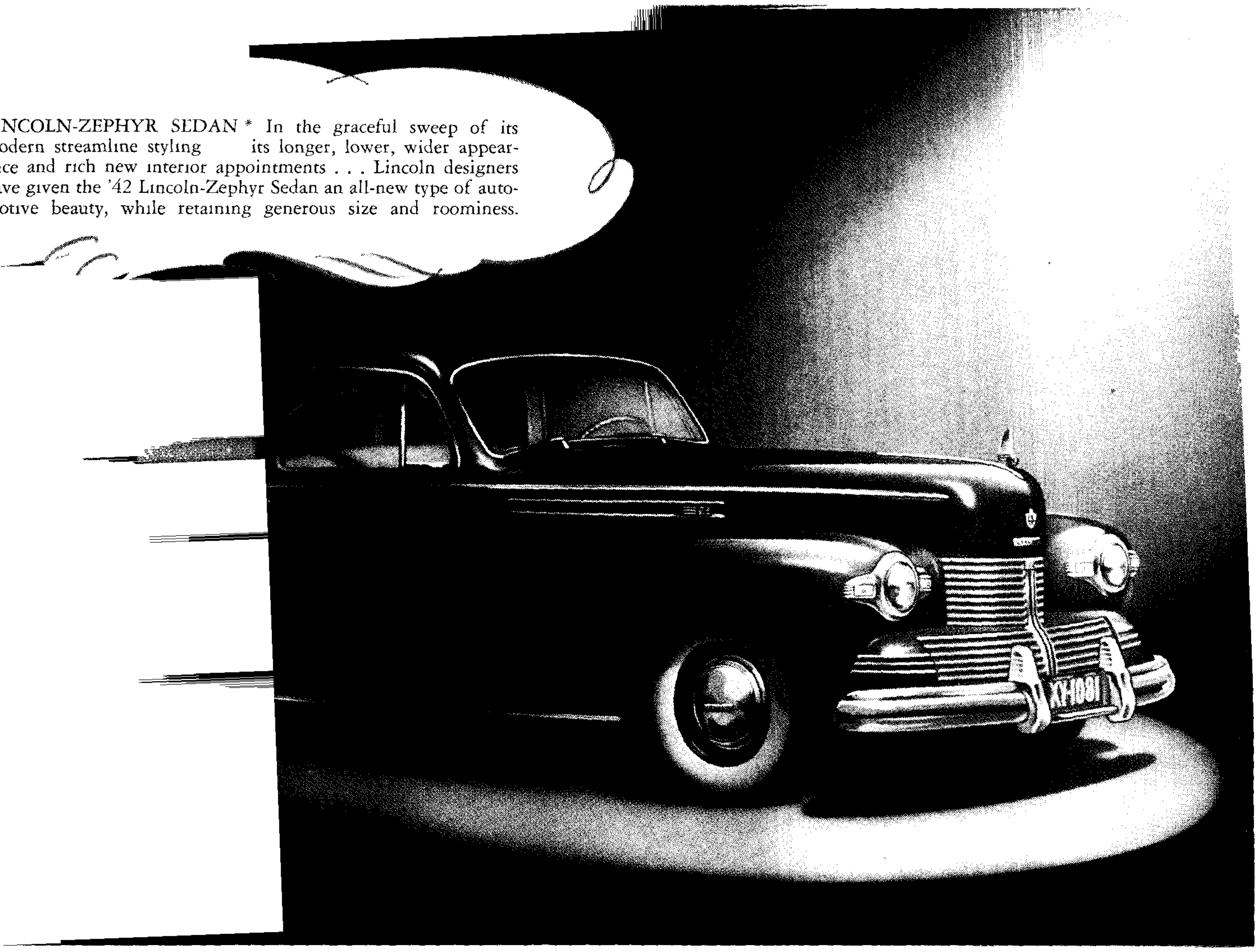
The present administration has paid for not a single bird, beast, or fowl in the Zoo; all are loans or gifts. One of the chimpanzees, for instance, was lent by "Shipwreck" Kelly, a gossip-column character, who drops in every now and then to see it with his wife, *née*, to be sure, Brenda Frazier, on his arm. The rarest animal in the Zoo is a gift—the hybrid "tiglon," a cross between a tiger and a lion, sent anonymously from Berlin in 1934. The people of New York have always offered fauna to the Zoo, the varieties changing with the passage of time. It used to be such indigenous beasts as raccoons, wildcats, panthers, and ground hogs; now it's kinkajous, ocelots, monkeys, alligators, and other creatures likely to be collected and discarded by faddish animal-lovers. There have been only six escapes from the Zoo within the memory of the present staff, and the only serious consequence was the death of an elderly keeper who dropped dead from excitement when a bear got out.

NEW YORK will never outgrow Central Park, provided a man like Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of the Park and its first superintendent, or Robert Moses happens along once in a hundred years or so. The job of Parks Commissioner is one for a practical psychologist. Moses tries to project himself into the frame of mind of an average citizen spending an afternoon in a public park. What does he want to do? What does he like to look at? How can he be prevented from doing things he shouldn't do? The Moses approach to the problem of wanton destruction of Park property is masterly: all the Park employees have been put in uniform, to give them prestige and an air of authority; the fences are cunningly designed to serve their purpose without looking like fences; about the edge of the Park, near the main entrances, are twenty paved "marginal playgrounds," placed there to attract the interest of invading small boys, who would otherwise be tearing down shrubbery; instead of "Keep Off," a sign may read, "Let no one say, and say it to your shame, that all was beauty here until you came." It's working, too.



Moses doesn't want to turn the Park into a prissy outdoor Y.M.C.A., and even if he wanted to, the Park would resist his efforts. The Park will always be the sort of place where anything can happen. Once an elephant was stolen from the Zoo. One of the bridle-path set rides a mule instead of a horse. Last month, in a balmy summer dawn, two middle-aged men undressed and went swimming in the seal pool. A dog that once belonged to Frieda Hempel, the singer, is now running wild in the Park, coming occasionally to the Central Park West side to look up at the windows of her apartment. The Park is the Plymouth Rock of the English sparrow; fourteen were released in Central Park in 1863 and fathered all the English sparrows on the continent of North America. The literary hobo, Jim Tully, set out to hike from Greenwich Village to Boston and got lost in the Park; an English butler walking a dog rescued him and gave him a breakfast he has remembered for thirty years. All this is indirect evidence of a peculiar sort of vitality.

Olmsted, the man who created Central Park, ought to have the last word in any history of the Park, because it is doubtful if anybody, even Moses, ever felt the way he did about it. In 1863, while he was in California recovering from a bout with the city politicians, he wrote to Vaux, his partner in the creation of the Park and his confidant: "But you know that advantages offered in the office of the Superintendent for spending a good deal of my life in the park, being with the people in it, watching over



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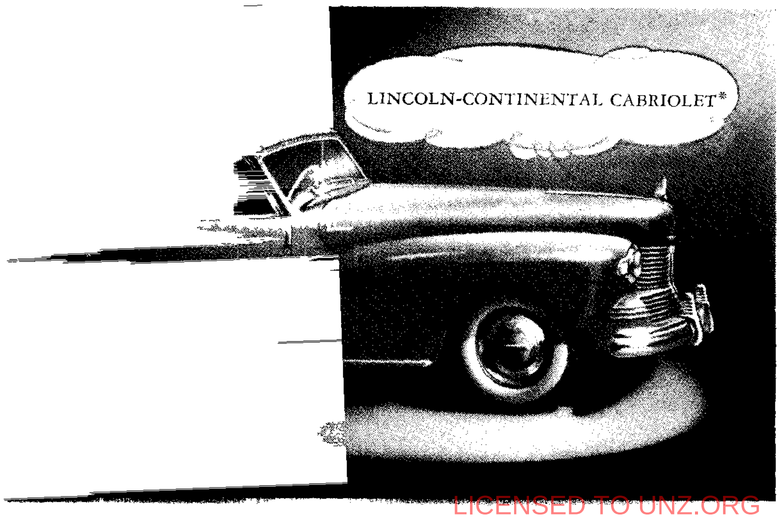

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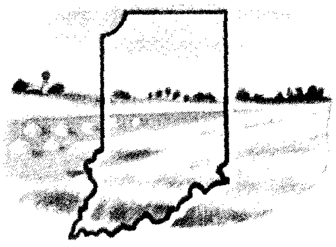

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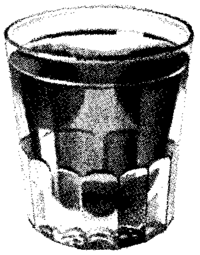
Smooth as the broad lush grain fields is Indiana's "prize" whiskey . . . from the limestone-bluegrass region.



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Sturdy as the rolling Alleghany landscape, Pennsylvania's finest whiskey is renowned for *character* and *body*.

***Blended with Specially Distilled Neutral Grain Spirits . . . Schenley Blends Give You Perfect MILDNESS.**

TO GIVE YOU—with *light-bodied mildness*—this all-time perfection of taste-quality, Schenley blended the finest whiskies from all four whiskey states, with a specially distilled neutral grain blending spirit. So that now, in *one mild* whiskey, you enjoy all the delicate taste advantages of *four rare whiskies!* Schenley's vast reserves make possible this unique symphony of qualities; and assure you of these qualities in the future.

Treat Yourself to SCHENLEY..."The Taste it Takes Four States to Make"

Schenley Black Label 65% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof. Schenley Red Label 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86 Proof. Blended whiskey. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

it and cherishing it in every way—living in it and being a part of it (whatever else there was)—were valued by me at a valuation which you thought nonsensical, childish, and unworthy of me; but it was my valuation of them and not yours which was concerned. And that this was something deeper than a whim you know, for you know that it existed essentially years before it attached itself to the Central Park as was shown by the fact that while others gravitated to pictures, architecture, Alps, libraries, high life, and low life when travelling, I had gravitated to parks—spent all my spare hours in them when living in London for instance, and this with no purpose whatever except a gratification which came from sources which the Superintendence of the Park would have made easy and cheap to me, to say the least, every day of my life. What I wanted in London and in Paris and in Brussels and everywhere I went in Europe—what I wanted in New York in 1857, I want now, *and this from no regard for Art or fame or money.*"

Olmsted just liked parks, and a good thing for us he did.

—Eugene Kinkead
and Russell Maloney

(This is the last of three articles on Central Park.)

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*An invitation to wives of traders to attend the eighth annual convention of the New Orleans Security Traders Association*]

To the Ladies

We greet you with the sweeping bow of a cavalier, its plumed clouds and sunlight waving a smile of animated appreciation. The flowers that bloom and the very atmosphere you breathe clothe you in regal splendor, for every lady in New Orleans is a queen.

You will look up at the wrought-iron balconies in the French Quarter, half expecting a billet doux to be dropped into your hands, remembering Cyrano and Ligniere. You will hear the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the cobble-stoned streets and you will smile softly to yourself, believing your very own gallant is dashing to the Duelling Oaks to wield his flashing blade for your capricious favor.

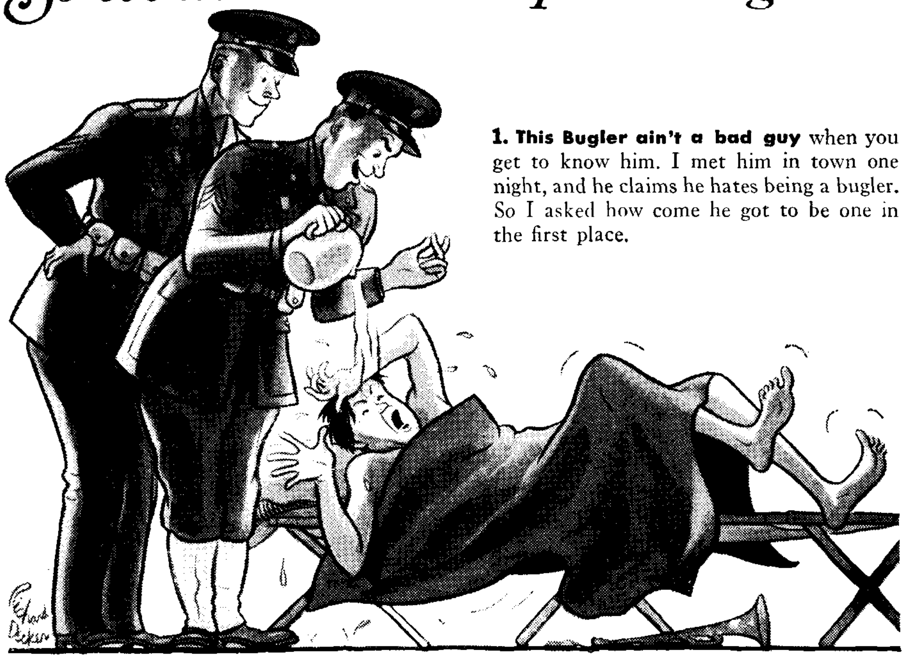
Your charm will compliment dining and you will be toasted in rare old wines, only to be whirled away, with disregard to time or place, to old courtyards and buildings where once on a time absinthe was dripped and sipped.

We await your visit with excited expectancy. You will be the lady in the enchanted tales, the inspiration and object of chivalry and adventure. But your cavalier will not be just one, but many, as our whole city welcomes you to its heart.

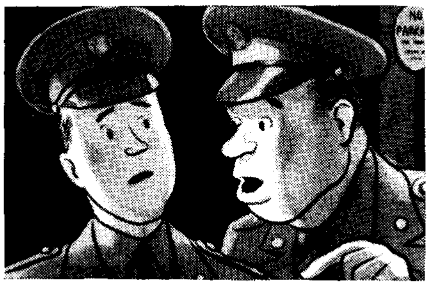
Lady fair, fail not our rendezvous!

New Orleans Security Traders Association

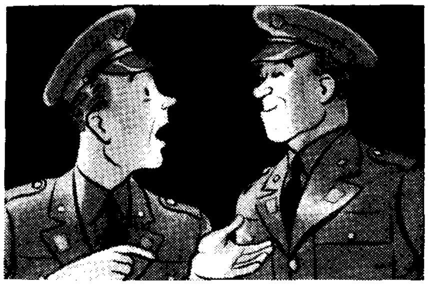
"So we had to wake up the Bugler!"



1. This Bugler ain't a bad guy when you get to know him. I met him in town one night, and he claims he hates being a bugler. So I asked how come he got to be one in the first place.



2. "It's a long story," said the bugler. "I can't sleep. I toss and turn most of the night, so I might as well get up, anyway. That makes me a natural for a bugler." "Too bad!" I sympathized. "But why can't you sleep?"



3. "Coffee!" says this sorrowing horn-tooter. "A soldier likes coffee, but the caffein in it keeps me awake. I should never touch it, but how I love it!" This gave me an idea, so I said: "You should drink Sanka Coffee!"

4. "It's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" I told him. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"

5. So he got a can of Sanka Coffee. I tipped the mess sergeant off, and he agreed to brew this bugler's Sanka Coffee for him special. Well . . . he ain't a bugler any more . . . on account of Sanka Coffee let him sleep so good!

6. He slept right through reveille, and the whole outfit was late. The colonel sure was mad. So was the captain. He fired this bugler, but when the colonel heard the story, he grinned and went to drinking Sanka Coffee himself!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

"Heartfelt Thanks for the Suggestion"

We're sure of your gratitude. A tonic cure, now, will help put you in shape for a busy winter. Sound precaution, too, if you've a heart condition, or tend to arthritis. The autumn woods are a riot of color, the air like wine. The Gideon's famous home cooking makes each meal an event. You'll delight in every week, every day, every hour of your stay. Booklet and fall rates on request.

THE GIDEON PUTNAM
Privately Operated—E. C. Sweeny, Lessee
AT SARATOGA SPA
in State-Owned Geyser Park, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Bias Cut BIASNET*

Gossard designers cut woven BIASNET* elastic on the bias to give you a beautifully sculptured line through the waist and hips . . . without sacrificing flexibility. Front and back panels of rayon satin brocade. Model 1022A, average; and D, tall.
*Trade Mark

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty
THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. Chicago New York San Francisco
Dallas Atlanta Toronto Melbourne Sydney Buenos Aires

OF ALL THINGS

THE present policy of our government splits the difference between the interventionists and isolationists. The Navy is at war but the Army is *in a state of profound peace.*

•

Herbert Hoover suggests that Hitler commit suicide in Russia and save us a lot of trouble. Unfortunately the Führer never was a man to take a hint.

•

As the Russians suffer setbacks, the Japanese again cast covetous eyes upon Siberia. *Any day now, we may hear that* Tokio's patience is exhausted.

•

In their broadminded way, the Nazis are murdering French hostages without regard to race, creed, or politics. The only stipulation is that the victims must be innocent of the crimes for which they are executed.

•

The aurora borealis last week gave this region a brilliant and beautiful show. Not only that, but the electrical disturbance it created interrupted the flow of bad news from Europe.

•

The Army is busy waging a great sham war all over Louisiana. That state has not been so badly trampled on since the days of Huey Long.

•

In his keynote speech as Democratic candidate for Mayor, Mr. O'Dwyer declared himself to be anti-Hitler, anti-bigotry, and anti-waste. The antiest thing he is, of course, is Fiorello.

•

There is danger that the Clark movie investigation may come to an end for lack of funds. Can't this thing be charged to the entertainment account?

•

There seems to be a slight difference of position between Bernard Baruch and the farm-bloc congressmen in the matter of agricultural prices. Their floor is twice as high as his roof.

•

Martin T. Manton, once a high federal judge, will be released from prison in October. Presumably he will be given the customary warning against going back to his old trade.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

WHAT ARE YOU HAVING FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

Whether it starts with soup or tomato juice, whether the main dish is meat or fish, you can make it a banquet-worthy menu by using Lea & Perrins Sauce in your cooking and on your table.

Day after day, you'll find the Sauce of 1000 Uses adds that special something which makes people say "Mmmmm!" ...and mean it!

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
THE SAUCE OF 1000 USES

Discover tea taster
FOR A TASTE THRILL

NINE RARE TEAS $1.00

Something sensationally new, something different! Here is your chance to sample nine, separate, rare teas in one package for $1. Try—Lapsang, Jasmine, Earl Grey, Formosa, Darjeeling and four other delectable flavors. Enjoy the taste and bouquet of these expensive teas without paying the pound cost. Enough tea to brew a hundred cups. For those who have a flair for the unusual; grand as a gift or a bridge prize. Praised by food specialists—newspapers and magazines. The TEA TASTER PACKAGE delivered postpaid for $1. MAIL OR TELEPHONE YOUR ORDER TODAY.

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Importers To Elite Americans Since 1877
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"SHOW-ME" BUYERS PICK THE ST. MORITZ

This bigger value makes faster friends...everywhere! 1000 rooms newly decorated for sophisticated tastes. From $4 single, $6 double. Suites from $8. All with bath and radio. Directly on the Park ★ New York's *only* truly Continental hotel.

ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park South, New York
Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

TWO DOWN

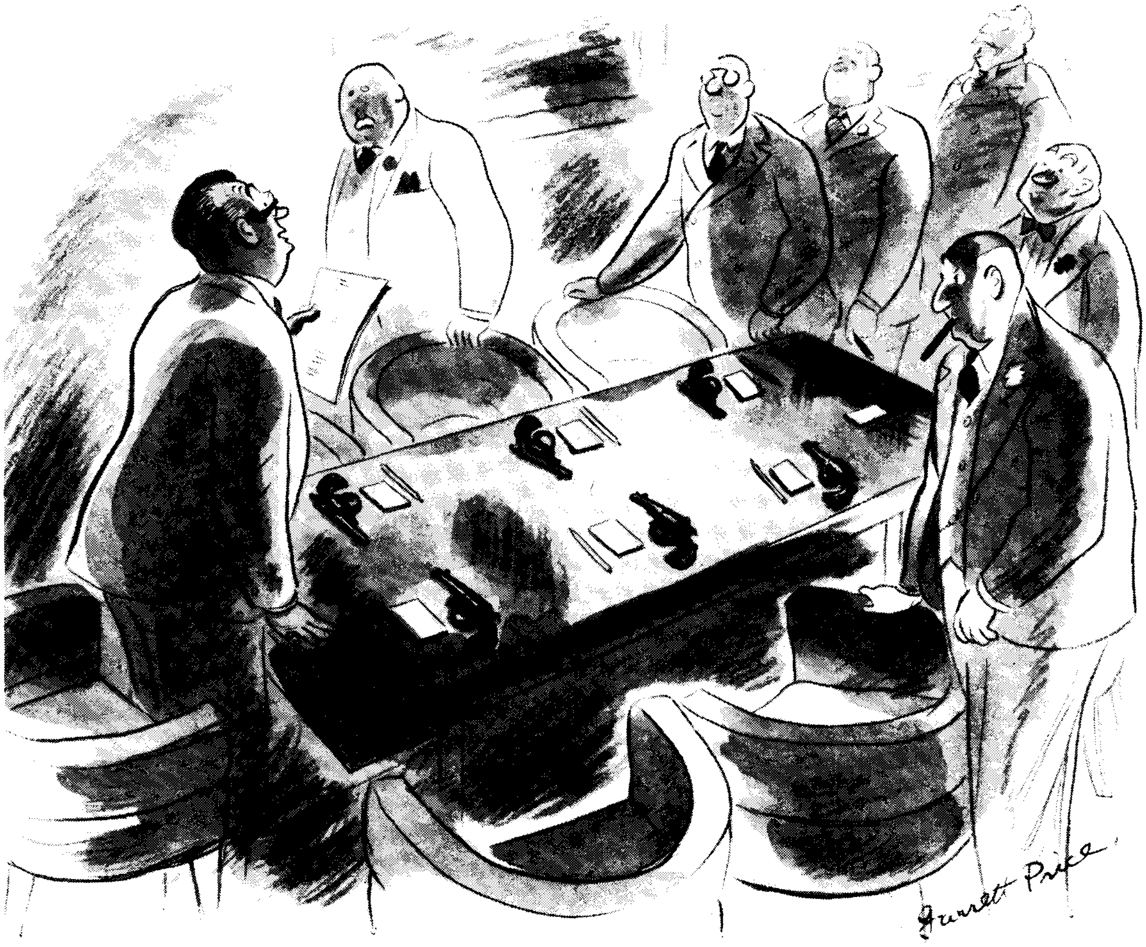
THE task of the reviewer, always a little baffling in the early fall, was complicated last week by the arrival of two dramas of such identical foolishness that it is very hard to remember much about them in retrospect, or even, indeed, which one was which. If I'm not mistaken, however, "The More the Merrier," at the Cort, is the specimen destined to go down to posterity as the one about the dead man on the roller skates, while "Cuckoos on the Hearth," at the Morosco, will always be celebrated as that comedy of crime with two different explanations, neither of them any good. If this is the case, the former of these exhibits contains, among countless other things, a certain amount of political corruption, considerable talk of a biological nature, a disappearing corpse, and a cast of no less than twenty-eight people, all shouting at the same time; the latter offers a nice sample of homicidal mania, several spies on the lookout for a poison-gas formula, a strangely obvious secret room, and a character intentionally reminiscent of Mr. Alexander Woollcott in one of his more fretful moods. It is perhaps a symptom of the elementary nature of the humor in both plays that their authors have been amused by the notion of calling their characters Crivers, Keek, Goblin, Scravvis, Pung, Rodick, Preble, and other whimsical names once dear to the childish hearts of the editors of a magazine itself called *Ballyhoo*.

The problem of which of these entertainments is the better, or more precisely the less nerve-racking, is, I'm afraid, much too tough for me. When I think for any length of time about "The More the Merrier," I am convinced that its authors, Frank Gabrielson and Irvin Pincus, have produced a distinguished piece of imbecility. On the other hand, when I relive the night I saw "Cuckoos on the Hearth," I am just as sure that *its* author, one Parker W. Fennelly, is an even greater master of chaos for no rational purpose. I can safely say, however, that a firm policy of avoiding both the Cort and the Morosco for the next couple of weeks will undoubtedly save the sensible customer no little wear and tear on the spirit, if not actual pain.

As is unfortunately much too often the case, "Merrier" and "Cuckoos," to abbreviate their pretty names, forced us to observe several extremely competent performers right up to their embarrassed necks in rubbish. The cast of the first, for instance, included such stylish and expert comedians as Teddy Hart, Millard Mitchell, Doro Merande, Will Geer, and young Keenan Wynn, while the other, in addition to neat, effective performances by Howard Freeman, George Mathews, and Frederick Tozere, produced a really distinguished one by Percy Kilbride, who frequently made me laugh at lines which, as I recall them now, were no more than maniacal at best.

The direction, in the usually reliable hands of Otto Preminger ("Merrier") and Miss Antoinette Perry ("Cuckoos"), was apparently based on the theory that any actor in a state of sufficiently violent commotion can be made to seem a very funny fellow. My own opinion of this technique is unfavorable.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"Gentlemen, I've called you together this morning to consider a memorandum from our attorneys on the much-discussed new tax law."

Pearce *All Wool* **Blankets**

Pearce Blankets have the appearance also the feel of true quality. The deep downy nap removes all consciousness of weight and intrigues you into restful slumber. . . . Moreover, Pearce Blankets will keep their beautiful colors and soft nap through countless washings. . . . Moth-treated and preshrunk.

New Colors and Plaids

AT BETTER STORES $6.95 TO $15.95

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO.
AMERICA'S OLDEST BLANKET MILL
LATROBE, PA.

ALL NEW
ICE SHOW
IN THE SNOW-BOUND

ICE TERRACE

featuring

ADELE INGE

Extra added attraction!
BILL & BETTY WADE

Luncheon, dinner and supper daily

Dancing nightly to

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Hotel NEW YORKER
Frank L. Andrews, *President*
2500 ROOMS FROM $3.85

LETTER FROM BELFAST

SEPTEMBER 21 (BY CABLE)

ON the surface, Belfast is a city of four colors—the orange of North Ireland and the red, white, and blue of Britain. The loyalty of Ulster people to the Crown is expressed with a thoroughness that slightly startles the visiting Englishman, accustomed to a lower pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. Photographs of the Royal Family appear in the press over ecstatic captions, such as “The King is shown with the stern composure which his features have acquired during his experiences shared with the people of London in the blitz. The Queen wears her ready smile of gracious and sympathetic charm which has endeared her to the whole nation.” The papers are noisily vocal at the moment in their protests against the recent suggestion in the Ulster House of Commons that Northern Ireland, instead of remaining a part of the United Kingdom, should be granted dominion status. In all this excess of fervor there is a note which strikes the visitor as being slightly on edge. It approximates the note in the voice of a woman assuring the man she loves that she knows he will never leave her. Under the constant feverish demonstrations of loyalty, plenty of Ulstermen do not appear to feel any too certain that the British government will never leave them. In private conversations, which don’t necessarily follow the line of public utterances, one continually hears the opinion that, partly to end a situation which has always bristled with difficulties and partly to prevent a future recurrence of the present rankling controversy over the use of Irish ports, an effort will be made in Britain’s postwar settlement to do away somehow with the partition of the North from the South. So far as can be judged, there is little popular opposition to the idea in Belfast except on the ground that the Catholics would gain control, a possibility which in this Presbyterian stronghold is viewed with bitterness and apprehension. Even those who dislike the idea say “It will come, though it may not be in our time,” as though the qualifying clause were a kind of insurance which removed most of the sting.

The many political and religious divergences that divide life here into a series of sharply defined, watertight compartments, baffling and even alarming to the uninitiated, have naturally not been eased by the inflexible attitude of neutrality on the southern side of the border. Extreme Loyalists among Ulstermen like to imagine that although the official policy of Eire is neutral, unofficial feeling is anything but. Those who cherish this hopeful view bolster up their position by pointing to the growing number of recruits who are crossing the border to join the British forces—more encouraging, to be truthful, than has been the answer to the fairly lukewarm recruiting drive in Ulster, which even the most ardent Loyalist is forced to describe as “disappointing.” Although the enlistment figures in the North rose sharply after the spring blitzes, the lack of response has strengthened the criticism made by younger progressive Ulstermen that in spite of all its flag-wagging, Ulster has not yet as fully extended its war effort as it would like its neighbor across the Irish Sea to believe.

Many people regret that the British government thought it wiser to respect the minority view and reject conscription in Northern Ireland. Without conscription, and the powerful leverage it has been found to exert in gingering up recruiting for civil-defence organizations, these critics complain, there is still considerable apathy in certain sections toward air-raid precautions, despite the bombs which have already fallen on Belfast. It’s certain that the savage batterings of April and May came as a complete shock to the majority of the public, which had lulled itself into a blissful illusion of immunity from aerial attack. The state of mental unpreparedness was equalled only by the civic unpreparedness. Since learning the tragic lesson that Belfast is not sheltered by some divine geographical dispensation, the citizens have paid more attention to the importance of A.R.P. and blackouts. Nevertheless, an astonishing number of them believe that though it has happened here once, it won’t happen again.

TO the casual visitor, Belfast seems to be bursting with new prosperity, with service uniforms, and with food. Rationing is officially on the same scale as in England, but the little extra finds its way pretty regularly into the housewife’s basket here and the shops have a variety of foodstuffs which have practically disappeared on the other side of the water. Anyone who feels that the local diet deficiencies are a hardship can take a trip to Dublin now and then and bring back a pound or so of butter or whatever without much difficulty.

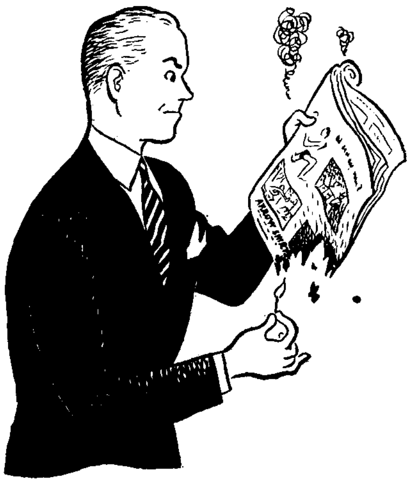
There's even an organized food racket at Warrenpoint, where people cross Carlingford Lough by boat and purchase bacon, butter, eggs, and cream from farmers' stalls that have been set up on the Eire side.

The big shortages north of the border are coal and gasoline. The scarcity of gasoline has brought into existence a good many taxis and private cars equipped to operate on coal gas, and these roll along under enormous swaying bags containing fuel enough for about twelve miles of running. According to a frequently heard and probably apocryphal story, the Dublin Fire Brigade, which came hustling up to help during the Belfast blitzes, ran out of gasoline just short of the border on its homeward journey and wasn't able to induce the Ulster authorities to set it up for enough to get back. "The so-and-sos wouldn't even give them half a pint" is the spluttering Southern Irish climax to this little fable of Northern ingratitude.

The money the British troops have brought into the country has certainly contributed toward the present prosperity of Ulster, which is reflected in a reduction of unemployment by an estimated two-thirds. The exception to the brighter economic outlook is the linen trade, which is the most important to the greatest number of people in this city, where many of the oldest families have pure linen thread in their veins. No one sees any chance of repeating in this war the fortunes that were made in the last one, since the government has taken over the buying of flax and has restricted its manufacture to the making of such things as parachute harnesses, airplane fabric, and thread for stitching army boots. The shops still have their displays of beautiful handkerchiefs and satin-smooth damasks, but these are fast disappearing. The principal headache of the linen trade, however, is a shortage of flax, which began when Belgium was overrun and Belfastians gloomily saw their biggest source of fine flax start going to the German market. This has had the effect of encouraging home growing, and a hundred thousand acres are now under flax as compared with fifteen thousand acres before the war.

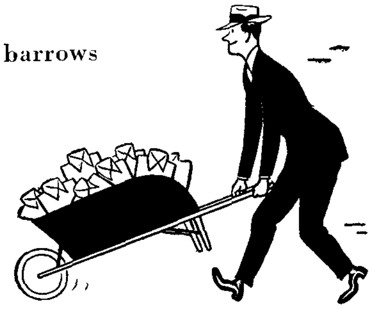
Such a jump has had its effect on the number of court cases brought by irate landowners whose streams have been contaminated and whose fish have been killed by the infiltration of foul flax water from the soakage pits. Since a poisoned salmon is a tragedy any Irishman can appreciate, the landowner usually wins his case.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



FUNNY about Herb:
He never believed an ad or a plug or a blurb!
He would read about Arrow Shirts in his favorite periodical
And say, "Pish-tosh, all shirts are peas-in-a-pod-ical!"
He grumbled that the body of *any* shirt gives your abdomen
Too much room to roam in.
He kept maundering
About laundering
And thinking
Evil thoughts about shrinking.

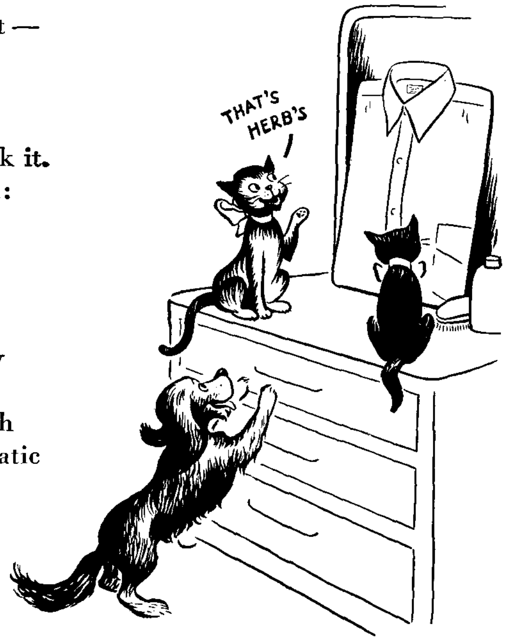
Well, we sent up a man with a couple of barrows
Of Arrows
And a note, as civil as you please,
Saying, "OK, Herb, try these."



Months pass. We get a letter from Herb,
(Who never believed an ad or plug or blurb.)
We open the first page an' see
He's working for an advertising agency!
We quote: "Forget what I said before.
Not only are those Arrows the best-looking shirts I ever wore,

But the bosoms don't bunch a bit—
Thanks to the 'Mitoga' figure-fit.
The fabric shrinks not 1% when my laundries dunk it
For Arrow has Sanforized-Shrunk it.
And about advertising, in a word:
I erred."

So if you too are an advertising pish-tosher,
Get some Arrows, and see if they aren't all we claim, even after dozens of trips through your wonderful new automatic washer.



ARROW SHIRTS
$2 $2.25 $2.50 $3.50 $5
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

"AN ACTION PHOTO HAS BEEN TAKEN . . ."

AFTER LeRoy had filled out his job-application blank in the small reception room of Action Photos, Inc., he was ushered in to see Mr. Dooley, a sleek-looking man in a gabardine suit.

"You saw our ad?" said Mr. Dooley, and shook hands. Then for a few moments it was very quiet while he inspected the application. LeRoy straightened his necktie and his cuffs nervously.

"Well," Mr. Dooley said finally, "I think you'll do O.K. Sit down, sit down. We like to work with people who have a good education. Fine school, Erasmus High—a good, solid school. And I'm glad to see that you've kept busy since you graduated. That's what we want—men who aren't afraid of work."

LeRoy felt a lot better. "Yes, sir," he said, "I always try to make my own way in the world, and—"

"That's right, that's right," Mr. Dooley said. "That's the kind of spirit we want." Then he pushed a little button on the communication box on his desk and said, "Please have Mr. Schotz come into my office right away."

While they were waiting, Mr. Dooley told LeRoy about Mr. Schotz. He had started right from the ranks, just as LeRoy was starting. Now Mr. Schotz was a division manager, because he had worked hard. "He'll teach you the ropes, and believe me, you just follow his instructions, work hard, and you won't be sorry."

Mr. Schotz came in. He was a tall, red-faced man dressed in a tight-fitting blue suit with extreme shoulders. After Mr. Schotz and LeRoy were introduced, Mr. Dooley left, telling Mr. Schotz to take good care of the recruit.

Mr. Schotz made LeRoy feel at home right away. He had a loud, fast way of talking, and he didn't stand on formality. "Glad to know you, bud," he said. "We'll get along fine. Yep, we'll be thicker'n molasses before we're through. Just call me Fred from now on. That Mr. Schotz business is out with me."

LeRoy felt fine, and he was really interested when Fred told him about the job. It was all worked out in percentages, Fred explained, which was better than a salary because then you could earn what you were really worth and could make a lot of money if you hustled. The company gave you the movie camera free, but you had to buy the film, which came in a long roll with hundreds of frames on it. Each time you pressed the release on the camera, only one frame was taken, and a roll of film would last a long time. The first roll was free, a present from the company. The idea was to snap as many pictures as you could and to get the subject to accept a card, fill it out, and send it in with a quarter for a print. (Fred always called the person whose picture had been taken "the subject.") Later the subject could be talked into having the picture done in color, and that ran into real money. The office had it figured that about fourteen per cent of the cards given out were returned with the quarter. Twenty-five per cent of the money sent in by LeRoy's subjects would be his commission.

"So you just keep hustling, bud, and let the percentages work for you. Pick the right subjects and the old mazuma will roll in," Fred said.

That made sense to LeRoy, and he said so. Fred slapped him on the back and told him he could start the next morning. Then Fred turned to study a map of the city which hung on the wall behind him and was marked up in red pencil. He seemed surprised at something and said, "Bud, you're in luck. One of the best beats in the city is open, and I'm giving it to you. You oughta clean up on that beat. It's a cinch." The beat was Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Third Avenues, on the north side of the street. LeRoy knew it was a very busy section.

Fred took him out to the front office, gave him a camera, and had him sign a bond for it. Then he showed him how to put a roll of film in the magazine.

"She's loaded now, bud," he said, "so don't press the release or you'll waste film. O.K. Get a good night's sleep and meet me on the corner of Fifth and Fourteenth tomorrow morning, nine sharp. You gotta be sharp in this business, kid."

THE next morning, LeRoy was on the corner of Fifth and Fourteenth ten minutes early. Fred met him at a quarter to ten. "Tied up at the office, bud," he said. "O.K., let's get going."

The first thing to learn, Fred told him, was the way to talk to the subjects. The chatter, he called it. "You gotta put salesmanship into it," he said. "Smile, give 'em a nice, fast chatter. Make 'em laugh and the battle is over. Make 'em *want* to see a movie of themselves."

Fred took LeRoy's camera out of the case and showed him how he did it. He was very good, and LeRoy could see why he was a division manager. He'd aim the camera at approaching subjects and snap it as they came close. Then he'd snatch out a card from his pocket and start his chatter, talking fast.

"A real action movie shot has been taken of you, folks. The real you, and not a posed still. Yessir, see yourself in a natural pose, and all for a quarter. Here's your card, Mister. Send in a quarter with the card, brother, and your wife will love it. Come on, come on. Don't be bashful. What have you got that Clark Gable hasn't? How do you know you're not movie material?"

He'd keep right on like that, following the subjects for half a block until he had them smiling. Of course, there were a few who seemed to get angry, but Fred explained to LeRoy that they were types it was hard to do business with. In an hour, Fred gave away twenty cards. "That's the main thing, bud," he said. "You get rid of the cards and let the office take care of the percentages." He gave LeRoy a batch of the cards.

Then he showed LeRoy a trick with the cards that he never would have figured out alone. He showed him how to talk *away* from the cards so that the subject had the card in his hand without realizing it. Just talk about anything to distract him and put the card in his hand. Of course, the subject might have his hand closed or drop the card, but that's the way any business is, Fred told him. "You've got to learn the tricks of the trade, bud," he said. "I learned 'em fast, and I'm a division manager today." LeRoy could see why, all right.

Another trick Fred showed him was to look at a face and try to size it up. Naturally, if he saw a tough customer come along, he mustn't pester him too much or he'd be liable to get a punch in the nose and maybe get his camera broken. "You're responsible for it, and believe me, you'd be surprised how much it costs to replace," he said.

"You gotta get the *feel* of a face," Fred continued. "Take, for instance, a queer or something like that—you know what I mean. If you see a queer, start hollering at him. Holler loud, make cracks. Everybody around will start to rubberneck, and he'll take a card to get rid of you, see? But if you get the guy rattled and he takes a card, tell him you must have the quarter in advance and that you'll mail him the picture. Make him fill out the card and keep shouting funny cracks. If the guy is real rattled, keep calling him 'dearie' or something like that. A lot of times the guy will come across and not even wait for the receipt. Then you've got a quarter, all gravy. But don't tell the office I told you."

During the morning, Fred gave him hundreds of good business tips like that. It was a pleasure for LeRoy to watch him work. Fred would size up a subject in a second. Sometimes he just offered a card and didn't say a word. That was when he saw too late that the subject was a serious-looking man or a businessman in a hurry and wasn't a good prospect. Once LeRoy laughed out loud to see how Fred handled a couple with a little girl who were obviously from out of town. He kept talking a mile a minute, and actually picked up the man's hand and put the card in it. The man dropped it, but Fred picked it up and followed them a whole block, yelling, "There you are, folks, an action photo of the whole family! See yourself as others see you! Tell your friends back in Oshkosh you were in the movies! Only a quarter, folks, to get in the movies!"

LeRoy was surprised when the little girl started to jump up and down, shrieking that she wanted to see herself in the movies. A lot of people were watching and laughing. The woman was so embarrassed that the man accepted the card.

ABOUT noon, Fred took LeRoy into one of the cafeterias on Fourteenth Street. "Don't work yourself to death, bud," he said. "Always take an hour off for lunch, just like any other executive. Got to keep your pep up or your chatter won't have the old zip."

During lunch, Fred told LeRoy so many stories about some of the things that happen on a beat that LeRoy could hardly eat. They sat there for an hour, and then Fred said that business was business. He took LeRoy's check and paid for the lunch. "Got to be a sport," he said. "Make it and spend it."

When they got back on the street, Fred let LeRoy try for a while. At first he was nervous and Fred kept on giving him pointers and correcting his

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mistakes. Once Fred spotted a queer, and LeRoy did pretty well with him. Although he was rattled himself, he made the fellow take a card.

"That's the way, bud," Fred said. "You're getting it. You're going to be all right." That made LeRoy feel good, and before long he got rid of three more cards.

Suddenly, Fred snatched the camera from out of LeRoy's hand. He aimed it at a young fellow who had a bad limp in one leg. Fred started to give him the chatter and kept it up. The fellow wanted to hurry past, but Fred was too clever for him. He kept circling around the lame man, making him look awfully clumsy trying to sidestep him. Fred followed him a whole block, and finally the cripple took the card, but LeRoy could see that he was very angry.

"With a gimpy like that," Fred said, "you're almost sure of a sale if you play your cards right. Never call a gimpy names or try to get tough with him, because sometimes the people around get mad. One time a guy got him a broken camera out of it. Just do like I did, and the guy will take the card to get away from you. But here's the point, bud. These gimpies are sort of sensitive, and like that, you know, but nine times out of ten they really *want* to see themselves walk, to see how bad it is. You'd be surprised how many of 'em send in the old silver. That's what counts, bud."

LeRoy saw immediately that it made good sense; there was a lot about this business he'd have to learn. He tried the work again and he didn't do badly.

The afternoon was almost over when Fred said, "Here's where we have some fun," and grabbed the camera. He began focussing it on a young Negro couple walking toward Fifth. They were as black as tar. The man was a big buck and the girl was tall and thin. Fred started to chatter as loud as he could, and kept it up while they walked toward him.

"Here y'are, shine, right here. A *colored* action photo of yourself and Mandy here has just been taken. Yessir, see yourselves in the movies. Only a quarter, and no extra charge for color."

LeRoy was doubled up with laughter. The buck took the girl's arm and started to edge past Fred. But he followed them right up, continuing the steady flow of chatter. "Come on, shine. Only a quarter for you and Mandy in color. An action photo as others see you. What you afraid of—you won't take? Come on, the film's white and you'll come out fine. Only a quarter, shine. Be a sport. See yourselves as others see you."

LeRoy thought it was a scream. The couple were almost running now, and a lot of people were watching and some of them were laughing really hard. The girl was the funnier of the two. She kept shoving the buck to make him go faster, but Fred kept up with them, walking backward, waving the card in their faces. LeRoy could see that the buck was rattled, and the girl's eyes were turning wildly around in their sockets, showing the whites.

On the corner of Fifth they had to stop for the light, and Fred put on another show. "Here y'are, shine!" he shouted. "Only a quarter for both you and Mandy here! See yourselves in action, and some action, boy!" Then Fred pretended that somebody was pushing him, and he shoved the card right under the buck's nose, chattering away like a madman. Finally the light changed and the couple ran across the street. Fred still had the card.

Quite a crowd had been watching on the corner, and most of them were still laughing. Fred said, "I knew all the time that shine wouldn't take a card, but it was good advertising. Puts the crowd in a good mood. Sometimes I've had people hang around for an hour afterward, just to see what would happen next. And that helps you with the other types of prospects I told you about. See? You gotta use your head, bud. You gotta get the angles." Fred had an angle for everything, LeRoy could see that. At about five-thirty, Fred left him and LeRoy tried it a little longer all by himself. "Here y'are, folks," he said, "an action photo has been taken. . . ." He was surprised to see how easy it came after a while. He tried to remember exactly the way Fred had said it.

—Alex Gaby

• •

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

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Hail, every patriot
Who, hearing the sounds of battle upward roll,
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That save the nation whole.

Oh, not by death or taxes,
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But by a little number sold at Saks's
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Here is salvation in a fitted tweed,
And Hitler's done like any other rogue.
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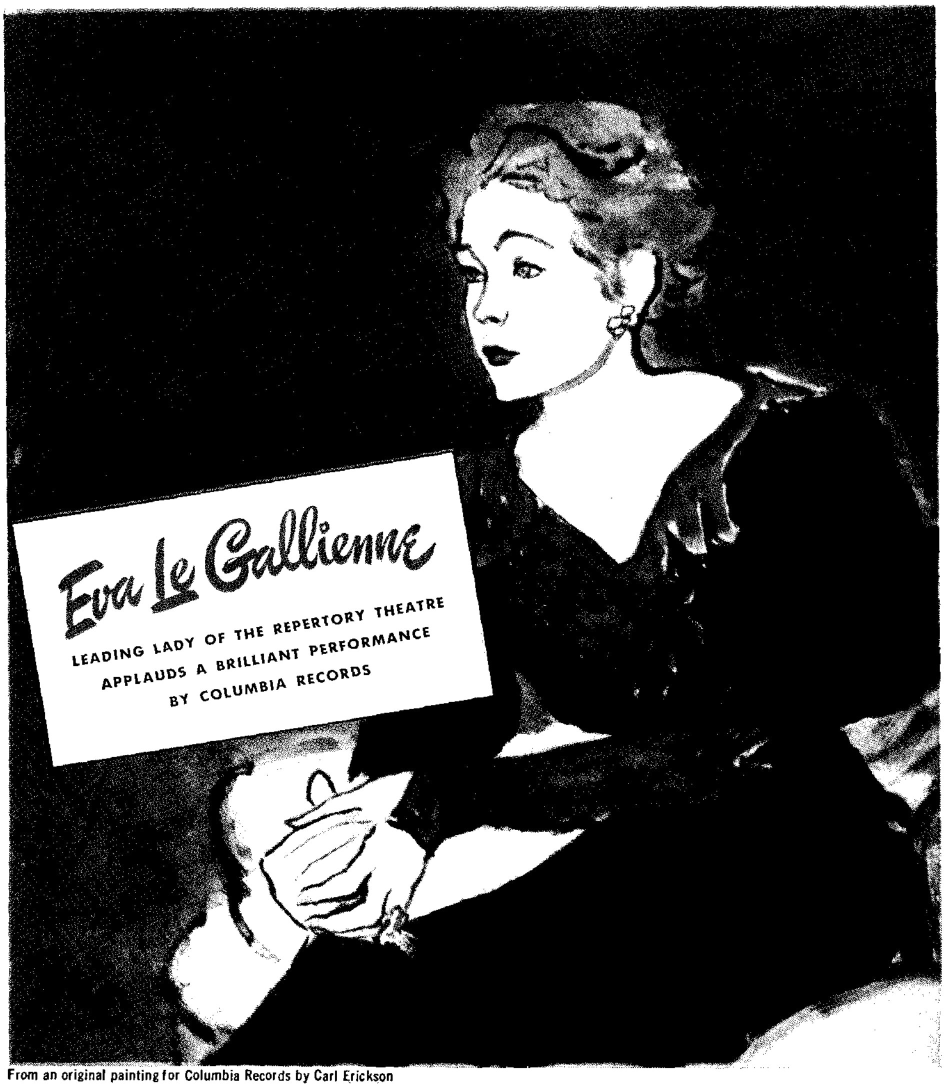
Have risen up. At least, according to *Vogue*.

—Phyllis McGinley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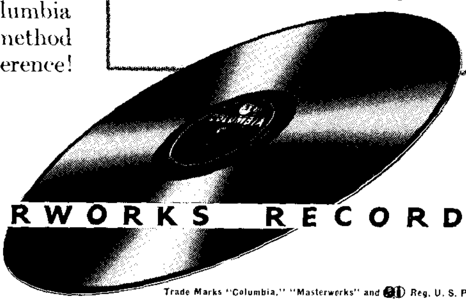

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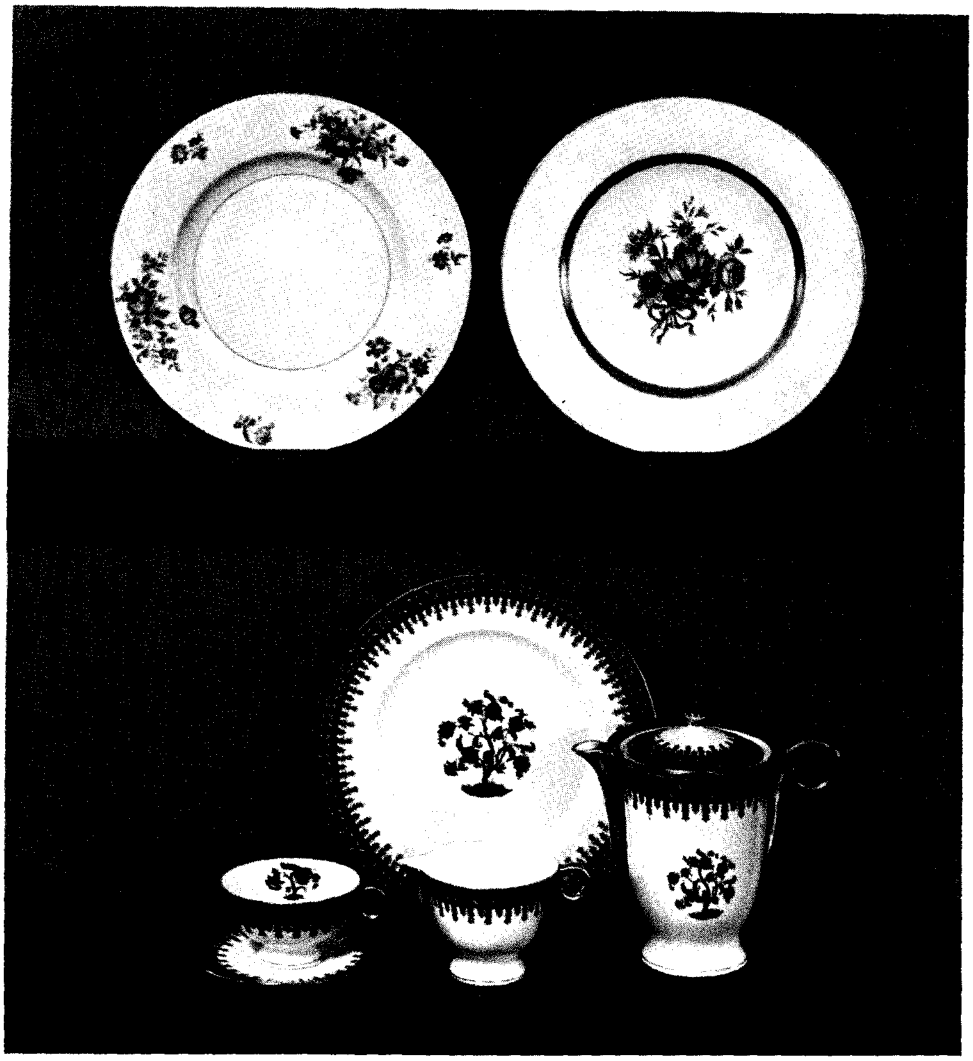

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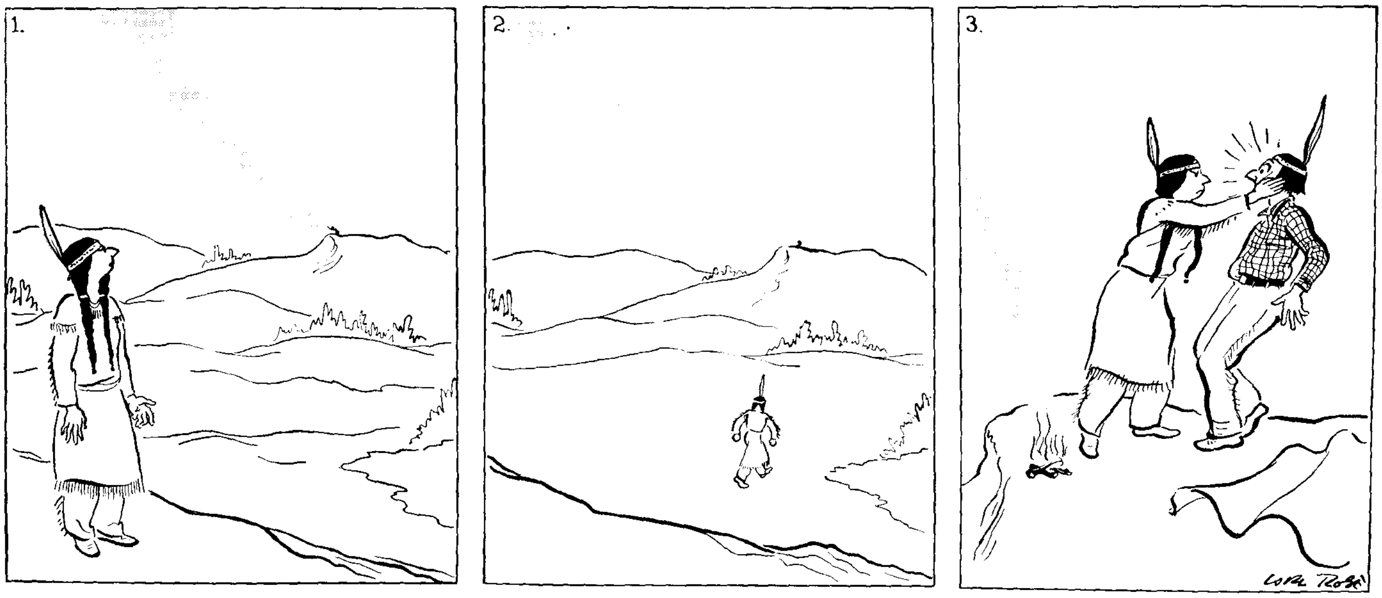
THE LITTLE APPLES WILL GROW

SINCE last March, when the lease-lend act became law, a number of British warships have accepted the hospitable invitation passed along to them to use American harbors for repair and refuelling purposes. New York has done its share as host, and as a result of several friendly landings, the sight of British sailors strolling up and down Broadway and along side streets in the vicinity of Times Square has become quite common. The sight has become especially common on West Forty-fourth Street, where, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, the British War Relief Society has opened a clubhouse for the visiting seamen. It is called the Union Jack Club and is situated in the Algonquin Annex, a three-story building rented from the Algonquin Hotel next door. On such festive occasions as the club's opening night last May, as many as four hundred of the ratings, as sailors are called in the British Navy, have visited the club, and on ordinary evenings anywhere from a dozen to twenty of them are likely to drop in to drink beer, play darts, catch a snooze, or discuss girls, battles, and the state of their commander's disposition.

A friend of mine who had come across a Liverpool sailor badly lost in midtown and had got to chatting with him first told me about the club. I had overheard several bits of conversation among British sailors here and there around town which made me want to know more about them—what sort of homes they came from, how they felt about the war, and so on. The Union Jack Club sounded like an excellent place to meet a few of them on their own grounds, so I wangled permission from the British War Relief Society to visit the place and dropped in there late one sweltering afternoon. Walking up the flight of steps that leads from the street to the entrance, I stepped into a spacious, wonderfully cool reception room, where I met two of the volunteer workers who make the club go—Miss Elizabeth Andrade, its honorary secretary, and Mr. W. Harold White, its vice-chairman and, incidentally, the president of Thomas Cook & Son, the travel agency. They were the only ones in the club at the moment; the sailors, I learned, usually don't start coming in until around six. The two officials were sitting at a desk checking a sheaf of grocery bills. Above and behind them on the wall hung a large colored lithograph of the white cliffs of Dover, with a red running light shining on one side of it and a green one on the other. Elsewhere on the walls were photographs of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and the King and Queen and their two daughters.

Miss Andrade, a tall, gracious American woman in her early thirties, and Mr. White, a steadily cheerful Englishman who has lived in the United States for nearly thirty years, thought it might be helpful if I had a look around the place before the sailors began arriving, which would be in another half-hour or so. Miss Andrade volunteered to act as guide. Our first stop was the front room, which faces on Forty-fourth Street and is set aside for petty officers; then we walked down a corridor leading to the rear. This corridor, I discovered later, is one of the most popular spots in the club, for on one side of it is a serving pantry where tea and biscuits or sandwiches are sold to the men for a nickel and beer costs a dime. Opposite the pantry is the club's bulletin board, on which I noted invitations to the men to a dance at Manhattan Center, to try the rides at Luna Park, and to take an escorted tour of Harlem. Passing on through the corridor, we came to a large smoking and game room. Miss Andrade next led the way to the second floor, which consists of a library, where the men are fond of napping, and a lounge, a room at least fifty feet long with a piano in one corner and heavy wicker furniture upholstered in sailcloth of Union Jack red and blue.

Miss Andrade took me back to the reception room, where she and Mr. White told me some of the club's background. It seems that when the first British warships arrived in New York last winter, the men who came ashore from them were entertained to the point of exhaustion by various British and American groups bubbling with pent-up hospitality. After the novelty wore off, however, a rather sluggish period set in and the men, impecuniously fixed in a foreign city, began aimlessly sitting out their shore watches in burlesque houses along Forty-second Street, hanging around street corners, and accepting drinks from strangers, who, like as not, wanted to know when their warships were scheduled to leave and the size of the crews aboard them. The British War Relief Society saw that something had to be done and set about fixing up the Algonquin Annex as a headquarters where the men could get together and find out



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what was going on in town in the way of amusement.

WE were still talking when some sailors, dressed in their natty white summer uniforms or heavier navy blues, began coming in, and Miss Andrade excused herself to settle down to the business of the evening. A few of the men, those who were going to hang around for a while, made for a beer and a sandwich, which they took into the smoking and game room. Most of them, though, stopped at Miss Andrade's desk to see what she had to offer for that night. She had a number of passes to "Hellz-a-Poppin," Luna Park, and several Broadway movie houses, and they were snapped up. Some of the sailors had problems on their minds. One asked Miss Andrade which subway would get him to Oyster Bay; another wanted to know how to find Arthur Murray's dance studio, where he had decided to take lessons; a third needed mucilage because the heat had melted the sticky stuff off a postage stamp; and a fourth had two Trinidad dollars he wanted to exchange for American money.

Before long, most of the men were set for the evening and drifted off. Mr. White said that now was as good a time as any to drop back into the smoking and game room and chat with some of the sailors who had decided to stay around the club. He said he thought the men would rather I mentioned only their first names; I was not even to bring up the subject of the names of British warships or of what was the matter with those brought to American shipyards.

THERE were about a dozen ratings in the smoking room when I walked in. Four of them were sitting around a bridge table exchanging letters from home and most of the others were seated in pairs, talking and drinking beer. One, though, was alone, practicing throwing darts, and when I stopped to admire a bull's-eye he asked if I'd care for a match, best two out of three, with beer and sandwiches as the stakes. I took him up on it, and after he'd trimmed me we sat down together while he collected his winnings. He was a gunner's mate named Leslie, a husky man with a reliable manner and a baby face accentuated by curly blond hair and serene blue eyes. He said his wife was a telephone operator in Ipswich, a job which she managed to squeeze in somehow along with taking care of their four-year-old son. Leslie had spent fifteen of his thirty years in the Royal Navy. He told me that as a boy he had wanted to become a jockey, and with that object in mind had worked for several years as a stableboy in a Norfolk hunting club, but he grew too heavy and was not able to realize his ambition. He had thereupon joined the Navy with three other boys from his home town. He was the only one of the quartet alive today. One had been killed at Dunkerque, another on a destroyer off Crete, and the third had died a natural death at the age of twenty-seven. As for Leslie, he said he was happy in the Navy and could not imagine himself out of it.

He said he had been stationed for three years on the Yangtze just a few hundred feet away from the Panay, the American gunboat that was shot up by the Japanese some time ago, and had often played football and baseball with the Panay crew. He explained that he was telling me this because he wanted me to understand that he liked Americans before asking me some questions that had been troubling him. I told him to go right ahead and ask, but he felt he needed support and called to a friend across the room to join us. After the friend, who was introduced as John, had sat down with us, Leslie's face broke into a broad smile and he let fly.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you people ice your beer all year round? Do you always serve boiled eggs peeled? Why are there so few clocks in New York? Several times I have had to walk quite far to find out the hour."

I answered as best I could, and then John, a brunet counterpart of Leslie, wanted to know why New Yorkers always appeared to be in such a hurry. "I suppose you might say that London is just as busy," he conceded, "but the streets in London are crooked, so you don't get the same effect. Your streets are straight and long and one can tell by just glancing what a hurry you people are in. I like the people outside the city, though. One weekend I was the guest of some people in New Milford, Connecticut. I played with their dogs and children and had a fine holiday. I think the best American citizens in the world are in New Milford."

Leslie said that he had not even begun to unravel the layout of New York. He told me that to kill time he and many other British sailors here frequently board a subway train (any train), play a hunch on the number of stations to let pass, and then get off, hoping that the neighborhood above ground will be interesting. One day, Leslie, in this way, found himself in Yorkville and walked into one of the rathskellers along East Eighty-sixth Street. He stood at the bar with his "H.M.S." sea cap on, drinking his beer and listening to the customers talk to each other in German. Finally one of the drinkers, who had had enough to become truculent, approached Leslie and loudly declared himself to be a German.

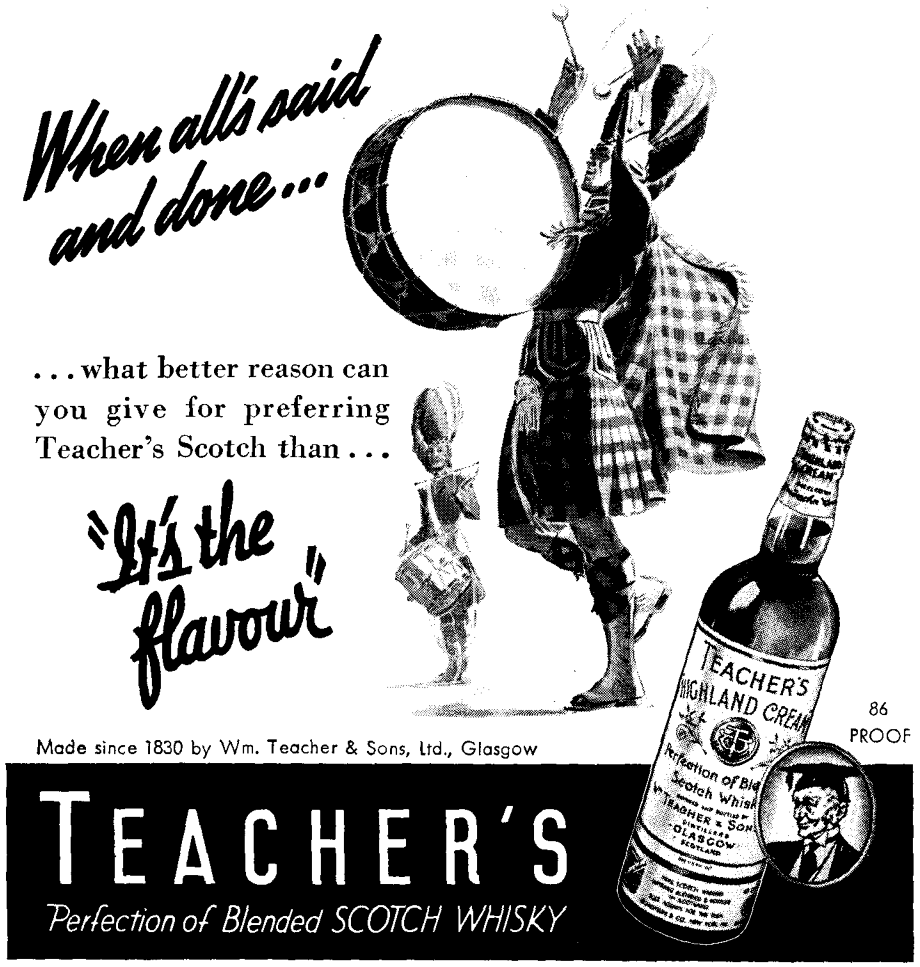
"I told him," Leslie said, "that I didn't care if he were a German or a Chinaman. I told him I was on leave and that I was trying to forget the war. I still drop in at that place just for the experience. I'd walk out if there were any trouble."

I asked him how he thought the war was going, and he replied that Britain had beaten Hitler at sea and would soon pass him in the air but that the central problem, as he saw it, was to effect a landing on the Continent. He believed that if Hitler succeeded in conquering the Ukraine, it might delay Britain's victory by fifteen years.

"One thing I hope the war does," he said, "is to do away with some of our lord-and-lady business. We've a bit too much of that in England. Speaking from a person-to-person point of view, it's the middle and working classes that have to do the fighting. However, we've our fellows in the House of Commons and they are being paid large sums of money to look ahead for us hundreds of years."

John, who had been quietly sitting by, laughed at Leslie and said it must be great to be an expert. As for himself, John said he had no opinions at all about the war, which he plainly regarded as just an uncalled-for interlude that wasn't going to interfere with his career if he could help it.

"I joined the Royal Navy for one reason and one reason only," he said. "Here, have a look at that." He shoved his right arm at me so that I could see the design of a deep-sea diver's helmet on his sleeve. "It would have cost me between two and three hundred pounds to take a deep-sea diver's training course on my own," he continued. "I have been in the Royal Navy now for four years and I have but eight years more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to finish. When I am a young man of thirty I shall be ready for one of the best-paying peacetime games in the world. Not a day of unemployment all year round if I don't want it."

He said that for generations there had always been a deep-sea diver in his family and that he was proud to carry on this tradition. By 1949 he would be out of the service, married (the girl, a stenographer in a textile plant, had already begun to wait), and earning a comfortable submarine living by helping to construct docks, lay cables, and do salvage work.

"So you can see," he concluded archly, "if it's politics you wish to discuss, I'm not the chap for it. For that purpose, I should recommend such experts as Leslie here."

THE two men said that if I didn't mind, they'd be running along, and left. Just then a tall, self-contained-looking sailor of forty or so who had been sitting in a corner of a sofa nearby asked me if I had a match to light his pipe with. I gave him one, told him who I was, and he invited me to share the sofa with him. His name was Richard and he came from South Africa. His birthplace was Johannesburg, and he had spent most of his working life as an electrical engineer in a steel plant in Pretoria. He said his rating in the Navy was that of a fourth-class electrical artificer, a job which involves tending and repairing a vessel's dynamos, its ventilating and refrigerating systems, its gyrocompass, and its gun-control, torpedo, and depth-charge equipment. His family consisted of his Boer wife, his father-in-law, and two sons aged nine and eleven. He said things were quite normal with them and that they were spending the summer in the farm region of Ixopo mainly because his nine-year-old wanted to be a farmer when he grew up.

He told me that until the time he volunteered for the Navy, shortly after the start of the war, his only experience with the sea had been three short excursions along the South African coast. He said that he knew more about electricity than his rank indicated, but that in his line the Navy required long training under its own supervision before a man could be considered for a high post. However, he did not care what his rating was, because he had only one reason for being in the Royal Navy, and that was to bring about Hitler's end. That done, he would return to his civilian job.

"I found that I could make no calculations with that blasted fool about," he said calmly. "I had bought a house outside of Pretoria not many years ago and did not know whether or not to invest in improvements for it. I also did not know whether or not to set aside sums of money with which to send my sons to a university when they reached the proper age."

He said that the night before he volunteered he stayed up quite late with his father-in-law, going over the family finances. They decided that if they sold the house, there would be sufficient money, at the current cost of living, to see the family through the next four years. In the morning he told his wife that he had decided to join the Navy, and early in the afternoon of the same day he left for Durban, the big sea base on the east coast of South Africa, to volunteer. He was confident that the war would be over by next spring—with England, of course, the winner.

Changing the subject, Richard then asked me in a hesitant tone if I happened to know two American college girls called Martha and Jean; he could not remember their last names. He said that they had told him to be sure and look them up if he ever came to the United States. "I rather think they meant it," he added. "I met them when they were swimming about in the Atlantic after their ship had been torpedoed. I helped them into a lifeboat and took them to the captain's cabin, where they were fed and given blankets. They were cultured girls and they seemed quite grateful. I should like to see how they look when they are well."

RICHARD said he thought he'd be getting along, so we shook hands and he left. A short while before, a newcomer had entered the room—a stocky, red-haired man of around forty-five—and he was now sitting by himself staring ahead of him at nothing in particular. I walked over and introduced myself and he suggested that I draw up a chair. His name was Bert and he was a range-taker, second class, who came from the Vauxhall district of London. I asked if it would be all right for me to set us up to beers and he agreed, with the understanding that after the war I would let him buy. He said he had been in the Royal Navy in the last war and he knew that all wars come to an end.

"I'm not worried," he said. "In 1917 I was on three ships that went down. The little apples will grow. They'll grow."

I asked him what the saying meant,

and he said it was a way of saying that things would get better.

"Up to now, in a manner of speaking," he explained, "you might say Hitler's little apples have grown, but now I think ours will."

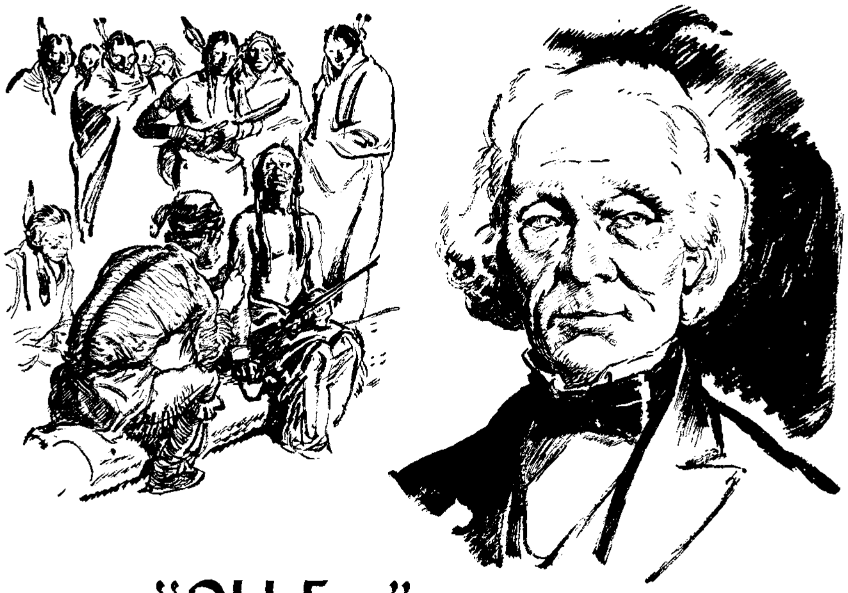
Between the first and second World Wars, Bert had worked as a glazier in the Admiralty Building in London. He had also raised a boy, now twenty-two, and a girl of nineteen. Both of them were at present with the R.A.F., the son as a draftsman and the daughter as an ambulance-driver. Bert's wife, like himself, had got a job at the Admiralty, and she was still there, employed as a general housekeeper. He said that the Prime Minister occasionally liked to handle affairs of state at the Admiralty instead of at 10 Downing Street, and when he did it was Bert's wife who served him his lunch. Bert said he missed his wife very much; he had not seen her for eighteen months.

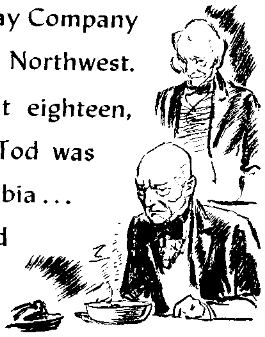
"Before I left for this war," Bert told me earnestly, "she and I went to Trafalgar Square, and in the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields there we took an oath that during the war—and after it, too—we would keep clean in mind, body, and soul. When I come home after the war's over and she's waiting for me in Waterloo Station, she'll make the sign to me, 'Is everything O.K., Bert?,' and I'll say 'Yes.' Then I'll make the sign to her, 'Is everything O.K., Jessie?,' and I know she'll say 'Yes.' "

He told me that spiritualism had been a source of great comfort to him in this war, but that so far he had not come upon much of it in this country. "I was using spiritualism when you began speaking with me," he said. "I was sitting here in the Union Jack Club in the United States thinking if I'll see my wife and children again and of things I shouldn't have done, like being cross with my children."

Bert added that he knew Hitler had to be beaten and that the British would do it, but that he was sick to the teeth of the war. "I'm forty-five now and I'm getting on to where I want my comforts," he said. "I would like a bungalow, a bungalow that's electrified and hygienic. I would grow my own potatoes and vegetables, but I would have no fruit trees, because they take too much care and they encourage vermin."

Then he thanked me for the beer and excused himself, saying that he wanted to go upstairs to the library and doze for a while. He said he always topped off his shore leaves that way, because





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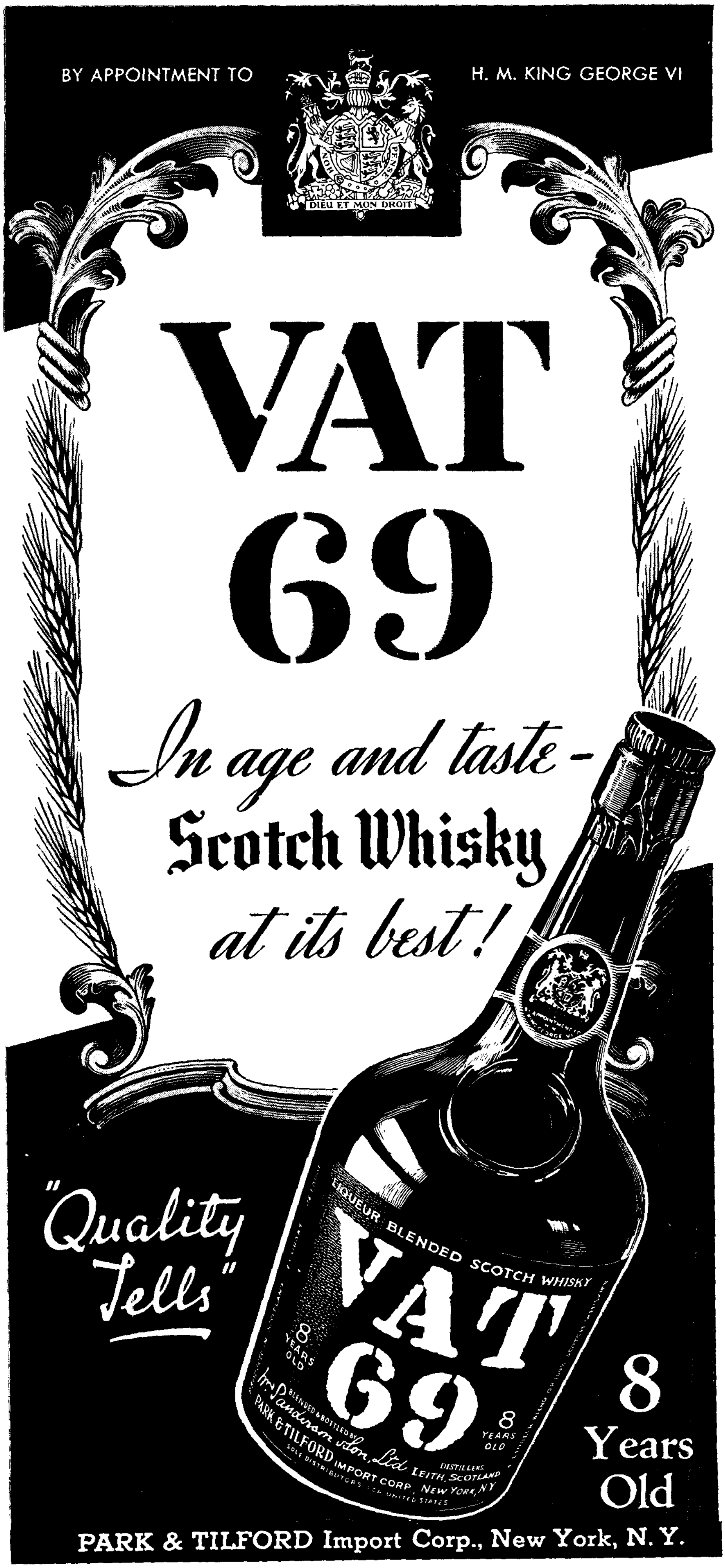
he found divans more solid than his ship's hammock.

I WAS about to go when a young man whose face had a friendly, sportive look that reminded me vaguely of a small pet dog came up and said he had seen me talking with the other sailors and would like me to talk with him too. His name was Eric, he was twenty-three, and, unlike the other men with whom I had spoken that evening, he was a draftee. Britain, he said, differs from this country in that it tries, whenever feasible, to give its draftees a choice of joining the land, sea, or air branch of its armed forces; a draftee in the Royal Navy is known as an H.O., an abbreviation of "Hostilities Only," which indicates that for such individuals the fleet is a calling that has begun and will end with the war.

Eric told me that he had been taken from a pleasant existence in Gainsborough, a small town in the east of England that was placid even in wartime. Before he entered the Navy he had rarely been beyond his township's limits, but now he knew Capetown and New York better than he did London. His father owned a large beet, potato, and turnip farm covering hundreds of acres and was considered a wealthy man in his community. Eric himself had worked at only one job since his school days: he was a universal miller, which he said is the British equivalent of a machinist. He liked being a universal miller but he hoped someday to become a linguist and to enter the diplomatic service.

He said that two years ago it would have been hard to convince him that by the summer of 1941 he would be a member of a Royal Navy gun crew, helping load shells into cannon. His girl, Barbara, a secretary at a Vickers-Armstrongs munitions plant, had often told him that she was afraid there would be a war and that it would separate them, but he had laughed at her for being an alarmist. He told me frankly that he did not like being a sailor and doubted that he ever would. The thing that got under his skin the most was constantly having to take orders from any number of superiors. "I've a short temper," he explained, "and I'm used to being free."

He didn't care much either for the idea of having to do his own laundry; "dobying" is the sailors' term for it. He spoke with some feeling about this. "I hate dobying my two flannels and my two pairs of overalls and my two this and my two that," he said. "I believe I have lost close to two stone sweating over them."



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But that wasn't all that was wrong with the Navy so far as Eric was concerned. Little things always seemed to be tripping him up. For example, this was the first time in a week that he had been permitted to leave his ship, all because he had lost his dock pass to the Navy Yard. I suggested that life in the Navy might have its happier side, at least during time ashore, and he admitted that it did, occasionally. For one thing, he had accumulated six days of leave and planned to spend them pretty soon in Providence as the guest of the Chief of Police there, whom, he said, he had met one evening at a Times Square bar. Then there was a Flushing girl by the name of Muriel, whom he was inclined to regard as a real advantage of the Royal Navy. He appraised her soberly as "the best bit of American stuff I have seen" and said he had a date with her in half an hour at a bar on Thirty-eighth Street.

I asked Eric what he would be doing if he were back home, and he looked up at a clock over the doorway. It was a quarter of eleven. He added six hours to be on Gainsborough time and then he told me.

"I should be getting up in a little while to go to my job," he said. "If the day were slow, I might get in some good talks with the chaps I work with. At about half past four I should be quitting the factory and calling for Barbara at her office. We would go to the cinema and after that she would have supper at my house with my parents and me. When we were finished eating, we would walk around the hills and then arrive at her house, where I would sit in the front room for hours.

"All in all, though," said Eric, as he rose to go and keep his date, "I should feel most awkward if I weren't fighting against Hitler. He has interfered with my life." —DANIEL LANG

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(BUTTERFAT DIVISION)

[*From "Marriage Is a Private Affair," by Judith Kelly*]

She shoved back her pale brown satin-slippery hair from the little creamy shield of her face. —*Page 72.*

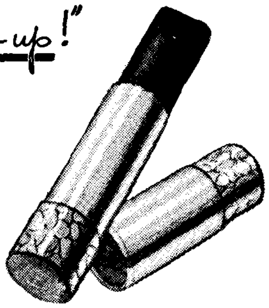
Sissy's eyebrows were quirked high in her creamy face. —*Page 115.*

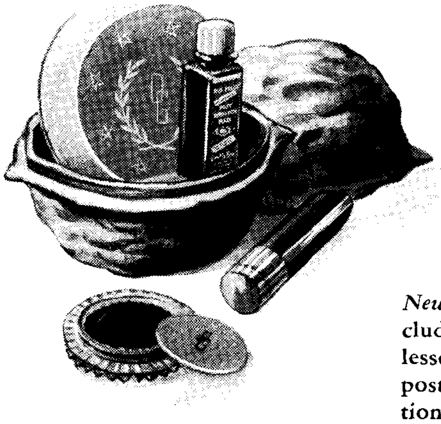
. . . so that the creamy ripeness of her face . . . —*Page 140.*

Sissy came drifting toward them, the creamy dark-eyed shield of her little face . . . —*Page 213.*

. . . the little shield of her creamy face . . . —*Page 232.*

. . . but Sissy's creamy little face . . . —*Page 323.*





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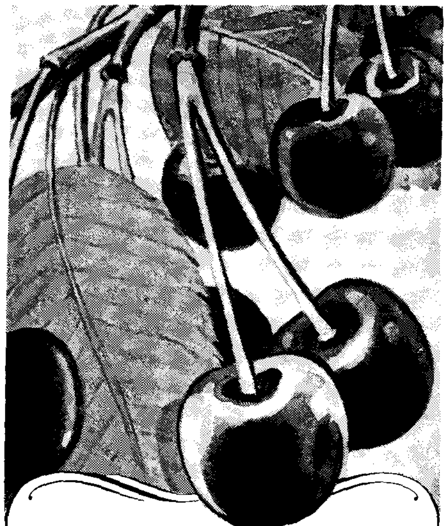
DOROTHY GRAY

American design of Beauty



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THE RACE TRACK

Future Futurities—High Weights

IT is just possible that The Futurity at Belmont Park this weekend may be the Hopeful Stakes all over again, but without any of the hoopla. I mean that Ramillies and all the Whitney horses in that last big race at Saratoga are going to run, and the other starters shouldn't complicate things too much. It ought to be a good show; at least, it ought to settle discussions that have been going on for weeks as to what Ramillies would have done in the Hopeful had he not been bumped. If you're looking for a tip, I'd say that Devil Diver, Amphitheatre, and Coat of Arms are going to finish in the money. Maybe not exactly in that order, but you can make the most of the guess.

You will be pleased or annoyed, depending on how you feel about watching races over the Widener Course, that The Futurity will again be run over it. At the time nominations were made for the race—in December, 1938—the distance was fixed specifically at "six and a half furlongs over the Widener Course." In case you've never bothered your head about such things, an entry, or subscription, to a sweepstakes is a contract between the owner of a horse and the racing association which runs the event. Horsemen are awfully fussy about their contractual rights, too. Alfred Vanderbilt would have liked to run The Futurity on the main track this year, but that would have necessitated the unanimous consent of the subscribers to make the change. One vote could—and doubtless would—have blocked him. The best he could do when he took over at Belmont was to alter the conditions of next year's race, so this is probably the last Futurity on the Widener Course. Too bad; the race won't be such a fair test with a big field running around turns as it has been on the Widener straightaway.

IT would be hard to imagine a better performance than Roman's in winning the Fall Highweight Handicap. This colt of Joe Widener's carried 140 pounds and ran the six furlongs in 1:10. I mention the weight respectfully because of the time, which equalled the track record. Most trainers hold to the theory that after the impost on a horse passes 128 or 130, every pound weighs on him like two—you know, something similar to the law of physics governing the speed of falling bodies. There's also a school of thought which contends that the dead weight of the lead in the pad under the saddle is harder to carry than the same amount of live weight. To be sure, Pete Bostwick, who has carried as much as forty pounds of lead in a steeplechase, doesn't subscribe to this. "Lead doesn't slip around the way a rider will," he says. Anyhow, Roman was weighed down with plenty of lead. Meade, who rode him—and, by the way, he never has ridden a better race—weighs 112, so his horse had twenty-eight pounds of dead weight on his back, but he handled it easily. What really won the race, though, was the way Meade sent him through on the rail at the head of the stretch. While I'm on the subject of Meade, he also did a clever bit of riding the next day to bring Iron Shot, an uncertain animal, if you ask me, up into a dead heat with Gramps in a race at a mile and a half.

THERE can be no question but that Whirlaway goes better at Belmont Park than almost anywhere else. He has his own particular public, which would go into conniptions just watching him do his morning daily dozen, so it's almost sure to have a gay old time when he runs for the Jockey Club Gold Cup this weekend. Of course, the Cup would be really exciting if War Relic were to start too, but he won't because Sam Riddle, who owns him, is much too firmly opposed to a meeting at equal weights. Speaking of weights, I daresay Whirlaway could have given twenty-four pounds to the horses he beat in the Lawrence Realization as easily as he spotted them fourteen. It would have been more than all right with lots of people if he'd run half so well in the Narragansett Special.

WHAT promised to be one of the season's interesting races for two-year-old fillies became a personal misfortune for Mar-Kell when she was left at the post in the Matron Stakes. There was no room for her in the starting gate, so she had to stand outside. This usually is an advantage, for a horse can get off running from that position, but in Mar-Kell's case it wasn't. The way the stall doors flapped open may have startled her or the assistant starter holding her may have held on too long; whatever it was, she wheeled. Petrify, who was off to a good start, took the lead in the stretch and won easily. The Matron, worth $17,710, brought Petrify's winnings up to more than $40,000. As my checker-upper has mislaid his little red book, I don't know how the Vanderbilt horses stand, but my guess is that Petrify has won more money this year than all the others in the stable together.

NOTE ON A RED BOARD: Early in the Saratoga meeting, Colonel Tantivy Martingale, the old M.F.H., suggested that Redlands was the best jumper in Thomas Hitchcock's stable. After Redlands won so convincingly from older horses on the opening day at Belmont and after what happened to his stablemate Bath in the Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap, the Colonel still thinks Redlands is Mr. Hitchcock's best jumper.

YOU'VE probably noticed the small stands at all the tracks that offer a photograph of your favorite jockey on a postcard for ten cents. After a particularly close finish at Belmont the other afternoon, an excited man dashed up to the stand there. "You got pictures of Jockey Armstrong?" he asked the young woman in charge. (Armstrong wasn't the name, but let's be charitable.) "Here you are, sir," said the young woman, taking a card from the rack. "I don't want just one," said the man, "I want all you got. How many you got?" The young woman found seven more cards, and the man laid eighty cents on the counter. Then, turning around, he tore the eight photographs into little pieces.

—AUDAX MINOR

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Baltimore News-Post*]

In the "dive bomber" crash, Miller circles the track in a stock car, races up a steep rampway, plunges into space over two parked cars and crashes through the side of a parked automobile.

Patricia Dodson will drape herself over the hood of a stock sedan and permit herself to be driven head first through a flaming board wall, while Miss Hunt will ride the hood of a car in a perilous car leap into space and Viola King drops off the back of a speeding automobile.

Other highlights of the "Cavalcade of Thrills" include a head-on collision between two automobiles, a car leap over six cars, the death drag, a bicycle jump over two parked cars and Rex Miller's demonstration of safety driving.

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THE CASE OF MR. WHIPPLE'S PANTS

THE other day, in his pleasantly garrulous column on the editorial page of the *Sun*, Mr. Bob Davis (Robert Hobart Davis, b. Brownsville, Neb., March 23, 1869) wrote that recently, upon entering the Century Club (more properly the clubhouse of the Century Association, 7 West Forty-third Street, New York City, designed by Stanford White, who was killed by Harry K. Thaw, June 25, 1906), he had encountered an old acquaintance, Mr. Irving Bacheller (b. Pierpont, N.Y., September 26, 1859), the distinguished author of "Eben Holden" and many other novels.

After some small talk, the conversation got around to Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens, b. Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835; d. Redding, Conn., April 21, 1910). It seems that Mark Twain used to hang out a lot at the Century, where he regaled the boys with whimsy and anecdote. Mr. Bacheller recalled a story, or rather a half-story, which was told by Mark Twain but never published because Mark, for all his ingenuity, could never find a satisfactory ending. This incomplete saga, as related by Mr. Bacheller and retold by Mr. Davis for the readers of the *Sun*, may be boiled down to the following essentials:

One Henry Whipple in his early youth left his home in a small New England town and went to the big cities "to battle with civilization." At the age of forty, possessing "a veneer of wisdom," he returned to his boyhood home, where he felt like "a stranger in a strange land." He hired a horse and buggy and drove about the countryside, coming at last to a willow-ringed pool, which he recognized as the old swimming hole. "Danged if I don't take a swim," said Henry Whipple to himself. Wherewith he undressed and for some time disported himself in the water. As Mr. Davis tells it, "Satiated at last, our hero stepped out upon the shore and donned his under and top shirt with collar and necktie attached. As he was about to step into his B.V.D.'s the rattle of a horse-drawn buggy smote his ears. In a wild panic Henry dashed to his own vehicle awaiting near the roadway, hopped into the front seat, threw the robe over his bare legs and assumed the rôle of a man enjoying the scenery." Well, the approaching people turned out to be Old Man Musgrove and his daughter Violet. Back in other days, we are informed, Henry Whipple had kissed Violet twice, "rather playfully." Mr. Musgrove, who had a good memory for faces, exclaimed, "Well, by heck, if here ain't the spittin' image of Henry Whipple growed to manhood!" "It is Henry," said Violet, "back among his true friends. Where have you been and where are you going, Henry?" Henry said, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Thereupon Violet "swarmed" out of her father's runabout, saying, "Well, I'll make it up for you. Get over there while I take the reins. Follow us, Pop." The rest of the story, according to Mr. Davis, is "And so Henry, leaving his uncollected wardrobe beside the old swimming hole, was driven to his doom—whatever that was."

THAT'S the story, such as it is. Mr. Bacheller, according to Mr. Davis, threw up his hands and said, "From that situation, Mark knew not where to go, nor did I, nor do you, Mr. Davis, so let's order lunch."

With all respect to Mark Twain, Irving Bacheller, and Bob Davis, it does seem that between them they have made a good deal of a botch of a simple and rather inconsequential matter. There are, as may readily be demonstrated, several perfectly logical, though possibly not highly exciting, endings to this plot. It is by no means as difficult as figuring out an answer to Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger?"

It would be possible, of course, to question Mr. Bacheller's memory of just what Mark Twain said. Mr. B. said, according to Mr. Davis, that Mark Twain told him this story in 1893. It will be recalled that, in the somewhat puerile tale, Henry Whipple was "about to step into his B.V.D.'s" when he heard the approach of Mr. Musgrove and Violet. Now, although this is not impossible, it has a certain element of improbability. The B.V.D. Company was not founded until 1905. In that year the Erlanger Brothers Company of Baltimore, makers of woollen underwear, decided (and wisely, as it turned out) that there was a big market for lighter underwear. They took the name of the B.V.D. Company and started making the underwear that popularized those initials. The legal department of the B.V.D. Corporation, now in the Empire State Building, says that the initials came not from Bradley's Ventilated Drawers, as many persons believe, but from the initials of some manufacturers who made the garments before the Erlangers reorganized. There were, therefore, B.V.D.'s before 1905, and the best minds at B.V.D. today say it is conceivable that Henry Whipple wore them, though there is a trace of doubt.

However, let that pass. Maybe Mark Twain simply said "drawers." The dramatic values, if any, of the story remain what they were. In working out our dénouement, it is necessary to ask: What sort of persons were Henry Whipple, Violet, and Old Man Musgrove? It is by their characters that their subsequent actions must be determined. On the scant evidence we possess, these three persons add up about as follows:

Henry Whipple: Well dressed. Not bad-looking for forty (we know the ravages of time had not been too great, because both Musgrove and Violet recognized him easily). He was in the money (at least he had enough to hire a horse and buggy). Ambitious. Rather urbane (he had a "veneer of wisdom"). Nostalgic and somewhat sentimental. Also easily rattled, for it would have been the work of only a moment for him to have grabbed his drawers and pants and taken them into the buggy with him. On the whole, however, a nice fellow and a good catch.

Violet Musgrove: A dandy girl. Possibly a bit on the forthright and vigorous side (she "swarmed" out of the runabout, you will remember). She could have been forty, but more likely she was thirty-eight or thirty-nine, for she must have been near Henry's own age back in the halcyon days when he kissed her playfully. A spinster but not greatly worried about it. Rather obviously, it seems, she had remembered Henry with the friendliest of feelings, though there is nothing to show that she had actually "waited for him," as the saying has it.

Old Man Musgrove: A salt-of-the-earth type, crusty, imperious at times, pretty well off (he was driving his own rig), and a great pal of his daughter's, although somewhat under her domination (he was ready to obey when she said, "Follow us, Pop").

GIVEN all this, it should be possible to get along with the story in any one of several different directions:

Ending A (Victorian Inevitability). They rode for some minutes through the lush New England countryside. Henry

DO YOU COLLECT "M-M-M-S"?

Appreciative "M-m-m-s" (and an occasional "Oh, Boy!") are what you get from grateful guests when you serve drinks made with Carstairs White Seal Whiskey. It's *The Perfectly Balanced Blend*... prize catch of "The Man Who Cares!" Start your M-m-m collection today! Carstairs has been a name of character since 1788.

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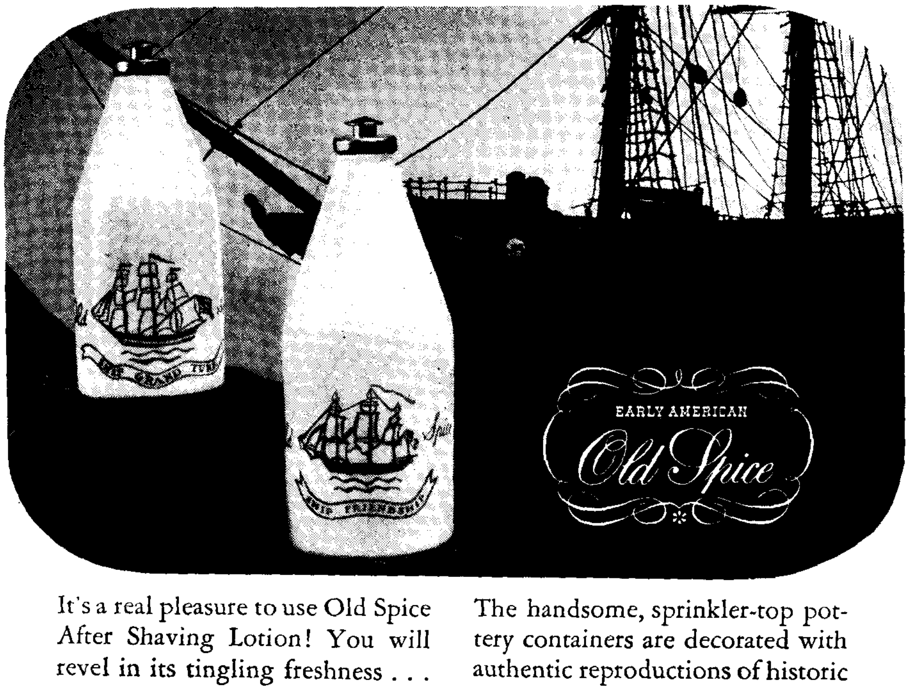
A Luxurious After Shaving Lotion



It's a real pleasure to use Old Spice After Shaving Lotion! You will revel in its tingling freshness . . . its clean, tangy scent. This soothing bracer tops off your daily shave with a sense of luxurious comfort and good grooming.

The handsome, sprinkler-top pottery containers are decorated with authentic reproductions of historic early American trading ships.

Sturdy wood-veneered chests contain various combinations of shaving lotion, talcum, bath soap, cologne and shaving creams in sets from $1.00 to $5.00.

After Shaving Lotion, 4 oz.—$1.00 . . . 8 oz.—$1.75

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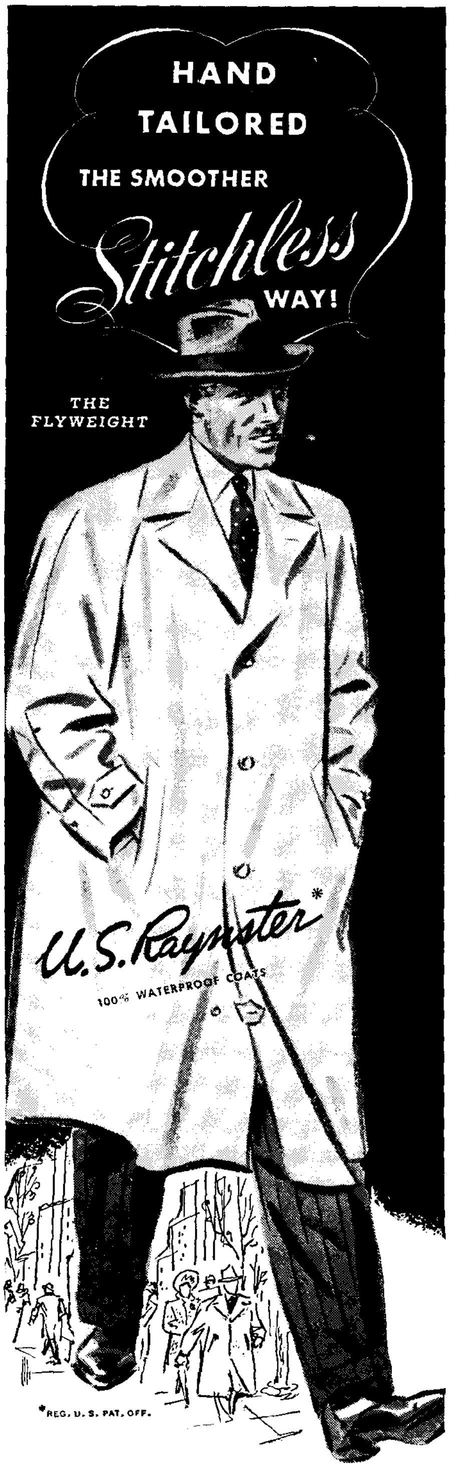


Streamlined STITCHLESS SEAMING Can't Leak!

So smart in line and fabric you'd never guess it was a raincoat. Yet, Raynster's stitchless seams and swanky topcoat materials are *100% watertight*. Raynster's exclusive hand-tailoring method permanently bonds the fine fabrics together instead of sewing them. No leaky needleholes. Smoother seams that stay in shape because they can't pucker. Raynsters come in luxurious gabardines, poplins, broadcloths, lawns . . . in all the new shades. ***At Better Stores.*** **$5 to $11**

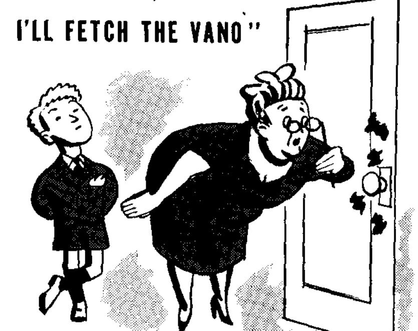
TOPCOAT MODELS—Lined with Skinner rayon. *Loose-lining* construction circulates fresh air inside coat, for perfect ventilation. $14 to $20

United States Rubber Company
Rockefeller Center • New York

was silent, moody, embarrassed. He did not know what to say to this vibrant creature who sat beside him. What was she really like? He recalled now that, while battling for gold in America's big cities, he had thought of her often, and wondered. Had he been a fool to leave this vale of peace and beauty when here, right around him, were all the ingredients of happiness? He sighed. "Henry," spoke up Violet, "you have been away a long time." "A long time indeed, lass," he replied. He lapsed again into silence. "What's the matter, Henry?" she asked, and her voice was full of womanly compassion. He turned his eyes to her. "Can you stand it if I tell you?" he asked. "Of course," she smiled, her chin outthrust. "We are all grown folks now. What is it?" Then, haltingly, mumblingly in spots, he blurted out the story of his missing trousers. She smiled shyly and patted his arm gently. "Don't worry," she said. "You can borrow some of Pop's when we get to the house, and tomorrow we can drive back and get yours." For the first time in his life Henry felt his whole being suffused with a glow of warmth and understanding. There would be hard cider that night, and strawberries, and—well, he knew he would never leave this place, or Violet.

Ending B (Frustration and Escape). What a fool he had been, thought Henry, ever to get himself into this mess. What was that saying about never crossing old trails? Whatever it was, it was right. It takes more than a swimming hole to recapture one's youth. And here he was, without pants, riding in a buggy with a middle-aged spinster with whom he had played at childish dalliance long years before. He looked at her sidewise. The sight was not exactly revolting, but it wasn't inspiring, either. And how she carried on with her incessant gabble! He answered her questions politely but with great aloofness. This was no place for him. He thought of the places he would rather be—whooping it up with the boys at the Century or the Haymarket in New York, gambling with high-rolling sports on the Mississippi steamers, going on yacht trips with "Bet-a-Million" Gates. Anything but this. He looked back. Old Musgrove, a cackling bore if there ever was one, was following meekly. He thought of a way out just as they approached the Musgrove house, a sprawling, dreary dump. As they came to the front gate he lied to Violet. "You get out and wait here. I've got to take the rig back to the livery stable. Then I'll have a man drive me back." She got out and waved to him.

"'TIS NOTHING, MATER... I'LL FETCH THE VANO"



Little Horace certainly put his finger on something besides the woodwork that time . . . for VANO is the ideal antidote for dirty work. VANO removes grease, grime and finger marks from walls, woodwork, Venetian blinds and other washable surfaces. It's odorless, doesn't streak, leaves the hands soft. So don't inhibit the kiddies—just "VANO-ize" the house behind them!

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and in Brooklyn, 66 Court St.

He whipped up his bony nag, retraced his route, got his pants, settled with the livery stable, and barely made the 7:44 for Boston. He was New York bound.

Ending C (The Sophisticates). "Not so fast, you vixen!" snarled Henry Whipple. "You're up to some of your fancy tricks." He tried to make his voice harsh, but the roguish glint in his eyes betrayed him. "Listen here, sweetheart. How the hell could I know, when I heard that runabout coming up the road, that it was nobody but you and your old pappy? Might have been the bishop." "What are you driving at, Hank?" asked Violet. "Well, bless your silly little heart," said Henry, "I'd been swimming, and I thought you were strangers, and I jumped into the buggy before I could put my pants on." Violet pulled the robe aside. "Geez!" She laughed. "You have no more pants on than a rabbit." "Well," said Henry, "don't sit there like a dope all day. Get out and get 'em for me." But by that time old Mr. Musgrove had seen the missing pants. He called out, "Henry, you dodgasted idiot, don't you want to take your pants?" He threw them into the buggy and Henry put them on. Laughter was general. They drove on to the Musgrove home, where the old man pulled out some fine Medford rum. Late that night, Henry and Violet decided (and why not?) that they might as well get married.

O. K., Mr. Clemens? Mr. Bacheller? Mr. Davis?—Stanley Walker

•

CITY VIEW

The sun tasted of April,
The leaves were worn—
Tarnished gold, and a dark patina under.
Unhurried, the river ran gray,
And the brightish gray of the sky,
Middle-aged in its quiet.
Women airing their dogs.
Some park attendants off duty,
Unbuttoned, quietly joking.
Low on the slope, a man,
Young, and stripped for swimming.
The bridge, gray against grayness,
Haze draping the firm
Transparency of girders.
Everything else stirring
Softly, like sap rising.
On the path two lovers,
Fingers linked, quiet,
Glad of the hour's respite.
The sun tasted of April.
Battleship-gray, the river.
The leaves were worn.

—Babette Deutsch

The Work-Fabric That Turned into Royalty—Super-Gabardine

The kind of fabric Peck & Peck loves to work with—fine, smooth, all wool, with a magnificent "handle." The kind of clothes we're masters at making . . . clean as a whistle, spare of detail, but every inch so superior you'll make your officer friends jealous. Coat dress in air blue, gold, khaki or natural; fly front beauty in air blue, natural or pine-needle green. Each, 39.95.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

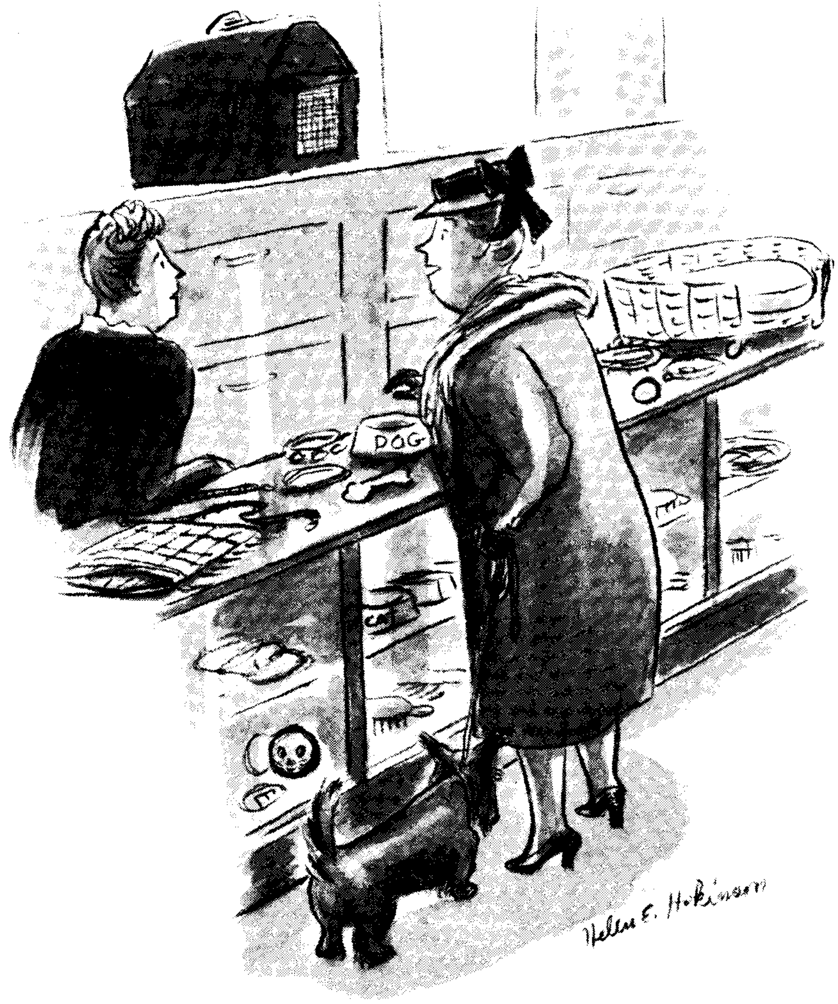
THE first-round critiques of the latest fashion offerings are likely to leave the impression that this is a season exclusively devoted to high dramatics. Gay and decorative though many aspects of the new clothes may be, they are far from being the whole story. The "little" suit, the "basic" dress, and the day-in-day-out type of standby that you can rely on are being done here with an assurance and cunning that used to exist only in Paris. Indeed, I suspect that we are quite a nation, for it was but a year ago that the first all-American fashions faltered before the public with a most apologetic air, and now the new ones have every bit of the professional confidence of Ethel Merman singing "I've Still Got My Health."

It is in the deceptively plain clothes, the clothes which look more artful with every glance and feel easier with every wearing, that you find the highest expression of a new serenity in American design. You'll find it, for example, at Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne. Wool dresses, cut almost with shirtwaist tops, include things like a gray affair with a convertible sports collar and scalloped detail to highlight it here and there, and another, gray and nubbly, with bone buttons down the shoulders and vast diagonal seaming to make it cling through the middle. The simple princesse fitted coat appears at its wearable best in this shop, too; witness a rich-red wool one with a high, double-breasted closing below its moderate lapels. Here lurks that perfect Plain Black Coat, done in tweed, with black Persian making its demure collar, outlining the hip pockets, and continuing in straight bands to the hem. If your mood is dressier, look at a coat that has a soft-green wool top, with nutria forming its circular skirt, its round collar, and a band down the front.

Then there are suits with medium-length jackets nipped in at the waistline and doing everything possible to emphasize the long-legged look that is our national pride. A bright-green wool jacket with a three-button closing completes a matching one-piece dress with a jersey top joined to the skirt in an impudent zigzag. Strictly tailored suits are not news, except some Sophie has done for Saks with shirtwaists of striped silk sleeve lining; she achieves a tongue-in-the-cheek informality with a well-fitted green corduroy suit that has a gold-banded green taffeta blouse. Last of all, look at a beautiful Molyneux suit—a black wool dress and a brown jacket that has black Persian buttons.

IN both her custom-made and ready-to-wear departments, Hattie Carnegie is fond of the unexpected in dresses that combine the simplest of tailored cuts with a touch of luxurious detail. To begin with, there are some black crêpe belted affairs, with black sequin collars made like the convertible one on your favorite golf dress; other plain black crêpe dresses show a flash of a black-and-cerise sequin-striped vestee. A Molyneux black wool dress has diagonal stripes of tucking across its top and around the hips and a straight-hanging loose jacket to cover it. Carnegie also shows a fitted Molyneux with an impertinent short bellhop jacket over a slim black wool dress that has a sweater-type top and an ascot in black-and-chamois striped wool. Among the worldly all-black costumes here is a tunic dress with a harem effect below the hips, and a black silk jersey with looped drapery on one side at the hip—an idea that is getting around town enough to bear watching. A heavenly dress of black wool has a dull-black satin tie below the tiny collar and satin inserts all around the waistline in narrow darts. Naturally, you'll find suits here. A gray one with a longish peplum has a blue-fox collar draped round the neck like a *lei*, and another, of rich-brown wool, has a small black-fox collar tied across the throat and two oval patch pockets of fox low on its long, fitted jacket.

BENDEL loves to take schoolgirl fabrics and handle them with such meticulous dressmaker art that they lose all traces of campus connotation. One



"We want to send a hostess present to a dachshund."

dress of pale-blue jersey has tiny silver-metal buttons down its bodice and long, wavy tucks to suggest a shirt front, and another, in bright-green wool jersey, boasts a high V collar and tucked detail on its pockets. Bendel particularly likes fur jackets that are three-quarter-length and flare circularly in back; they are expertly turned out in mink, broadtail, Persian, or whatever.

Here, too, is a comprehensive selection of the best Molyneux offerings. These are "typical" and dangerous: typical in that they are cut straight, like the chemise dress of other days, and are belted in at a low waistline instead of eased in at the normal one; dangerous because women have been sold the idea that Molyneux clothes are no trouble for anyone to wear, whereas his things appear at their best mainly on long, rangy, hipless individuals. Among his suits at Bendel are a beige herringbone tweed with brown lapels and a heavy, box-pleated skirt, and a beautiful checked purplish tweed which has a short jacket adorned with a fly front. With it goes a wonderful purple crêpe blouse, which has a band neck and solemn box pleats below that. His red-and-black tweed suit, a triumph, has a long jacket that, for a change, is nipped in slightly at the waist Nature gave you. This has a skirt that bursts into deep pleats below a snug hip yoke. His long coats are likely to have tuxedo fronts of black Persian and are usually either quite circular in back (one of this sort covers a satin-backed crêpe dress in the chamois color he loves this season) or completely tubular and beltless and uncompromising, with a wide panel of Persian on each side of a bone-button closing.

THERE are any number of people in the world who like to buy just a few very good clothes and wear them constantly. Those I've been mentioning are only a faint indication of the things to be found around town that couldn't possibly turn into either a bore or an irritation to the wearer or her friends.

—L. L.

•

BUTTE, Mont. (AP)—Climbing to the top of a pile of hay, Dan Brooks, rancher, started to pull down a bale.

It struck him and he and the The Netherlands East Indies produce 95 per cent of the quinine used in the world.—*Columbia (S.C.) Record.*

It's the sort of thing that'll beat Germany in the end.

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Young-timers
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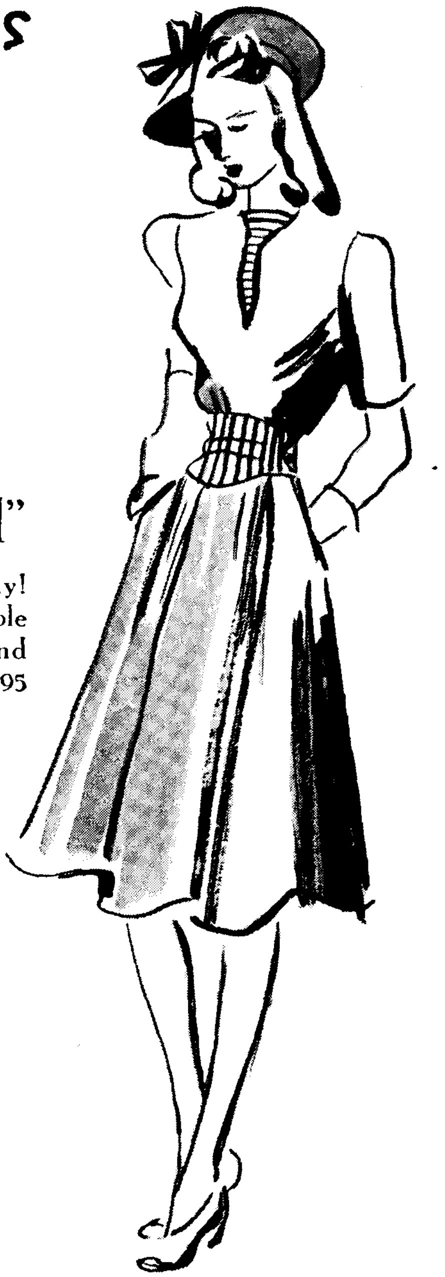

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City Girl"

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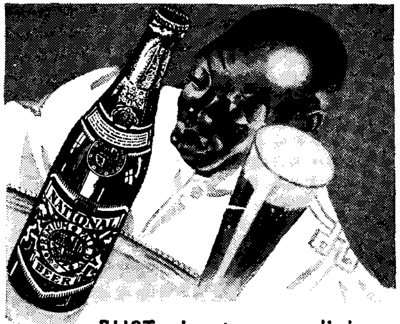

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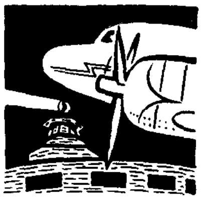
OUT OF TOWN

Small World



ALL this talk about the government's taking over some of our transport planes started me wondering how the citizenry is faring aloft these days, and having heard that wondering should be no more than a brief prelude to action, I've been hurling myself into one office and hangar after another to see what's new. To deal with the war first: All of the transport companies have released planes to the government, all of them (by agreement among themselves) have sold a certain number of "spares" to the British, and few of them are getting many replacements right now. This may mean an occasional jam, but by and large the air lines still have enough Grade-A equipment to carry us (and there are more of us to carry this year than ever before) from here to there in less time than it takes to look over their folders. In other words, for the time being, at least, there's no violent curtailment of service, but there's no violent expansion, either.

At the moment, the greatest grief of the air lines is (always was, but it matters more now that planes are less plentiful) the heedless creature called, by them, a "no-show." No-shows, in case the term is as new to you as it was to me, are the little men who aren't there when the plane leaves; you know, they book space and then make no move to cancel their reservations when they find they won't be using them. Formerly, if there were more passengers than would fit in one plane, the air lines just rolled another ship out of the hangar and let fly—their equivalent for hitching another Pullman to a train—but that's not always possible these days, because sometimes there isn't another ship to roll. This means, as you can see, that seats are at a premium, making the no-show more of a headache than ever. Thus far, most air lines haven't even suggested that you pay for your tickets when you make your reservations; *they* consider a telephone call a contract and for all I know they'd turn down the President himself to hold a seat for some dog-in-the-manger fellow who can't be bothered to send word that he isn't going after all or a happy-go-lucky débutante who decides to stay over another day and never peeps. So it would seem to be up to all of us to help work the thing out.

If you're obliged to be someplace else in a hurry and there's no space left on the plane you want to have take you there, you might try a system which air-line officials themselves use to get about. Proceed to the airport with your toothbrush in your pocket and your briefcase in your hand, wait around till the plane you have your eye on is about to leave, and if there's a no-show on the passenger list, you'll get aboard. Of course, if there isn't, you won't, but it's worth trying when you're desperate. American Airlines has broken down the percentages of no-shows by cities, which enables me to advise you that your chances of success with this system are best in our own cavalier metropolis (with Providence, Boston, Detroit, Columbus, Baltimore, Chicago, and Washington tailing us in that order) and practically nil out in the great open spaces like El Paso and Tulsa, where a man's word is as good as the air line's.

GETTING along to news of some of the individual companies, American is much set up over its reservations room out in the hangar at LaGuardia Field. I know, I know, all the lines have reservations rooms, but this is a star one, in which a corps of men and girls, with the help of telephones, racks, and moving belts, can handle bookings so efficiently that you're told in a fraction of the time it used to take whether you'll be able to fly at a certain hour or not. American goes on, too, about its vacation cruises on an "all-expense" basis, a term which includes better rates at hotels and ranches than you or I could possibly get by ourselves but not yet the traditional nuisance dollar for the limousine to and from our local airport. If you're thinking of using this line's three-stop (Nashville, Dallas, Tucson) service from here to Los Angeles, think fast, because it's being booked a month in advance.

There's also such a lively demand for those United Air Lines overnight sleepers to the Coast that you'd better make reservations as far ahead as you can, unless you don't mind getting left. Sleeper fares are the same, but the cost of berths has been slightly increased (accommodations which formerly were $8 now are $12, and like that), and, on this run, you're being asked to pay for your space three hours before the plane leaves, which seems fair enough, especially as the line will send your ticket around to you. Maybe you'll be as fascinated as I was by the gadget one of United's engineers has designed for oxygen: instead of piping the stuff to you from the pilot's cabin through a clumsy hose, the planes have an outlet at every seat attached to a neat little 1941 vinaigrette to hold to your nose and dose yourself whenever you want. (Incidentally, a ten-minute treatment is said to be better than a prairie oyster if you should be so unfortunate as to come aboard with a hang-over.) United does its own catering; in its kitchen out at LaGuardia Field I saw tubs of cress, a refrigerator full of slick white chickens, pans of cup cakes, and, on the stove, salmon being cooked with herbs and a trace of onion. The line's baby kits contain, in addition to strained foods, a spick-and-span bowl and spoon, disposable diapers, and a pair of rubber pants, all of which means something if you're travelling with a basket job.

Long after its competitors had decided what to do about hot food, Eastern Air Lines was still wrinkling its brow over the problem, but it now has a solution, one of the neatest so far—grooved trays which are set with linen, silver, etc., while the plane is still on the ground, and filled out with hot things in casseroles and cold things off dry ice when the plane is in the air. This makes for faster service, hotter hot dishes, and colder cold ones, which was, indeed, the idea. Eastern goes out of its way to look after the young. If you give its representatives notice (two hours is enough, ordinarily), they will tell you what to bring and what to count on the line's being able to supply, which is almost sure to include an extra thermos of hot, sterile water for washing baby equipment. A long-awaited vacation trip to Williamsburg, Virginia, has just been worked out, too, which gives you three days at the stylish Williamsburg Inn. The inn car meets you at the Richmond airport and carries you down the peninsula to Williamsburg in something less than an hour.

T.W.A., whose Stratoliners were a year old in July, hasn't made many changes lately, except for some adjustments in schedule, including the elimination of one flight to Cincinnati, because of shortages. But just wait till it gets those sixty-four-passenger Lockheeds, which Jack Frye, the president of the line, and the ubiquitous Howard Hughes have worked out. There are forty on order.

IF you feel for changing foliage, you might try one of the cruises of Canadian Colonial Airways, which flies you to Montreal and dispatches you from

Doris Reid Arnett was admitted to the spring 1941 secondary CPTP training course, from which she was graduated with high honors. Her school claims that her record is equal to the best of the 19 men who have graduated to date.

WACO AIRPLANES

Boys... Watch out

Of the UPF-7 Waco trainer, Robert W. Short of the G. & G. Airlines says: "We want you to know that we have flown our Waco 800 hours in this advanced acrobatic course, which means 800 hours of very strenuous flying. During this time, we have had no trouble of any kind with the Waco. The motor has been majored once, and has always run smoothly. *We never had a forced landing in this plane for any reason.* Indicative of our confidence in the Waco trainer . . . we have ordered two additional ships for use this fall." For dependability and proved performance choose Waco. Waco Aircraft Co., Troy, Ohio.

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WATCH *yourself* . . . and you'll *realize* that *all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's *increased chance* of irritation for sensitive nose and throat passages. But *now* . . . look at the findings reported by eminent doctors—*who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS—AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

You're bound to inhale *some*times . . . but you *can* have this *proved protection.* Full smoking pleasure . . . without smoking penalties . . . if you smoke Philip Morris. No wonder they're "stealing the show"!

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FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION— AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

there by rail or motor to Quebec or St. Jovite. The temptation for Laurentian-bound hunters is an additional ten pounds' baggage allowance for "visible sports equipment," which is the line's austere way of saying guns, fishing tackle, and—later on, if all goes as planned—skis. At last reports, American citizens needed no more than to identify themselves to cross the border, but such things change without much warning these days, so you might check if you're thinking of heading that way. You still get a hundred-dollar customs exemption if you spend more than forty-eight hours in Canada, and, in case you care, planes now land at Dorval Airport, west of Montreal, instead of at St. Hubert, which has been turned over to the military.

PAN AMERICAN is understandably exhilarated (and it is usually fairly blasé) by its new services, most of which, however, are somewhat remote for casual jaunters. In Brazil and Bolivia, it now has flights from Manaos to Porto Velho, from Manaos to a place the map calls B. Constant, and from Rio de Janeiro to La Paz, this with the collaboration of a Bolivian plane from Santos. In the Far East, you can fly from Manila to Singapore in a straight line instead of detouring via Rangoon; a little nearer home again, there's the Miami-Brazil-Belgian Congo run now getting under way. The transatlantic Clipper service remains the same, and so do the fares—$425 eastbound and $100 more westbound. The coagulation of refugees in Lisbon is pretty well cleared up, but even so space on the westward passage is problematical; eastbound, things aren't so bad, but the government won't let you go unless you've got a darn good reason. Passports are taken up at the conclusion of every trip.

FOR CONSTANT FLIERS: *Flite Plan*, a new monthly digest published at 1775 Broadway, lists the timetables, rates, etc., of all air-travel facilities serving New York, and is yours for a dollar a year. —K. C. B.

•

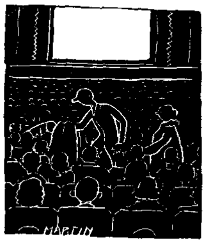
PERCY GRAINGER
IMMINENT
PIANIST
Presented
by
Ardmore C.E.A.
Wednesday, Sept. 24
Gilbert Auditorium

—From an adv. in the Ardmore (Okla.) Ardmoreite.

It won't be long now, eh, Grainger?

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Word on the Vatican

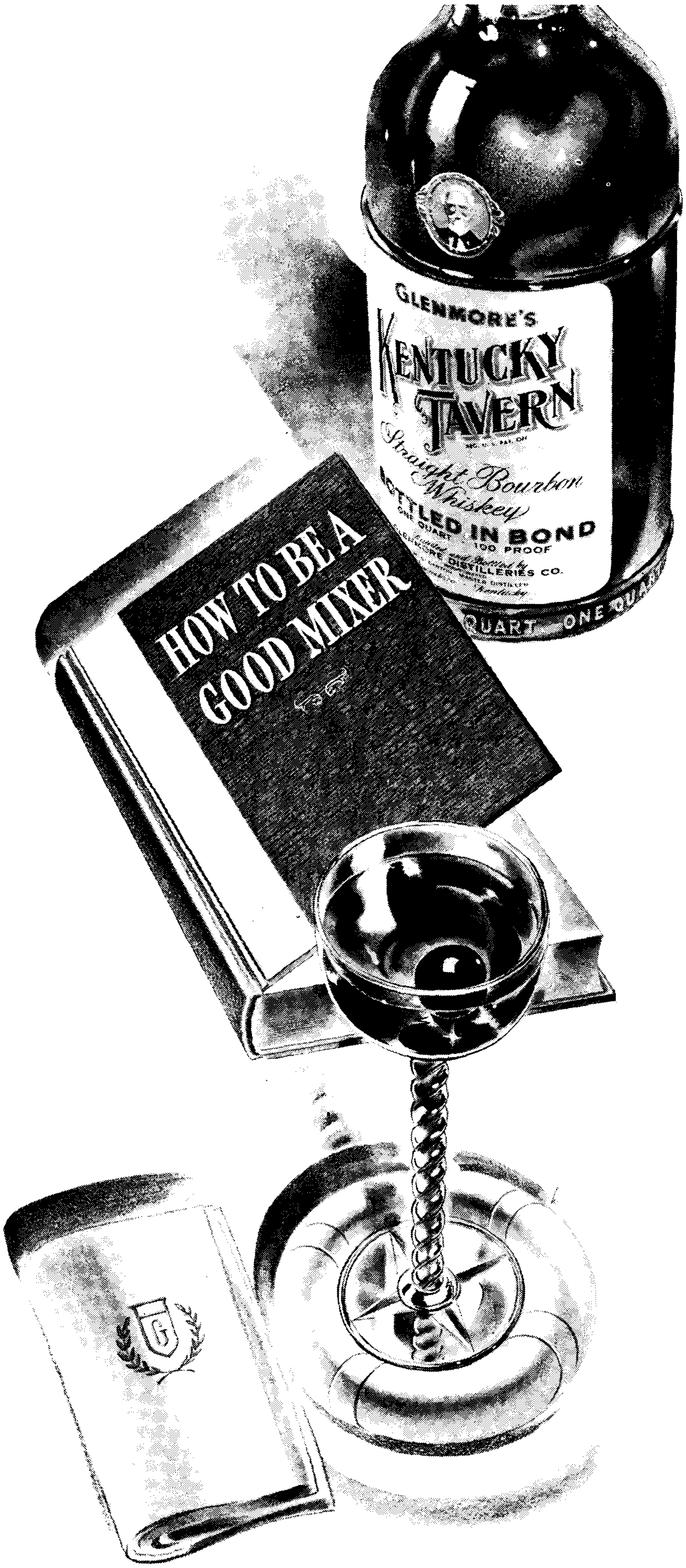


THE March of Time has now the honor to present "The Story of the Vatican," a feature-length film, one of those longer installments devoted to some subject which is considered to merit special distinction. A suitable address by the Right Reverend Monsignor Sheen, whom Pius XI raised to the rank of Domestic Prelate in 1935, accompanies the photographed scenes, explains the routine of life in the Papal State, and expands upon the various masterpieces of art there: the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Raphael *stanze*, and the prizes of the Vatican collection. A large part of the picture, in fact, is devoted to art, though doubtless its really surprising aspect, to those who have seen reproductions of Renaissance art before, will be the civil life of the state—the workshops where paintings and mosaics are repaired and tapestries darned, and the small, discreet bar, where the most popular drink is coffee and where nothing stronger than vermouth is served.

Without question, neither the March of Time people nor any other group, however powerful, could manage a more intimate study of the Vatican than this. The careful and not very inspired camera shots of works of art that are the most familiar on the face of the globe seem something like padding here, but those scenes of life there and the views of less-known portions of the cathedral, of the crypts and so on, do have their value. The question is why such a subject should be selected in these times. It reminds us again how far behind our newswriters are our cameramen. Censorship may be the answer, but still it is amazing that these years of war—a war one formerly imagined as a photographer's heaven—yield comparatively so little. Week after week the newsreels are formal and perfunctory, and now the March of Time, with all its resources for reporting events of the day, asks us to concentrate on the paintings of Michelangelo.

ADMIRERS of the illuminating and educational Kildare treatises on hospital life which have been appearing for so long will possibly be somewhat shocked by the most recent revelation,

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS



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called "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day." The romance which the young interne (Lew Ayres) has enjoyed with one of the nurses (Laraine Day) has never been stressed in the earlier films. It has been a gentle undercurrent, something beguiling and unproblematic. That tragedy should evolve from anything so delicate appears unreasonable and unwarranted, yet, just on the eve of her wedding, this dainty bride steps in front of a truck and is gone forever. I don't know of any movie killing which has seemed so sudden, so scandalously abrupt. I gather that the young doctor himself is to recover from the shock and that the series will be pursued, though without love, at least as presented by Miss Day. It is ominous, however, that the cancer of the older physician (Lionel Barrymore) grows more sinister. The series is evidently threatened from many angles. Nevertheless, our medical instruction is not omitted and we are taught the difficulties facing an orchestra leader afflicted with diplacusis, a very bad thing indeed for professional musicians.

THAT a lady can accomplish a great deal by just being sick is a well-known fact and one rather hilariously treated in "Our Wife." The hilarity, to be sure, is more on the part of the performers than of the audience, which is inclined to stay icy before the various uncoördinated antics presented. Melvyn Douglas appears as a band-leader unhappy in his marriage and given to liquor. On a sea trip he meets a bewitching female professor (Ruth Hussey), who is travelling with two other professors—incidentally, her father and brother. The pedagogic family just absorbs the band-leader and all of them are set for a happy faculty life when the estranged but not yet divorced wife throws a wrench in the gears. This wicked woman, who never had a doctorate in her life, feigns a becoming paralysis to hold her husband and, even with the house afire at last, almost outwits the lovely Ph.D. I fear movie-story writers can be very silly at times.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Dear Miss Blake: Every time I go out with a certain fellow he falls asleep. He treats me nicely and seems to like me when he is awake, but he usually falls asleep on the way home. What can I do to prevent this? Do you think he loves me?

TIRED-OF-IT-ALL.
—*The News.*

The question is: Do *you* love *him?* If so, what are you doing awake?

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THE ARMY LIFE

II—PROCESSING

THERE is something about a soldier's uniform that would make the most conscientious of objectors feel at least slightly martial. During my second day at Camp Upton, only a few hours after I had tossed aside an old tropical worsted in favor of a new set of khakis, I felt a strange sensation near the back of my neck and suddenly realized that my shoulders were straightening, or at any rate not bending at the angle they were accustomed to when I was a postureless civilian. At a reception centre like Upton, a clearing house for selectees destined for eventual shipment to more distant points, nobody can tell exactly how raw a recruit is once he is in a uniform, and the recruit himself is likely to pretend he has been in one forever. Draftees with less than twenty-four hours of military service, being still in their civilian clothes, feel uncomfortably conspicuous and are constantly subject to comments on their inexperience by veterans of two or three days' standing. These old-timers are inclined to taunt the newcomers as they shuffle by in absurdly jagged rows and to give them sage advice, usually consisting of the single phrase "Watch out for the hook." The "hook" is a term used to describe hypodermic injections of either a typhoid or tetanus preventive. Although these injections, of which every man receives quite a few during his military career, infrequently cause anything more serious than a slight and temporary stiffness of the arm, incoming selectees are invariably given to understand by their predecessors that the hook is only a little less dangerous than a well-aimed bayonet thrust. "The bigger they are," the veteran inevitably adds, "the harder they fall." The only soldier in the group of a hundred and fifty I came in with who seemed notably affected by the hook when we got it the other day was big, and he fell.

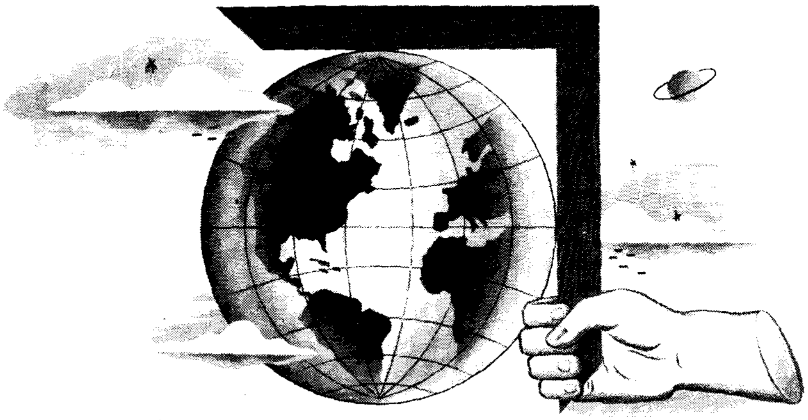
YOU rarely hear a gun fired at Upton, I am told. The only weapons I have even seen are a few rifles carried by some guards attending a bunch of military prisoners who were collecting garbage, and a pistol attached to the belt of an officer of the day. The main function of the camp is to introduce selectees to military clothes and military discipline and to find out what, if any, their qualifications for special work are before they are dispatched to another post. The administrative staff at Upton is proud of the fact that since last fall more than forty thousand drafted men have been interviewed and outfitted in a building aptly and tersely named Processing. I was processed on my second morning, a morning on which I was also initiated into an Army game known as Policing Up. This is played every day by selectees, and the rules are simple. It could be played around almost any house. Shortly after breakfast the participants are led out of doors by an athletic director, usually a sergeant or corporal, then shepherded into a straight line and directed, at a given signal, such as a whistle or yell, to walk along a prearranged course with eyes fixed intently on the ground. The point of the pastime is for the players to pick up every object that does not appear to be growing or to have been purposely placed there by man. Cigarette butts and matchsticks are considered especially desirable finds. Occasionally, if the athletic director is piqued, he will add to the list of collectible objects small stones and straws, but these are not regularly included. The very first time I played the game I was lucky enough to gather in a large and grimy piece of porcelain that might easily once have been part of a washbowl, although it was hard to tell. I was warmly congratulated on my find by the corporal in charge of my searching party. There is no scoring system in this game, except that anything less than perfection is an automatic zero and entitles the player to a sharp reprimand.

After the squad I was in had stripped bare the ground allotted to us, we moved on to Processing, a long building with bars on its windows. Inside, each of us was handed an envelope containing data on us that had already been assembled by the Army. We were instructed to reach into the envelope and pull out our metal identification tags, which every soldier is supposed to wear around his neck at all times. They are called dog tags, and there are a pair of them, the idea apparently being that if one is shot away, along with birthmarks and other distinguishing physical characteristics, identification will still be possible by means of the other. Each tag bears the soldier's name, the name and address of his nearest of kin, and his serial number, which he is told to memorize thoroughly, forward and backward. Mine is 42906123, backward.

As we proceeded through Processing, various officers reached into our envelopes, which we ourselves had been forbidden to inspect, and drew forth papers on which our fingerprints and the histories of our civilian lives were subsequently recorded. Then we were taken into a shoe-fitting room, where we took off our shoes, climbed a flight of half a dozen steps, and stood on a platform with a twenty-pound weight in each hand while a fitter prodded our toes. The Army is deeply concerned about feet, and we were solemnly warned to reject any pair of shoes that did not fit perfectly. After descending the steps, we walked into a huge room filled with shelves of clothing. We waited on benches until our names were called, and then we were handed a pile of equipment, measurements for some of which had been taken the day before: shoes, socks, underclothes, handkerchiefs, a towel, toilet articles, khaki and denim uniforms, a denim hat and an overseas cap, a couple of ties, a haversack, a mess kit, and a canteen. It was an impressively efficient procedure. After trying on some of the clothes and exchanging any that proved to be outrageous misfits, we moved on out of the room, dressed for the first time like soldiers. On our way out we halted briefly in an anteroom and, before we had time to start worrying about it, we got the hook, plus a vaccination, too. We had our first war wounds.

In the afternoon, as our arms began to tighten slightly from the injections, we were given some processing of a less tangible nature when we attended a couple of motion pictures, one on personal hygiene, which advised us not to drink water on maneuvers without the permission of a competent authority on water, and another, a rather documentary film, on sex hygiene. After the performance an officer read us some excerpts from the Articles of War, the code by which soldiers are governed. We were left with the general impression that the guardhouse was just around the corner and the specific impression that it was improper for us to try to influence legislation. We are not allowed, for instance, to send postcards to Senator Wheeler.

THAT evening, before supper, we became acquainted with some elementary rules of military courtesy,



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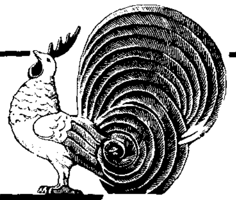

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learning principally that it was our obligation, or rather our privilege, to salute all commissioned officers. After eating, when we could wander around the camp grounds at our leisure, most of us eagerly awaited the moment we could unfurl our first, halting salute, although a few of the boys, who claimed to have been severely affected by the hook, expressed doubt that they could lift their right arms at all. My own arm felt tractable enough, so I set off, impatiently looking for an officer. I spotted one, a handsome lieutenant, about fifty yards away and walked with anticipation toward him, but he turned and entered a building before I could get within range, and I had to give him up. It is incorrect to salute indoors except in certain special cases. A few minutes later, still smarting from my frustration, I was strolling along a road with another selectee and out of the corner of my eye saw him lift his right arm at the approach of a gaudy and substantial car. Figuring that he had alertly detected an officer within it, I threw up my arm with a happy, carefree swing. It developed a second later that my companion had merely been scratching his nose and that the car was occupied by a noncommissioned cook. I never did get a chance to salute an officer that night, but when the lights went out at nine o'clock I consoled myself with the thought that my chance was bound to come. —PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Graham A. Johnson announce the birth of a son, Lee Huntington, Aug. 25, in St. Raphael's hospital. This is their child.—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

Did we say anything?

•

Case #506091—Common Pleas Court, Cleveland, Ohio—Lena Jones vs. Ohio Bell Telephone Co., 750 Huron Rd. $10,000; personal injury; removed telephone booth with plaintiff in it. Brooker, Fisher, & Weltman, attys.—*Daily Legal News & Cleveland Recorder.*

Well, if she was going their way . . .

•

NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in Liberty*]

Now an ornithologist has discovered that certain American owls, like parrots, try to imitate human talk. So perhaps it's appropriate that owl-feather turbans and muffs for ladies will be stylish this autumn.

BOOKS

Mr. Cain and Mother Love—Entries from Mr. Farrell and Mr. Lanham

JAMES M. CAIN continues to boil them hard and serve without frills. Though not quite as tough as "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade," "Mildred Pierce" is no marshmallow, either. It retains all the old Cain trademarks: his slightly brutal contempt for his own characters, his interest in violent extremes of conduct, his mastery of cinema-plot tricks, his nontragic handling of tragedy. By this time the method may have become somewhat faded, but Mr. Cain still knows how to pin you fast to your chair till you have turned the last page, which ends, as you might expect, with one of the characters urging another, with no small success, to "get stinko."

I wouldn't miss a new Cain novel any more than the Mayor would miss a fire; you might even call me a Cain buff. I'll bet, though, that the Mayor can't remember all the exciting blazes he's watched, and novels of the Cain school are somehow forgettable too. They transfix you as you read them. Afterward you go about your business somehow untransfixed. Mr. Cain aims not to touch your heart but merely to make it skip a beat. He succeeds.

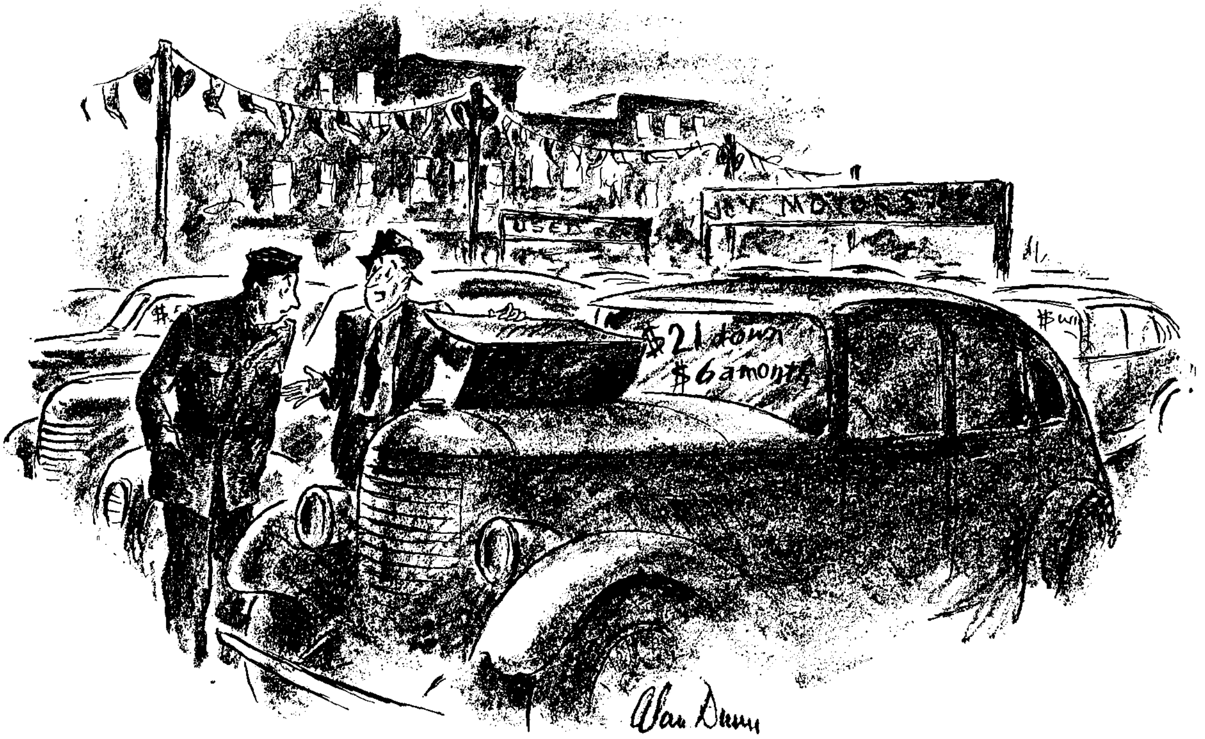
Mother love in Glendale, California, furnishes the theme of his new book. Mildred Pierce is a suburban housewife with a shrewd eye, a talent for cooking, a handsome pair of legs, a shiftless husband, and two small daughters. After her husband runs out on her, Mildred's emotional drive centres in Veda, the elder daughter, as nasty a bitchling as has ever been committed to paper. Driven by her ambition for Veda, Mildred finds a job as a waitress, does well, starts a chicken-dinner restaurant, and, in regulation Hollywood fashion, is soon in the money. For avocation, she ties up with Monty Beragon, a great hand at polo and women, and thinly sliced off the Hemingway joint. This affair starts at no great moral altitude and goes steadily downhill. Things are complicated by the growing up of Veda, who develops a fine set of breasts and a talent for music. Any reader who knows his way around this sort of story will hardly be amazed when Veda and Monty begin to hit it off and poor Mildred goes on the skids amorously and financially. The situation resolves itself into a whirl of melodrama, with everybody acting very hyperthyroid and truth, beauty, goodness, faith, hope, and charity coming in for no notice whatsoever. Veda, by dint of considerable punching below the belt, becomes a great radio star, and Mildred, at last cured of her fixation on her daughter, is left with nothing but Bert, her erstwhile husband, and that final resolution to get stinko.

Of course, Mr. Cain works up the scenario in his own devilishly skillful manner. You feel ashamed to find yourself following the fortunes of these dismal characters with breathless interest, but shame or no shame, you follow them. The story is enriched by several slickly drawn minor personages: Mildred's confidante, Mrs. Gessler, a wise lady who knows entirely too much about the frailties of the male sex; Mr. Hannen, Veda's piano teacher; and especially Carlo Treviso, the orchestra conductor who discovers that Veda is a born coloratura and whose comments on that particular breed comprise one of the most hilarious passages I have read in many a month. Also noteworthy are Mr. Cain's firm mastery of the intricacies of the restaurant trade and, naturally, his intimate knowledge, first revealed in "Serenade," of the music business.

"Mildred Pierce" will hardly stand up under analysis (Mr. Cain is a short-order motivation man), but then it's hardly a story on which you'll be tempted to try your analyzer. As a matter of fact, if it didn't happen to include adultery, a near rape or two, and a few other motives of comparable torridity, it would make a bang-up movie, for it is a first-rate example of the sort of tricky, cynical realism that the superior Hollywood writer likes to turn out in his more conscientious moods.

THE other exhibits this week are, if less interesting, doubtless more moral.

In James T. Farrell's "Ellen Rogers," for example, the heroine, who is given to leading the boys on and making them suffer, discovers, though at rather unnecessary length, that the wages of sin is death. The hero, however, a Lothario with a cynical "line" drawn from Mencken and Cabell, goes right



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—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW $2.50

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ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN CO.
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on, unpunished, with his seductions and monologues. Mr. Farrell's social milieu is here jacked up a few notches above that of his Studs Lonigan novels, but his narrative methods remain unchanged. Leave nothing out is the first rule of the Chicago school.

It would be pleasant to be able to record progress on the Farrell front, but it is a saddening fact that "Ellen Rogers" will probably rank among the feeblest of the author's books. One can hardly mention it in the same breath with the still unforgettable and monumental Studs Lonigan trilogy. The trouble lies mainly in the circumstance that there really isn't enough material here for a full-length novel. Mr. Farrell's Menckenian young man is an accurate and merciless portrait. So is his selfish, silly Ellen. But to depict them adequately does not require 429 pages.

Years ago, at college, we used to collect (some people have odd notions of fun) the flattest lines in English poetry. I hereby enter for the Flat Dialogue Handicap the following likely bit from page 31:

> "We still have time to make a movie," Bill said.
> "No, we haven't."
> Mr. Rogers looked at his watch.
> "Hm. I doubt it. You might just have time to catch the last show, and then again you mightn't," he said.
> "No, we couldn't make it now, Father."
> "Well, I wouldn't be so sure. You might just catch the last show."
> "Oh, we'd have to rush too much," she said.
> "Yes, you would have to rush," Mrs. Rogers said.
> All three of them lapsed into a short silence.

Too short, however.

EDWIN LANHAM'S "Thunder in the Earth" is the best novel to date by a young American writer who has for some years been doing progressively better work, though it is not yet of a very imposing character. He offers a complete, detailed study of a Texas oil town in the thirties, focussed on the melodramatic rise and fall of Cobb Walters, an impetuous young promoter. Mr. Lanham is something of a moralist himself, but he's not insistent about it. The moral concerns the obvious social necessity of treating our natural resources as they should be treated—as the potential property of the citizenry of the United States rather than as an opportunity for reckless wastage and quick profits. Mr. Lanham has perhaps learned too much about oil—how it is found, how wells are developed, how financial chicanery

SALLY BENSON STARTED IT!

In a memorable article on Joseph Shearing she called particular attention to *The Strange Case of Lucile Cléry*: "A few years ago, when a book called 'All This, and Heaven Too,' by Rachel Field, was published, there was a threatening sound of off-stage noises made by a select group. Their complaint was that the story had been done before, and done superbly . . . by Joseph Shearing." The book is now reissued in the hope that it will reach the far larger audience it deserves.

THE STRANGE CASE OF LUCILE CLÉRY
By Joseph Shearing
Author of "The Crime of Laura Sarelle"

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ELIZABETH CORBETT'S
fine novel of American family life in wartime

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enters the picture—and he's more than eager to tell you everything he knows. But his locale is fresh, he's talking about something that concerns us vitally, and his characters are natural, if bare of any special originality. The first half of the book is excellent going. After that it bogs down in a mess of undigested romance and financial and legal detail.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE YOUNG AND THE IMMORTAL, by Isabel Currier. An unusually mature and interesting philosophical novel. The main characters are a young Catholic girl in a convent, unwilling or unable to accept the discipline of the Church, and a Sister in the same convent who has found the Church a sanctuary from her unhappiness in the world outside. The girl is expelled from the convent for heresy; she marries twice, but at last returns to the faith she once had. Sharply observed, intelligent, learned, not doctrinaire in any narrow sense. A worth-while book.

PRAY FOR A TOMORROW, by Anne Parrish. Another novel about religion, but shapeless and hard to get hold of. A refugee German Jew comes to a fishing village on the English coast. A simple-minded fisher boy first befriends him, then fails him when the villagers decide he is a spy, and the refugee is pursued and done to death by the authorities. As a result, in company with St. Peter, who failed Jesus, the boy begins a strange, dreamlike journey, during which he learns how large a part in life cruelty and intolerance have always played.

LANDMARKS, by Hilda Morris. The story of a young painter, born and reared in Europe, who learns about his American forebears and America by painting murals for a library in a small town in Michigan, the town where his mother's family had lived for generations. Miss Morris manages to include quite a lot of interesting local history, a pleasant romance, and a dash of mild scandal. A friendly bit of Americana.

PISTOLS FOR HIRE, by Nelson C. Nye. A good old-fashioned Western, with plenty of shooting, and at the same time a first-class debunking job, the victim being the famous Western gunman Billy the Kid. Just a mean, irresponsible, cowardly-in-a-pinch little guy, says Mr. Nye, and no hero. Although the author claims his story

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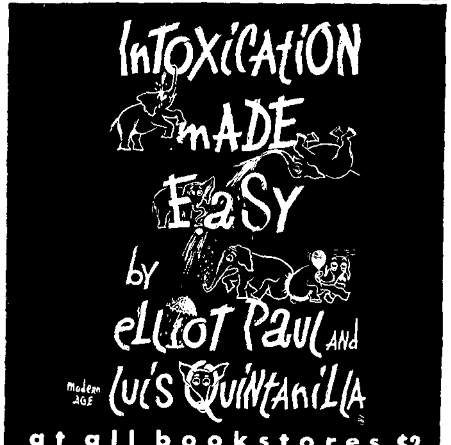

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- *"California is sending us some great wines these days."* —Lucius Beebe

is fiction, you are likely to find yourself believing every word of it.

BETWEEN TWO AUTUMNS, by Percy Marks. A novel about the perfect hired man. He cooks expertly, carpenters ditto, becomes an accomplished gardener; in fact, there isn't anything he can't do. The middle-aged publisher and his invalid wife on whom he drops in one night think they have found a treasure, but he is too good to be true. He warns them that if he stays he will bring trouble without meaning to. He brings plenty. Mr. Marks tells his story very cleverly and provides a neat shudder at the end.

WAKEFIELD'S COURSE, by Mazo de la Roche. More about the Whiteoaks of Jalna. Those in the know will recognize Wakefield as half-brother to Renny and brother to Piers and Finch. This story, which, of course, includes the rest of the family, brings them right up to Dunkerque.

GENERAL

METAPOLITICS, by Peter Viereck. The author traces the source ideas of Nazism (they *are* a traditional body of ideas, he believes) not only from such nationalists as Treitschke and such "racialists" as Houston Chamberlain but straight through the movement of nineteenth-century German romanticism to Wagner and the Nazis themselves. A fresh approach, penetrating and well documented, though inclined to pin horns and a tail on the romantics in general.

DARK LEGEND, by Frederic Wertham, M.D. Psychological drama of a seventeen-year-old boy who murdered his mother, told in the Orestes-Hamlet pattern (the author has a fascinating Hamlet theory, too) by the senior psychiatrist of the New York Department of Hospitals. Not a mere case history but a brilliant detective story in the field of scientific humanism, warm, wise, and ably written.

MURDER OUT YONDER, by Stewart H. Holbrook. A good backwoods murder, says the author, beats a city murder any day. He makes a plausible case with ten stories involving Joshua II, an Oregon cult leader; Harry Orchard, the Idaho dynamiter; Belle Gunness, the wholesale lady doer-away-wither; and others. Lurid Americana, set forth with the requisite grim jocosity.

SAVAGE LANDOR, by Malcolm Elwin. Absorbing biography of the author of "Imaginary Conversations," a lib-

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eral, full-blooded, highly intelligent man and an excellent writer, who moved in the thick of English literary politics from the seventeen-nineties to the eighteen-sixties. A fine, readable job. Much new material. Illustrated.

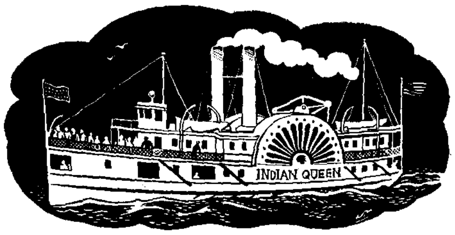
Two Ends to Our Shoestring, by Kathrene Pinkerton. The author of "Wilderness Wife" gives us an entertaining autobiography *à trois*, in which she, her husband, and their small daughter wander cheerfully through the West, cruise up the Alaskan coast in a small boat, and so on.

The Intent of the Critic, edited, with an introduction, by Donald A. Stauffer. Edmund Wilson writes lucidly on the historical interpretation of literature, Norman Foerster on the relations between aesthetic and moral judgments, John Crowe Ransom on criticism (of poetry only) as a kind of metaphysical exercise, and W. H. Auden, in the most searching of this collection of commentaries, on the responsibility of the critic in a democratic society.

The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature, by George Sampson. Useful condensation and rewriting of the famous fifteen-volume Cambridge History. Begins with the beginnings and ends with T. E. Lawrence. Sober, standard opinion and unusual fullness of information.

Return to the River, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown. A remarkable study, cast in narrative form, of the life cycle of a Columbia River salmon. Mr. Haig-Brown is not only a naturalist of obvious authority but the master of a sinewy prose. A perfect job of its kind. Sixteen full-page illustrations by Charles DeFeo.

Big Family, by Bellamy Partridge. Pleasant if rather consciously homey memoirs of a small-town family in the eighties and nineties. If you recall Mr. Partridge's "Country Lawyer," which was about his father, you'll know what to expect from this, which is about his father, his mother, his seven brothers and sisters, and how they grew. The illustrations by Stephen J. Voorhies are appropriately old-fashioned. A part of this book



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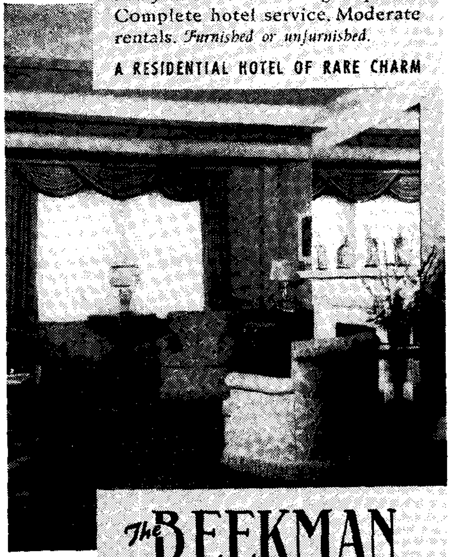

The BEEKMAN
Park Ave. at 63rd Street, New York
Edward C. Buckley, Manager

has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE STRANGE CASE OF LUCILE CLÉRY, by Joseph Shearing. The story of the governess who so disturbed the Duc de Praslin that he murdered his wife. The crime, which took place in the middle of the nineteenth century, has been made into a novel twice—first by Mr. Shearing in 1932, and second by Rachel Field in her book "All This, and Heaven Too." Crime connoisseurs will probably prefer the Shearing version, which has just been reprinted.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET, by Joseph Shearing. Another Shearing novel. This one, about Angelica Cowley, a popular novelist who in 1860 marries Thomas Thicknesse and leaves her home in England to live on his estate in Jamaica, has a smoldering quality and an atmosphere of horror. As always, Mr. Shearing manages to weave a thread of terror and bloodshed through his precise dialogue and the niceties of Victorian civilization. Should chill your blood, all right.

THE SWORD AND THE NET, by Warren Stuart. A spy story which darts around from Germany to Sweden and the good old U.S.A. The trouble with the spy is that he can't make up his mind, being a nice chap and able to see the other fellow's side. Exciting and pretty darned patriotic, too.

NO SLEEP AT ALL, by James Warren. About a young, handsome detective constable who falls in love with a lady who sings in a night club and is put on the spot when the owner is murdered. The scene is London before the war, which may give readers a nostalgic feeling. Very nice indeed.

•

... and will there then follow a black period when the blinds of the White House are drawn, when fearful rumors pass from lip to lip, when the concept that Government is all things leads maddeningly only to the silent house on Pennsylvania Avenue from which men turn their faces in shame? Against this background you should examine what is happening to advertising-publishing-marketing.—*Space & Time.*

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[*From the Herald Tribune*]

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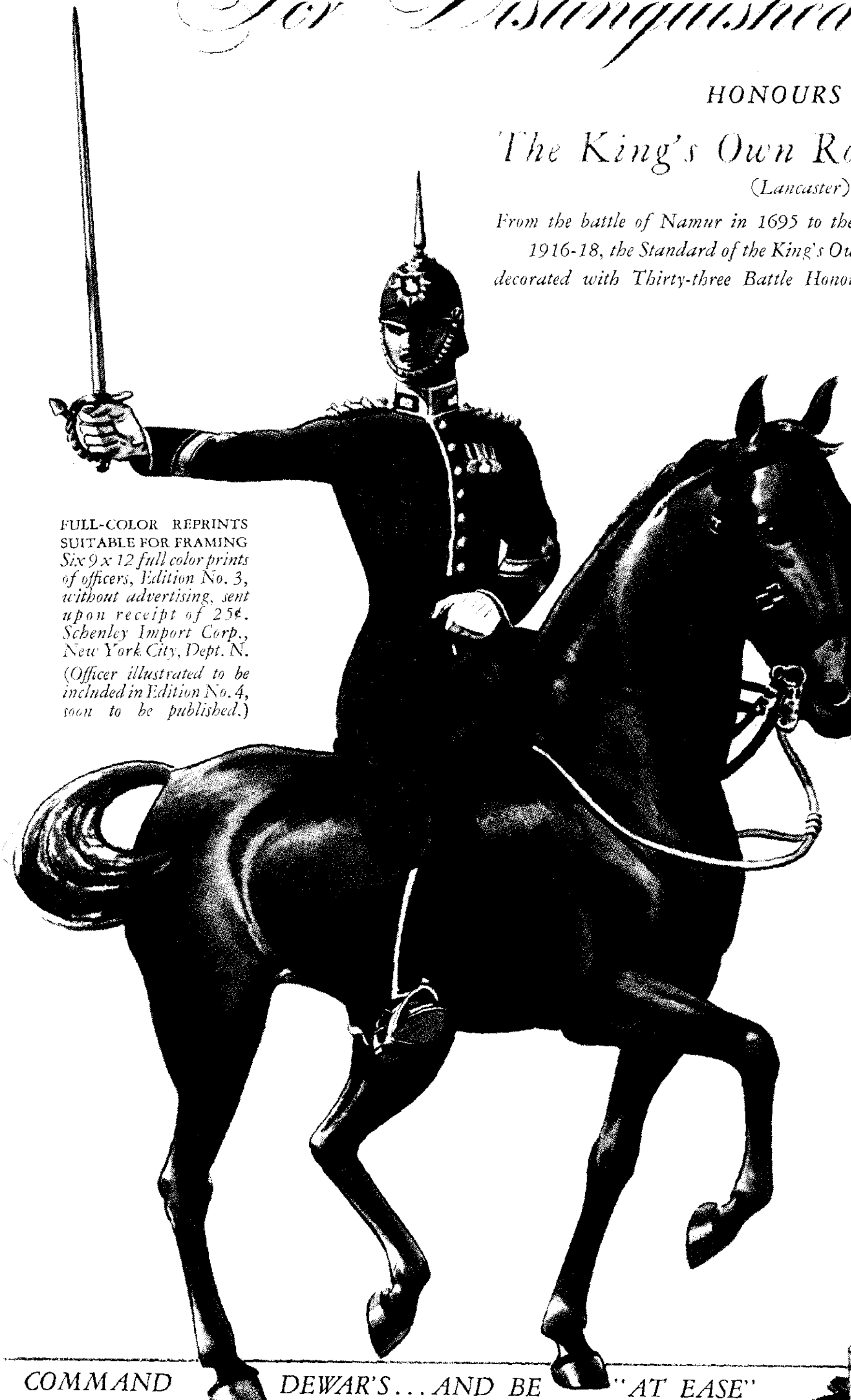

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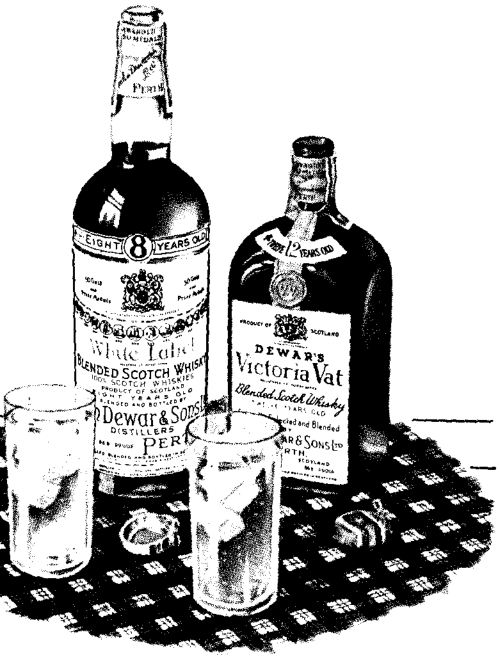

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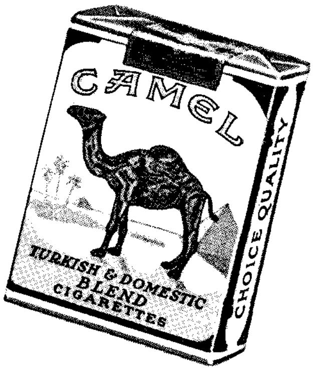

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